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- ART. I.—1. *The Rose Garden of Persia.* By LOUISA STUART COSTELLO. London.
2. *Wamik und Arsa; das ist der Glühende und die Blühend. Das älteste Persische romantische Gedicht. Im fünftelsaft abgezogen.* Von JOSEPH VON HAMMER. Vienna.
3. *Sketches in Persia, from the Journals of a Traveller in the East.* London.

THERE is no stranger prejudice than that which leads the West to undervalue the intellectual productions of the East; and yet no prejudice is more general. It is not confined to any country, or people of Europe, or America. Among the most intelligent classes, ninety-nine out of every hundred are in the habit of regarding the Asiatic mind as if its chief characteristics were ignorance and imbecility. Those who remember that there are great thinkers in the East are very few—still fewer those who comprehend, or indeed would be willing to believe, how much they owe themselves to Asiatic culture. When a dispute occurs between a European and an Eastern government, what we are most frequently told is, that “those ignorant Asiatics must be made to *feel* their inferiority”—that is, the cannon and the bayonet—all the most improved instruments of carnage and destruction must be brought to bear upon them. If this is done, successfully—if human life is sacrificed and homes are made desolate, until the concession demanded is granted, the result is taken as a proof of Western

superiority ; whereas, all it really proves is, that the people of the West occupy more of their time in learning to slaughter and exterminate their fellow-creatures than the people of the East. Otherwise, the banditti are superior to the honest, peaceful citizens, whom they rob and often murder. If the latter are overpowered even in their own houses, and when well armed, and have faithful servants to aid them, who thinks that it is because they are inferior to the former, either intellectually or physically? They are worsted in the fight, simply because fighting is a science which they have not studied. It is the same in the East. The people there are not warlike. In their worst days they have had no such wars amongst themselves as have desolated Europe. While Europeans have been butchering each other in thousands, often without knowing why they were doing so, those same "ignorant Asiatics" have occupied themselves in the cultivation of literature, science, and the arts. Thus the East has taught the West most of what she knows that is valuable, and in return the student reproaches the teacher with ignorance, imbecility, and decrepitude !

If, in opposition to this view of the case, it is asked, What is it that the East has taught, or that we are indebted to her civilization for? the difficulty is to point out anything great or good the source of which cannot be traced directly or indirectly to the Asiatic mind. Even our religion, let us belong to what sect we may, was first taught in the East. It is by no means clear that the art of printing is not an Eastern invention. At all events, there could have been no printing without letters, which had been known, and used to good account, in Asia many centuries before they were thought of in Europe. When the sciences were first sought to be taught in the West, the daring Asiatics who introduced them were regarded and treated as demons, although they had been studied for thousands of years previously in different countries of Asia. Even common arithmetic, not to mention algebra, we did not know until it was taught us by the Saracens. If we boast of our modern inventions and discoveries, how few of them could we have made had we been ignorant of geometry—the fundamental branch of all the sciences, but the invention of which is undoubtedly Eastern. The highest state of intellectual culture ever attained in Europe was that of Greece, a nation as much Asiatic as European in the days

of her greatest glory ; and her greatest philosophers and most profound thinkers, far from ignoring the treasures of Oriental knowledge, pride themselves, in their imperishable works, on having travelled thousands of miles for the privilege of being permitted to examine them. But is not the *Iliad* itself, the noblest of human productions, essentially Eastern in all its characteristics ? No other poetry, save that of the Bible, which is also Eastern, can be said to equal that of Homer. The Mosaic account of the creation, the Psalms of David, and the book of Job, considered merely in a poetical sense, altogether apart from their sacred character, contain passages which the best critics of all nations, Pagan as well as Christian, admit to possess the highest sublimity. Throughout the East, poetry has been more cultivated in all ages than any other species of literature ; and this is particularly true of Persia, whose poets and poetry form the subject of our present article.

Should not these undeniable facts prepossess us in favor of Persian poetry, and lead us to expect much from it, rather than to depreciate the good it contains ? Certain it is, however, that they do not. The principal reason for this is, that Persia is no longer the great nation she once was—that her greatness had passed away before the most ancient nations of modern Europe had any pretensions to civilization. Even ancient Greece is modern compared to ancient Persia. The latter had attained a high civilization centuries before the battles of Sardis, Marathon, and Salamis. Zoroaster, the Persian sage and philosopher, had taught his admirable system of ethics and religion—that contained in the *Zendavesta*—long before Homer or Hesiod was born, and Cyrus had enacted wise laws * before Leonidas immortalized Thermopylae, or before Pericles invaded and overran the Peloponnesus. It is necessary to bear in mind that Persian civilization had already begun to decline before the invasion of Greece by Xerxes. But it is asked, What sort of a civilization did she enjoy ? Was it anything more, at best, than a state of barbaric splendor ? The best answers to these questions are to be found in all that remains to us of her literature, sculpture, and architecture. We do not know how

* The earliest postal system of which history gives any account was established by either Cyrus or Darius, most probably by the former.

much of the grandeur even of Babylon was the work of the Persians, since it was one of the capitals of their kings, after the fall of the Assyrian empire, the other two capitals being Susa and Ecbatana ; to which was subsequently added Persepolis, so magnificent even in its ruins.* The student of the classics need not be reminded of the descriptions given by Herodotus of the Persian palaces, especially that at Persepolis ; and all other public edifices were evidently on a scale of corresponding grandeur. None of the best specimens of modern architecture, even in Italy, can be said to rival them. As to the ancient Persian literature, all historians who have examined the subject are unanimous in the opinion that priceless treasures of it had been destroyed by barbarian invaders, anterior to the time of Cyrus.

Had it been otherwise—had there existed no such treasures—that great prince could hardly have accomplished what he did. There is no reason to suppose that the Greek historians would have represented Cyrus as combining so many noble qualities with so much true refinement and culture, had he been the barbarous sort of person whom it is now the fashion to represent him, by those who think that there could have been no civilization worthy of the name, no poetry, no sciences, no arts, without gunpowder, telegraphs, steamboats, and railroads. His conduct, while a mere boy, shows that he was under the tuition of men who knew how to think and reason—men little, if anything, inferior in intellect and culture to those who were the glory of the French court in the reign of Louis XIV., or of the English court in the reign of Elizabeth or Anne. This would, indeed, seem almost evident, without further testimony from his replies to his grandfather, Astyages, when taken by his mother, Mandane, into Medina on a visit to that monarch—

* In the opinion of Le Blonde, than whom no one is better qualified to judge, the Egyptian pyramids alone are worthy of comparison with the ruins of Chebminar, which is the native name of Persepolis, and which, in its literal sense, means the Forty Pillars. "*Les ruines de Tchél-minar,*" says this eminent traveller and scholar, "*présentent aujourd'hui les débris de plus de deux cents colonnes et de treize cents figures d'hommes ou d'animaux. Deux siècles auront-ils suffi pour exécuter des travaux aussi multipliés. On ne trouve dans le monde connu que les pyramides d'Égypte qui puissent être comparées à la majesté de ces ruines. En se rappelant cependant que les Égyptiens n'ont eu pour construire les pyramides qu'à employer une multitude d'ouvriers peu instruits, et que ces vastes amas de pierres n'offrent aucun relief, aucune figure, hésitera-t-on, à les placer au-dessous des monumens de Tchél-minar?"*

replies which show that, in his time, the Persians were by no means the pampered, voluptuous, and vicious people which our "progressive" moderns would have us believe.

Observing the magnificence of the Median court, he observed to his grandfather that "The Persians, instead of going such a roundabout way to appease their hunger, have a much shorter to the same end; a little bread and a few cresses with them answer the purpose." The prince offered, however, his own services as cup-bearer. "I am well pleased, my son," said the king, after he had attended him once in this capacity, "nobody can serve with a better grace; but you have forgotten one essential ceremony, which is that of tasting." "No," replied Cyrus, "it was not through forgetfulness that I omitted this ceremony." "Why, then," asked the king, "for what reason did you omit it?" "Because I apprehended there was poison in the liquor." "Poison, child! how could you think so?" "Yes, poison sir; for not long ago, at an entertainment you gave to the lords of your court, after the guests had drunk a little of that liquor, I perceived that all their heads were turned; they sang, made a noise, and talked they did not know what; you yourself seemed to have forgotten that you were a king, and they, that they were your subjects; and, when you would have danced, you could hardly stand upon your legs." It is not Xenophon alone that portrays Cyrus as a prince of the highest refinement—a gentleman, in the highest modern sense of the term, on all occasions, seated on the throne as well as in private life. Both Plato and Aristotle bear testimony to the same fact; and Cicero tells us that "during the whole period of his reign he was never known to speak a rough or angry word, although his dominion extended from the Red Sea to the Indies, including Persia Proper, Media, Susiana, Carmania, Hyrcania, Parthia, Bactriana, Asia," &c., &c. And who could bear similar testimony to the character of Alexander, who had the advantage of the best teachers that Greece could afford, including the great Stagyrte himself? Let us remember that it was Cyrus, and not Alexander, or any other monarch since his time, who declared that "It is the duty of a king to work, that his people may live in safety and quiet; to charge himself with anxieties and cares, that they may be exempted from them; to choose whatever is salutary for

them, and to reject whatever is hurtful and prejudicial; to place his delight in seeing them increase and multiply, and valiantly oppose his own person for their defense and protection. This is the natural idea and just image of a king." This language was spoken five hundred years before the Christian era, when it does not appear that the ancestors of the French, Germans, or English, if, indeed, they had yet sallied forth in search of booty, from the mountains of Asia, had any system that could with any propriety be called a government, not to speak of a civilization or literature; and was it not worthy of a disciple of Zoroaster, who, five hundred years earlier still, announced that "When in doubt whether an action be good or bad, we should abstain from it?"

This might seem irrelevant to our subject, were it not that even law, medicine, and most of the sciences, as well as history, are treated of in poetry by the Persians. Thus, the *Shah-Namâh*, of Ferdusi, the Persian Homer, embraces a series of narratives in the finest poetry, giving the history of the country for more than three thousand years. This poem contains sixty thousand couplets, and, although written so early as the middle of the tenth century, its language is the purest and most beautiful specimen of the classic Parsee dialect. The history of this epic, and of its author, is replete with interest in itself, altogether independently of the poetry, and well calculated to dispel the prejudice above alluded to. There are numerous passages in the *Shah-Namâh* which afford delight to the most fastidious European critics of our own time—especially in the episodes, which are admirable poems by themselves. The very name by which the author is known shows the high estimation in which he was held by his countrymen, since Ferdusi is the Persian for "Paradise," the poet's real name being Abul Kasim Nansur; and the new title was given him by Shah Mahmoud, who declared that his verses were worthy of being recited by the angels in Paradise. The same opinion is entertained at the present day. The *Shah-Namâh* is the most ancient Persian poem known to exist, and of several hundred, many of which possess great excellence, it is universally regarded as the best—not only in Persia, but throughout the East. That the author was a learned man, there can be no doubt. It would seem, from his great work, as if he had studied Aristotle quite as carefully

as the best of our modern poets, not excepting Tasso or Milton; for he has neglected nothing which the Stagyrite deemed necessary to constitute a perfect epic. The action, the fable, the manners, the machinery, the episodes, &c., are all to be found in the *Shah-Namēh*, in strict accordance with the laws of the *επος*. And no other poet, who has produced anything worth remembering, labored under greater disadvantages, considering the peculiar character of his poem—since he had to embrace the history of ages in his epic, with but very scanty materials.

A few remarks will serve to illustrate this. When the Koran was first published, a traveller, returning from Persia to Arabia, brought with him some Persian romances, which he translated for his countrymen, who did not hesitate to declare them more delightful and edifying than even the moral lessons of their prophet. This so exasperated Mahomet, that he declared a war of extermination against all such works, as the productions of Satan, designed by that personage to secure as many as possible for his own dominions*—a war, one of whose results, and by no means the worst, was the burning of the famous Alexandrine library; which was soon followed by the destruction of all the ancient records of the Persian empire. Only two ancient Persian works of any historical importance survived this destruction: one was Pilpay's Fables; the other, part of a history of Per-

* Although it cannot be denied that there is some good poetry in the Koran, it is well known that Mahomet was no lover of poets; nor did he pretend to be a poet himself. This would be sufficiently evident from the concluding verses of the twenty-sixth chapter of the Koran, which consists of nothing more than an elaborate tirade against poets in general. In another chapter it is expressly stated that "We have not taught Mahomet the art of poetry; nor is it expedient for him to be a poet." In yet another place, the faithful are told, "I swear to ye, by that which ye see, and that which ye see not, that this is the discourse of an honorable apostle, and not of a poet." Texts like these have had their effect on the followers of the Prophet, especially on the Arabians, who, to the present day, have many maxims in reference to poets and poetry, which have become a part of their ethics, if not of their religion—such, for example, as these: "Poetry is the devil's hand-book," ("Mismar min mesamire Iblis,")—"Better for thee to fill thy stomach with garbage from a dung-hill, than with poetry," ("Lienne jamela djuf ahadiem kihen chairen lehu min in jamela djuren,")—"Cast mud in the face of the poet," ("Ahassud—turab si wudjuhul—meddahin"). Would not these maxims go far by themselves to explain why it is that there are no great Eastern poets of the present day? If the Persians are as fond of poetry as ever, it is because their ancient system of religion have never entirely yielded to the teachings of the Koran, enforced as the latter have been with the sword.

sia, in the Pehlevian or vulgar dialect, compiled by order of Nushirvan, the first monarch whom historians tell us was the founder of a college, and who reigned at the close of the sixth century. This had passed through many hands, and had been translated into several dialects before it reached Ferdusi. Though only fragmentary, it was a treasure to the poet. He had previously formed the plan of the *Shah-Namēh*, but had not hitherto revealed his intentions to the king. Mahmoud was delighted at the idea of having the exploits of himself and his ancestors immortalized, as he knew they would be if made the subject of such a poet as Ferdusi. Accordingly he did all he could to encourage the latter. The work was undertaken with enthusiasm, and, after thirty years of unwearied, unabated labor and research, a copy of it, beautifully written, was presented by the author to the king. In the mean time, other poets, who were jealous of the success and fame of Ferdusi, had done their best to poison the mind of Mahmoud against him, and they had so well succeeded that he received the poem coldly, scarcely deigning to thank the author for it. This was all the reward Ferdusi received in lieu of the sixty thousand pieces of gold the Shah had promised him. Not that he had intended to enrich himself, or to expend the money in luxurious living. His design had been, to devote most of it to the embellishment of his native city, and to the instruction of children whose parents were too poor to pay for their education. He had actually made his plans for these purposes, and made arrangements with parties who were to have carried them into practice. It is easy, therefore, to believe even the worst that we are told of his indignation. The wrath of Achilles was not more implacable, if more painful in its results. After waiting for several months in vain expectation of the promised reward, he sent an epigram to the king, of which the following is a pretty faithful translation :

" 'Tis said our monarch's liberal mind
Is like the ocean, unconfined,
Happy are they who prove it so!
'Tis not for me the truth to know.
I have plunged within its waves, 'tis true,
But not a single pearl could view."

The King no sooner read these lines than he ordered 60,000 pieces of copper to be sent to the poet instead of the

promised gold. Ferdusi was at the public baths when the money arrived. When it was announced to him, he had no doubt but his epigram had the desired effect; but sad was his disappointment when the base coin was exposed to his view. The enraged poet gave full vent to his feelings, causing the money to be distributed among the slaves that attended at the baths, and denouncing the ungrateful King as the meanest of the human race. However severe his invectives were, they were exaggerated to Mahmoud, who condemned him to be trampled to death by an elephant. A day was appointed for the execution to take place. The poet entreated in vain to be forgiven, protesting that, whatever he said under the impulse of excited feelings, he had no intention of giving offense to his Majesty; but, fortunately, he had a daughter, who was a consolation to him in all his trials. On this occasion she came three hundred miles on foot to implore pardon for him. She had only arrived one day before that appointed for his death. She obtained an audience at once, and the horrible sentence was remitted.*

But the resentment of the poet did not pass away with the remission of his sentence. Poor and feeble, he walked home to his native city, full of bitterness of heart, and immediately commenced a satire, which is almost as famous in the East as the *Shah-Namêh* itself. Having finished this, he inclosed it to the royal favorite, who had been his greatest enemy, probably the chief, if not the sole, cause of his misfortunes, announcing it as a fable, which would be sure to afford the King entertainment, and humbly wishing that it would be presented to him while his mind was unusually disturbed with State affairs. As the poet's life had been so recently spared, no suspicion was entertained but that the new poem was designed to make amends for the rash words

* It is not strange that this best of daughters has since been the subject of many a fine poem herself. How much would modern European poets have written on a daughter of Homer that would have proved a similar ministering angel and protector to "the Blind Old Man of Chio," while he recited his immortal poems from door to door for bread! and who, for aught the world knows, was exposed to as many dangers and misfortunes as Ferdusi. And let us remember that, however much the *Iliad* is admired in Europe and America, it is certainly not more admired, nor more highly valued, than the *Shah-Namêh* is in Persia. He is quite as much appreciated as Shakespeare is by his countrymen and by ourselves, and he is infinitely more popular than the author of *Hamlet*. All classes, from the king to the beggar, not only quote but sing passages from the *Shah-Namêh*.

for which he had been condemned. The *ruse* was, therefore, as successful as it was ingenious and amusing. The King was more enraged than ever before he read the second stanza, and ordered the author to be immediately arrested. But Ferdusi was wise enough not to send the satire until he had so arranged that himself and his daughter could be beyond the jurisdiction of Mahmoud, before he could have time to do them any harm. The following extract will serve as a specimen of the withering invectives with which the ungrateful and recreant King is assailed :

* * * * *

But how in Mahmoud hope to find
One virtue to redeem his mind!
His thoughts no gen'rous transports fill—
To truth, to faith, to justice chill!
Son of a slave! his diadem
In vain may glow with many a gem;
Exalted high in power and place,
Out bursts the meanness of his race!

Take of some bitter tree a shoot,
In Eden's gardens plant the root;
Let waters from th' eternal spring
Amidst the boughs their incense fling:
Though bathed and showered with honey dew,
Its native baseness springs to view;
After long care and anxious skill,
The fruit it bears is bitter still!

Place thou within the spicy nest,
Where the bright phoenix loves to rest,
A raven's egg, and mark thou well,
When the vile bird has chipp'd his shell,
Though fed with grains from trees that grow
Where Salsebil's pure waters flow;
Though airs from Gabriel's wing may rise
To fan the cradle where he lies;
Though long these patient cares endure,
He proves at last a bird impure!

Ferdusi was now reduced to the fate of a homeless wanderer. First he sought refuge in Mazindarim, but did so in vain, for the emissaries of Mahmoud pursued him. He next proceeded to Bagdad. The Caliph afforded him an asylum for some time; but, although he added a thousand lines to the *Shah-Nahmeh* in his praise for the hospitality, such were the threats of Mahmoud that he had finally to send him away. Though now seventy years of age, he had to wander about

from place to place, often destitute of the necessaries of life, while the fame of his great work extended throughout the East. In this respect his fate resembles that of Tasso, who has been pursued with similar vengeance by the Duke of Ferrara, and under almost the same circumstances. After several years spent in this way, constantly in dread of the emissaries of Mahmoud, and being unable to continue any longer so wearisome a life, he ventured to return in private to his native Tus. With the aid of his daughter, who never parted from him, he arrived, after a tedious and painful journey on foot, among the scenes of his childhood; but before the King had time to give him any further annoyance, if still disposed to persecute him, he died. It was not until now that Mahmoud was struck with remorse for his conduct towards one who had once been the glory of his court. Regretting that he could not make amends in any other way, he sent the long-withheld 60,000 pieces of gold to the poet's daughter; but she, true to the spirit of her father, declined the too tardy gift, saying "Alas! what have I to do now with the wealth of kings?" Other members of the family thought it best, however, that the 60,000 dinars should be accepted and devoted to the purposes originally designed by the poet.

It is time now that we should give a specimen or two of the *Shah-Namēh*, though no extracts that could be embraced in an article for a Review could give any adequate idea of a poem which, as already observed, is deemed worthy of comparison, by the best critics, with the *Iliad* of Homer, and which exhibits throughout its whole length such wonderful variety; for it is perfectly true that examples of the excellences of all the Persian poets can be found everywhere in the works of Ferdusi. His descriptions are as gorgeous as Jami's, and infinitely more poetical and natural; his philosophy is as profound as that of Jellaleddeen; his moral reflections are as elevated and noble as those of Sadi, and still more easily remembered, while his lyrics possess all the lively gayety, sweetness and grace of the famous *ghazels* of Hafiz. Our first extract will be from a rhapsody of the Paris of the *Shah-Namēh*, who was made a captive by the Turks, and confined in a gloomy prison for an adventure with the daughter of Afrasiab, not unlike that of the son of Priam with Helen, though not altogether so momentous in its conse-

quences, for he is finally rescued from captivity by the valor of Rostem, the hero of the poem, but its Hector rather than its Achilles. While meditating his crime, he describes the inducements to its commission, as follows :

Look forth, companions, cast afar your eyes,
Where yonder many-colored plain extends :
In every breast what sweet emotions rise !
Behold how each soft charm of nature blends
Into one glorious whole—grove, mead, and stream—
A fit abode for heroes it might seem.

The tender, silken grass invites the tread,
With musky odor breathes the fanning air ;
Pure waters glide along their perfumed bed,
As though the rose gave them her essence rare ;
The lily stalk bends with her fragrant flower ;
The lustre of the rose glads every bower.

The pheasant walks with graceful pace along ;
Soft doves and mournful nightingales are nigh,
Charming the silence with a mingled song,
And murmurs from the cypress boughs reply.
Oh ! never, never ! long as time shall last,
May shadows o'er these beauteous scenes be cast !
Still may they in eternal splendor glow,
And be like Paradise, as they are now !

There in gay groups, beneath the trees, beside
Those streams that through the vales in music glide,
Lovely as fairies, beautiful as day,
Are maids who wander on in sportive play :
Afrasiab's daughter there, Nanizha bright,
Makes the whole garden like the sun—all light ;
Not less majestic, 'midst the graceful throng,
Her sister, fair Zittara, sweet and young !
She decks the plain with beauty as she goes,
Before her shrink the jasmine and the rose.
And there are Turkish maids that near them rove,
With forms like cypress-boughs that zephyrs move ;
Looks dark as musk—and, see ! each veil discloses
Eyes full of sleep, and cheeks all full of roses !
Shall we not, friends, turn for a single day,
Check, for so great a prize, our onward way—
*Steal to those bowers—make the bright nymphs our own,
And bring the lovely prey to Cyrus' throne ?*

It would lead us too far to enter into details as to the points of similarity between the *Shah-Namāh* and the *Iliad*. We will, however, make a passing remark or two on the subject ; but, while doing so, we must guard against any observation

which would imply that Ferdusi has borrowed from Homer. There is not the least evidence that he has done anything of the kind. Had he availed himself of the Homeric poems (supposing them to have been within his reach), it is more than probable that he would have cheerfully admitted the fact. To have done otherwise, would have been inconsistent with the frankness and modesty of his character. He did not hesitate to acknowledge his indebtedness, in the very first edition of his great work, to two poets who were nearly contemporaries of his own—namely, Rodoki and Dukiki—although there does not appear that he ran the least risk of being charged with plagiarism. In rendering this justice to those who had attempted a task somewhat similar to his own, he gave his impressions freely of the characteristics of each. Rodoki he pronounced a true poet, expressing his admiration of many passages in his works; but, of Dukiki, he spoke in a different way, pointing out many of his faults, and showing pretty satisfactorily that they were far more numerous than his beauties. True, he adopted much of his composition, sometimes without altering a line, but he did so as Shakespeare has done in similar cases—infusing his own spirit into all.

Independently of the acknowledged indebtedness of Ferdusi to Rodoki, we have sufficient evidence that the latter was fully appreciated in his own time as a lyrical, if not as an epic, poet. Some of his ghazels are yet extant, and are greatly admired for their sweetness and melody. We are told that the prince, under whose protection he lived, having removed his court from Bokhara to Herât, became so much attached to the latter city that he resolved to reside there permanently. His courtiers, being sorely annoyed at this, induced the poet to exercise his persuasive powers to the utmost, to bring him back. Like Moore and Lover, Rodoki sang and played as well as wrote songs. He composed three stanzas, which he sang to the barbut, an instrument on which he was a skillful performer; and the result was that Urneer Nussar was back to Bokhara in one week, making it his permanent residence. If only as a curiosity at once literary and historical, the verses which proved so persuasive are worth quoting; although, in their English dress, they give but a faint idea of the pathos and beauty of the original:

THE REGRETS OF BOKHARA.

The gale, whose breath such joy imparts,
 Comes from that gentle stream
 Where they reside, to whom our hearts
 Return in mem'ry's dream:
 The precious odor that its wings convey
 Is their regrets for us, so far away!

The sands are rough along that shore
 Where glides our native Amû's stream;
 But when we tread its banks once more,
 Like velvet those rude sands will seem.
 Oh! pitying Oxus, let thy waves divide,
 And yield us passage down thy op'ning tide!

All hail, Bokhara, land of flowers!
 Our prince moves proudly on;
 He goes to glad thy sunny bowers—
 He asks thy smile alone:
 The waving cypress seeks his native groves,
 The rising moon the firmament it loves!

But to return to the comparison of the *Shah-Namêh* with the *Iliad*. It is not at all unlikely that some of the Homeric ballads had found their way into Persia before the time of Ferdusi. Sir William Jones was of opinion that the principal episodes of the *Bastan-Namêh* were little more than transpositions of those of the *Iliad*; and this, be it remembered, is the work from which Ferdusi produced the specimens of what he could do as an heroic poet, which so delighted Mahmoud as to give him the name of "Paradise," and, at the same time, employ him to write the *Shah-Namêh*. But there is not a scene, an incident, or a description which Ferdusi has taken from the *Bastan-Namêh* that he has not vastly improved; and will it be admitted that he could improve upon Homer? This, indeed, is out of the question. Ferdusi can be a great poet, as he really is—one of the world's greatest—and still be inferior to Homer. Yet, as we have said, the points of resemblance really exist. The habits of thought and manners of the characters in both poems are nearly the same, and they indicate nearly the same state of civilization. In one as well as the other, the ideal of manly character is the loftiest courage—ferocity alternating with chivalric courtesy. The Persians, as well as the Greeks and Trojans, are made to evince the highest appreciation of female excellence; and the Persian

women are made quite as gentle and lady-like, as good wives and mothers, as the Greek, or Trojan women. Mariezha is, indeed, by no means so perfect a character as Helen; and it may be said that Ferdusi has drawn no woman, whether as a wife, or mother, who is worthy of comparison with Andromache. But is not the same true of all other poets, ancient and modern? And, perhaps, it would be difficult to find in any other poem, save the *Iliad*, more perfect specimens of womanhood than at least a dozen of the characters in the *Shah-Namēh*—such characters, for example, as Zittara, Rudabahi, &c. One remarkable point of resemblance between the two poems is to be found in those passages in both, in which the respective chiefs—Priam in one, and Sohrab in the other—mount a castle wall, and desire captives to point out to them the leaders of the hostile army. There is no finer scene in the *Iliad* than that in which Helen acts in this capacity; and the same may be said of the passage in the *Shah-Namēh* in which the corresponding scene occurs. The Paris of the latter is as much a braggart and a dandy—not to call him by a worse name—as the Paris of the former; and the Persian Helen is quite as fickle and whimsical as Argive Helen. One as well as the other weeps in tenderness, the next moment rails: then is anon penitent, and again wishes that her spouse were dead. Argive Helen, it will be remembered, does all this in a very small portion of the third book; and yet one kind word from Paris reconciles her to all his faults. In short, if Ferdusi can be said to have borrowed anything from Homer, it is the following detached lines, which are given nearly word for word in the *Shah-Namēh*. We quote the Greek rather than the Persian, because the former is much more suitable for an English work, and because the translation which we have at hand is little better than a paraphrase—one line of the original being diluted into six lines of the English version. In the Persian as well as in the Greek work, a goddess intervenes to reconcile the lovers; and the first thing the lady does is to scold, but she does so modestly, with averted eyes, evidently sensible that, however great the provocation, it is her duty to be gentle, rather than harsh and reproachful.

ὅσσε πάλιν κλίνασα· πόσιν δ' ἠνίπαπε μύσῳ.
 "Ἰανθεὺς ἐκ πολέμου· ὥς ὠφελες αὐτόν· ὀλέσθαι,
 ἀνδρὶ δαμείς κρατερῶ, Il. III. 427-8-9.

The lover replies that there is no use in harsh words:

μή με, γύναι, χαλεποῖσιν ὀνειδέει θυμὸν ἔνιπτε. *ib.* 438.

He promises that he will do better in future, and tries to show that his antagonist had divine aid against him, or otherwise he would not have been worsted in the combat. Then he adds a compliment, and the woman that despised, if, indeed, she did not hate him only an hour before—reminding him of the superiority of her former lord—is now as much attached to him as ever:

ἀλλ' ἀγε δὴ φιλοτῆτι τραπέομεν εὐνηθέντε·
οὐ γάρ πώ ποτέ μ' ὥδε ἔρωσ' φρένας ἀμφεκάλυψεν, *ib.* 441-2.

There would be no need of quoting a line from Homer, or any other poet, as a means of recommending Ferdusi to our cultivated classes, if the *Shah-Namāh* were only known amongst them as it deserves to be. But there is no use in pretending that it is. We think it should be otherwise; and we take pains with it accordingly. However, without troubling our readers with any further criticisms on points of resemblance, we will do what we are sure will be much more acceptable to the majority, namely, let the poet speak for himself, though it be in a foreign tongue, and in a manner but little calculated to do justice to his extraordinary powers of invention, his bold and lofty conceptions, and the wonderful variety and richness of his imagery. Even in the original, if understood no matter how well, all we could now make room for would give but a faint idea of the beauties of the *Shah-Namāh*. The passages which we select are from the episode of "The Jewel of Giamshid," and we can only premise that they relate to an interesting adventure of a celebrated exiled king.

A worn and weary traveller sate,
At early evening, by the gate
Which led to gardens filled with bloom,
Whose breath of soft and rich perfume
Was wafted o'er his brow and face,
And soothed him for a moment's space;
But sorrow weighed upon his breast,
And dimmed the lustre of his eye:
He had no home, he sought but rest,
And cast him down to sleep or die.

King Gareng's lovely daughter lies
Beside a fountain, gently playing;

She marks not, though the wave be bright,
 Nor in the roses takes delight;
 And though her maids new games devise,
 Invent fresh stories to surprise,
 She heeds not what each fair is saying,
 Her fav'rite voice has lost its spell,
 The raven charms her ear as well.

* * *
 "Nay, mock me not, no face so fair
 Was seen on earth till now;
 Though on his cheek are hues of care,
 And grief has mark'd his brow:
 Ah! cruel maids! ye smile and doubt,
 While the poor stranger faints without!"

The princess heard. "Go hence," she cried,
 "And be the stranger's wants supplied:
 Let him beneath our shades repose,
 And find a refuge for his woes."

The ready damsels straight obey,
 And seek the traveller where he lay.
 "Arise, fair youth, the wine-cup waits,
 And roses bloom within our gates;
 The tulip bids thee welcome be,
 And the young moon has risen for thee."

* * *
 Meanwhile the princess mused alone,
 And thus she sighed in mournful tone:
 "Alas! they told me 'twas my fate!
 But ah! I feel it is too late;
 I cannot now believe—'twas vain,
 That dream can never come again."

* * *
 She ceased, when, lo! the laughing train
 Came dancing back, with song and jest,
 And leading in a flowery chain
 The stranger youth, their welcome guest.

'Twas thus they met—they met and gazed,
 Struck by the selfsame power—amazed,
 Confused, admiring, pleased, distressed,
 As passion rose in either breast.

The princess spoke, soft as a bird
 In spring to some dear partner sighing;
 And the young stranger's words were heard,
 Sweet as the bul-bul's notes, replying.

* * *
 She leads him to her jasmine bower,
 Midst fountains, birds, and blossoms sweet;
 And her attendant maidens shower
 The sparkling wave upon his feet.
 Two doves sat near, and softly mourn'd;
 And both their hearts each sigh return'd.

With wine, and verse, and wit awhile,
 The happy moments they beguile;
 But clouds pass'd o'er the fair one's brow—
 She fear'd—she doubted—"Go," she cried,
 "Bring here my long unbended bow,
 And let my former art be tried.
 Two birds are seated on yon tree—
 Tell me which bird my mark shall be—
*And thou shalt know a woman's skill
 Can make all captive to her will."*

The stranger smiled, with haughty look,
 As from her hand the bow he took:
 "Thy fame," he said, "to me is known—
 Valor, like beauty, is thy own;
 But know, though bold in camp and field,
Woman to man is forced to yield.
 Princess, a boon! If I have wit
 And skill the female bird to hit,
 Shall she who makes these groves divine,
 She whom I most admire, be mine?"

She blush'd assent—the arrow flew—
 The female bird mounts to the skies;
 His shaft has struck her pinions through,
 And fluttering on the ground she lies.

The fair one's eyes with triumph shine—
 "The son of Tahúmers I see!
 For never yet could hand but mine
 Bend that charm'd bow—'tis he! 'tis he!"

So spoke her heart: "Give me the bow,"
 She said aloud; "if true my aim,
 Let him who seeks me take me now—
 No better boon my hopes can claim."

My tale is told. Ye lovers, say,
 Can ye not guess the blissful close?
 How Gemsheid won his bride that day,
 And found a balm for all his woes.

Among the other poets of Persia, who have an undying fame, are Sadi, Hafiz, and Jami. The works of the two former have been translated into all the languages of Europe. Spanish and French versions of most of these exist, which are more than two centuries old. Sadi is as famous for his ethics as he is for his poetry; and he is known throughout the East as "The nightingale of the groves of Shiraz," his native city. It is said that, before he permitted a line of his writings to pass beyond the circle of his immediate friends, he travelled into all countries where knowledge was to be

obtained in his time. That he was a true philosopher is evident throughout his voluminous writings. He suffered much from poverty and the unkindness of those who ought to have revered him ; but he bore all with a patience and fortitude that seem more than human. "I never," he says in his greatest work (*Bostan*, the rose garden), "complained of my condition but once, when my feet were bare, and I had not money to buy shoes ; but I met a man without feet, and I became contented with my lot." He is said to have possessed every attribute of a poet, save love and esteem for woman. True, he was twice married ; but he had the misfortune of meeting with a Zantippe each time. Even from a philosopher, this may be received as a sufficient reason for his prejudice against the sex. At all events, it is he who gives the ungallant and not very poetical advice, "Take your wife's opinion, if perchance she has one to give, and *act in opposition to it*." He did not, however, believe in single-blessedness, but he was of opinion that, in matrimony, as in other matters, variety is the spice of life. "Choose," he says, "a fresh wife every Spring, or New Year's day ; for the almanac of last year is good for nothing."* Yet, as we have seen, two wives were enough for him, though he lived to the age of a hundred and two years. Whether he submitted to the caprices of his spouse with as much cheerful resignation as Socrates, may be doubted ; at all events, no one has finer thoughts on contentment, as may be seen from the following brief specimen of his *Bostan*, or Garden :

The infant's pure, unruffled breast
No avarice nor pride molest ;
He fills his little hands with earth,
Nor knows that silver has more worth.

The sultan sits in pomp and state,
And sees the dervish at his gate ;
And yet of wealth the sage has more
Than the great king with all his store.

* Anwarce, another Persian poet, whose writings are held in great veneration by his countrymen, is, if possible, more ungallant still. What would be said of an American or English poet, who would pen such a horrible libel on the sex as the following ?

Woman, o'er our life's calm sky,
Comes with *mist and storm about her* ;
Man is like the moon all bright,
Till her clouds obscure his light.
Better from the danger fly—
Better learn to live without her.

It was a passage from Sadi that Mahomet II. recited before the gates of Constantinople, when he came to wrest that city from the Christians—one which commences thus : “The spider holds the veil of the palace of Cæsar, and the owl stands sentinel in the watch tower of Afrasiab.” To the genius of the same poet and moralist the world owes the beautiful fable, commencing thus :

“Once from a cloud a drop of rain
Fell trembling in the sea,
And when she saw the wide-spread main
Shame veiled her modesty.
“What place in this wide sea have I,
What room is left for me?
Sure, it were better that I die
In this immensity!”

Of all Eastern poets, the best known in Europe and America is Hafiz, the prince of Persian lyric poets. Old and young are equally charmed with his writings ; the former interpreting them in a mystical sense, and the latter being content to take them according to their literal acceptation. Yet he was bitterly persecuted by one party, while enthusiastically admired by another; but fortunately the latter was by far the most numerous. Owing to this difference of public feeling in regard to his teachings, he was treated at his death somewhat like Molière. Those who condemned him objected to his being buried in consecrated ground. His admirers insisted that he had never offended against religion or morals, but, on the contrary, had always been the friend of both. After long altercation, it was finally agreed to let his works decide the question. Accordingly, they were opened at random, and the first passage that presented itself was such as to remove all objection :

“Withdraw not your steps from the obsequies of Hafiz;
Though immersed in sin, he will rise into Paradise.”

Almost all the poets of Persia are Sufis; a sect who profess a belief in the Koran, but whose real faith is a sort of mysticism, which, however absurd, in itself, is well calculated for poetry. The chief tenets of the Sufis are, that nothing exists absolutely but God; that the human soul is an emanation from his essence, and will finally be restored to him; that the great object in this life should be a constant approach to the Eternal Spirit, and as perfect a union to the

divine nature as possible; for which reason all worldly attachments should be avoided; and in all we do a spiritual object should be kept in view, "as a swimmer, without the impediment of clothes, cleaves the water with greater ease," &c. This, it must be admitted, is quite a convenient doctrine for those who have the ingenuity to put a spiritual construction on whatever seems objectionable in its literal sense. As an example, we quote a stanza or two from Hafiz:

String the lyre—has fortune ever
 Given to men of worth their due?
 But, since vain is all endeavor,
 And we scorn her malice too,
 Why should we refuse to share
All the joys these hours prepare?
 Now the air is filled with mirth,
 Now the roses spring from earth,
 Now they bloom—but *now alone!*
 Fear not, *though the wise reprove;*
 Ere these soft perfumes be gone,
 Raise the soul to verse and love.
 Oh Hafiz! it were shame to say
 (In nightingales like us 'twere treason)
 That we, who make the magic lay,
 Sang not in the rose's season.

If the lessons embodied in these lines be purely spiritual, and have no reference to the weaknesses of the flesh, then we should no longer regard the love songs and bacchanalians of Anacreon, Moore and Burns, as incentives to the love of women and wine. Be this as it may, certain it is that Hafiz can be spiritual in the best sense of the term when he chooses to be so. He has written hymns worthy of being sung by the best of Christians—we quote from one:

"In wide eternity's vast space
 Where no beginning was, wert Thou.
 The rays of all-pervading grace,
 Beneath thy veil, flamed on thy brow.
 Then Love and Nature sprang to birth,
 And Life and Beauty filled the earth.
 Awake, my soul, pour forth thy praise:
 To that great Being anthems raise—
 That wondrous architect, who said,
 'Be formed!' and this great orb was made."

Thoughts like these, which abound in his more serious writings, serve to explain to Europeans why it is that the

tomb of Hafiz is regarded by his countrymen as sacred. For nearly five hundred years pilgrims have been in the habit of visiting it, at least once a year. For the same reason his songs in general are held in high veneration. The excess to which the manifestation of this is carried is amusingly satirized in a Persian work, called *Kitabi Kulsum Naneh*. "Every woman," says the satirist, "should be instructed in the art of playing on the *dyra*, or tambourine, and she, in turn, must teach it to her daughters, that their time may be passed in joy and mirth; and the songs of Hafiz, above all others, must be remembered. If it so happen that neither a *dyra nulkadar*, nor a *sikdar* is in the house, at any rate, there should be a brass dish and a mallet for the purpose of *producing music*."

The Persians have two or three stories which have been the delight of all ages, and on one or other of which all the great poets for eight hundred years, not excepting Ferdusi, have written. The student of Eastern literature need hardly be told that we mean the "Loves of Yussuf and Zuleikha," "The Misfortunes of Mejnoun and Leila," and the "History of Khosru and Shireen." Of the two latter, one represents the Persian, the other the Arabian romance. The story of "Khosru and Shireen" presents a finely-drawn picture of female excellence and happy love, while that of "Mejnoun" represents the wildest excess of love, with its attendant train of misfortunes. The first named we describe last, because it claims more attention than the other two. This will be readily admitted when it is understood that Yussuf represents Joseph, and Zuleikha the wife of Potiphar, Pharaoh's grand vizier. Of the many poets who have made this story their subject, Jami has succeeded best; and to a certain point his narrative differs little from that of the Bible. Jews and Christians alike regard the wife of Potiphar as anything but a model woman; but among the Persians she is the ideal of devoted love. The account of Joseph's birth, of the envy of his brethren, the conspiracy against him, and the manner in which he was sold to travelling merchants, who carried him into Egypt, forms but a small portion of Jami's poem. He tells us in charming poetry that Zuleikha was the daughter of the King of Mauritania, that she saw three times, in a dream, a vision of a youth of matchless beauty; that the third time the apparition named Egypt as his country. Her whole mind became absorbed; she refused all suitors, until finally her hand

was claimed for Pharaoh's vizier. The king, her father, first refused, because the vizier was not of royal blood; but Zuleikha would have no other, feeling convinced that he must be the beautiful Egyptian youth she had seen in her dreams. The king yielded; she was conducted forthwith to Egypt; but she discovered her error when too late. Her husband tried in vain to cheer her, without having any idea of the cause of the deep melancholy which seemed hurrying her to an early grave. But one day she happened to see Joseph in the slave market, and she instantly recognized him as the long-lost youth of her dreams. It was she who induced Potiphar to purchase him. Then follows the temptation to which he was subjected, and the proof of his virtue and fidelity. The struggles between love, duty, and honor, on both sides, are powerfully described. Guilty as Zuleikha evidently is, and much as we may condemn her for her faithlessness, it is impossible to remain unmoved by her passionate appeals. After the release of Joseph from prison, and his being appointed governor of Egypt, the remaining part of the story is entirely different from the Mosaic account. Potiphar dies. Zuleikha builds a house opposite to the palace of Joseph, in order that she may hear his horse's hoofs as he passes, when she cannot see himself. Joseph understands her at last, but reminds her that she does not believe in the true God. She renounces Paganism, breaks her idols, and publicly acknowledges Jehovah. The angel Gabriel appears to Joseph, and commands him to reward her constancy and piety. He immediately complies, and marries her with the approbation, not only of Pharaoh, but of all Egypt. The most heart-rending part of the story is, however, yet to come. Joseph dies after a few brief years of happiness, and she is frantic with grief. She cries aloud over his corpse, and is joined in doing so by her hand-maids, as Andromache does over the dead body of Hector,* or as the Phœnician women do at the funeral of Dido.† Apart from its deep and touch-

◊ They with many a groan
The dirge began, and still at every close
The female train with many a groan replied;
Then in the midst Andromache, white-armed,
Between her palms her dreadful Hector's head
Pressing, her lamentations thus began.

IL. xxiv, 720. COWPER'S TRANSLATION.

† Lamentis gemetueque et foemines ululatu
Tecta fremunt, resonat magnis plangoribus aether.

ÆL, l. iv., v. 667.

ing pathos, this part of the poem contains an interesting lesson in ethnology, since it affords another proof of the fact that it was a general habit throughout the East to indulge in loud lamentations over the dead, as the lower order of the Irish do at the present day. The ejaculations of Zuleikha, while wailing over Joseph's grave, wringing her hands, and swaying her body to and fro—thus corresponding in every respect with the Irish *keen*—are as eloquent and poetical as they are sad and touching. "Thou, my husband," she cries, "art buried in the ground *like the root*, while I stand above *like the withered branch*."

The following "Lament" from the *Tirak-Namēh*, of Ahi, is in a different strain. It will serve as a fair specimen of the elegiac style of Persian poetry, and, at the same time, present an agreeable transition :

Like a cypress-tree
Mateless in a death-black valley,
Where no lily springeth,
Where no bulbul singeth,
Whence gazelle is never seen to sally,
Such am I; Woe is me!
Poor, sad, all unknown,
Lone, lone, lone!

Like a wandering bee,
Alien from his hive and fellows,
Humming mournful ditties;—
Far from men and cities,
Roaming glades which Autumn rarely mellows,
Such am I; Woe is me!
Poor, sad, all unknown,
Lone, lone, lone!

Like a bark at sea,
All whose crew by night have perished,
Drifting on the ocean
Still with shoreward motion,
Though none live by whom Hope's throb is cherished,
Such am I; Woe is me!
Poor, sad, all unknown,
Lone, lone, lone!

So I pine and dree,
Till the night that knows no morrow
Sees me wrapped in clay-vest:
Thou, chill world, that gavest
Me the bitter boon alone of sorrow,
Give, then, a grave to me,
Dark, sad, all unknown,
Lone, lone, lone!

Hilali is celebrated alike for his poetical genius and misfortunes. His *Shah and the Dervish* is one of the most beautiful poems in any language. We have not space now to give a sketch of his life. We will, however, observe in passing that he flourished at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and that such were his sufferings and fate, notwithstanding his superior genius and learning, that he has himself been the subject of many a fine poem. Condemned to death on suspicion of being a Sunnite, he asked, as a last favor, that he might be executed by Scifallah, a young man who happened to be present when he was brought out to die. The strange request was granted. The first blow merely gave him a slight wound on the head, causing the blood to flow over his countenance, when he immediately improvised these lines :

“ It is not blood, Hilali, that appears,
And gives thy fading cheek a ruddy glow ;
It is thy broken heart, whose sanguine tears,
For man's injustice, and my fate, o'erflow !”

The simplest and saddest love story in all Persian literature, or, perhaps, in any other literature, ancient or modern, is Hatifi's version of Laili and Majnoun, one of the famous legends already referred to. Two children, son and daughter of two neighboring chiefs, have been brought up together from their earliest childhood. They are always fond of each other's company, like brother and sister. As they grow up, school friendship ripens into love. In time, differences arise between their families, and they are separated. They contrive, however, to have occasional interviews ; but this is soon discovered, and Majnoun is warned, on pain of death, never to approach the tribe again. This was too much for him. Like another Edwin, he leaves his home and wanders about the mountain solitudes, determined to live a hermit's life ; but in the excess of his grief he gradually loses his reason. His friends go in search of him, and try in vain to bring him back. His aged and broken-hearted father has an interview with him ; and a dialogue ensues, which has scarcely ever been surpassed in tenderness and pathos. In the mean time Laili is forced to marry a neighboring chief ; but she remains true to her first love, and goes to the desert to have an interview with Majnoun. The story is full of

pathetic incidents and adventures, all of which are described in that simple, graphic style so pleasing to readers of every taste. Having no English version of it at hand, we must content ourselves with a brief extract from a fragment, which is by no means the best part of the poem :

Hast thou no pity, friend unkind ?
Thou shouldst, like me, have felt the pain,
That I might sit all day, and find
A patient list'ner to my strain.
Do not two torches burn more bright
When they together blend their light ?

Alas, my heart is tuned to all
Of tender or of dear ;
The turtle's gentle murmurs fall
With welcome on my ear.
Oh, could she but my grief divine,
Would she not join her plaints to mine ?

Too cruel friend ! say thou to those
Who know but love by name,
" Would ye could feel the thousand woes
Of him whose soul is flame !"
But, ah ! the pains of sickness seem
To those in health an idle dream.
I will not, then, my secret tell,
But to the wretch who mourns as well.
'Twere vain the hornet's power to sing
To him who never felt the sting.

The persecutions suffered by Ferdusi, Hilali, and one or two others, would lead the casual reader to infer that genius is a source of annoyance rather than of pleasure in the East. Such, however, is not the fact. Far from being persecuted, literary and learned men, especially poets, have, in general, been protected and encouraged by the kings of Persia. From the time of Cyrus to the present there have been very few Persian princes who have not taken a delight in numbering men of learning and genius among the members of their household. Many interesting instances could be adduced in illustration of this ; but one or two will suffice. We have already seen the effect of an ode, on a sovereign whose courtiers had entreated him in vain to do what he did at once under the influence of song. If, to gratify some private resentment, one prince is disposed to persecute, another is equally disposed to protect. All are familiar with the story of the famous physician Avicenna. While under the pro-

tection of another sovereign, Mahmoud the Great, Sultan of Ghesna, summoned him to appear at his court, that he might shed lustre upon it by his learning and talents. The physician declined, and the prince with whom he lived being unable, however willing, to save him from the wrath of Mahmoud, he was obliged to seek another residence. Determined not to be foiled in this way, Mahmoud caused portraits of the wanderer to be sent to all the capitals of the East. By this means the Sultan of Iorjan found that he was practising his art in his own dominions. But such was his fame, instead of surrendering or expelling him, he invited him to court, and no menaces could induce him to part with him. The sultan's nephew being afflicted with a disease which baffled the skill of all his own physicians, Avicenna was invited to see him, and at his first visit he discovered the disease to be love, the object of which was no other than the sultan's favorite wife. The doctor possessed courage as well as learning and genius, and the following extract shows the result :

- "What wouldst thou give to see the bloom
Of health on Ali's cheek once more;
To see his eye its fire resume,
And hear his voice as oft of yore?"
- "Ask all!—there's not a treasure lies
In the rich cavern of the mine
I would not give, to see his eyes
Once more with health and pleasure shine."
- "Thou hast a treasure, richer still
Than turkis stones or pearls of price,
More pure than is the crystal rill
That laves the meads of Paradise.
- "There is a voice whose faintest sigh
More charms the dying Ali's ear,
Than those white birds whose melody
Is warbled for the blest to hear.
- "Wouldst thou not have thy throne a void,
Dost thou e'en yet his safety seek,
Although his bliss thy own destroyed,
Let me the fatal secret speak."
A light flash'd from the monarch's eyes:
"Speak out!—I grant him all!" he cried.
"Tis for thy favorite slave he dies."
"No more!—Zittara is his bride!"

Were there no such interesting facts as those alluded to above, to show that Eastern monarchs are, in nine cases out of ten, proud to have the learned and gifted about them, the

works of the poets themselves, without any reference to contemporary history, or biography, would afford sufficient evidence, that if they were subject to any censorship it was a very mild one. In short the profession of literature in the East is very different from what it is generally supposed in the West. Anything there worth reading is universally appreciated; so is its author. The Persian literati are fully recognized as an aristocracy. The poorest man of genius or learning is made welcome in the best society, as long as his conduct is that of a gentleman. Nay, allowances are made for his faults—and for faults of such gravity as would exclude the man of mere wealth from the “charmed circle.” We may, therefore, withhold our sympathy from Persian authors, whether they write in poetry or prose, on science or art; for, except in rare instances, they do not need it. Nor should we conclude that, because their books are not known to us, they must necessarily be of inferior quality; since, according to the same argument, ours would be as worthless as theirs. Whatever may be said to the contrary, by interested parties, certain it is, that not more than a half-dozen of European works, including English, French and German, are read, or thought of, in Persia. At the same time there is no ancient work that we prize which the Persians do not prize also. If we admire Homer and regard him as the prince of poets, so do they; if we acknowledge Aristotle and Longinus as the greatest of critics, they do the same; if Euclid’s geometry is taught in our colleges and schools, it is also taught in the schools and colleges of Persia; if our medical students quote Hippocrates and Galen, just the same is done by the students of Persia, &c., &c. Thus, we are bound to excuse the Persians, if they do not set the same value on our great men that we do ourselves—nay, even if they have never heard of half as many of them as we have heard of theirs.

But our article has already grown too long. We must not close, however, without the following anecdote, and a specimen of the poem to which it relates. It is related of the Emir of Yemen, that, having been greatly offended by a satire, he had the author arrested, and closely confined in a dungeon. But the captive poet having one day chanced to see a beautiful bird through the grating of his cell, wrote some lines, which he recited morning and evening, until the heart of his jailer was softened. The sad, plaintive strain made all the

women who heard it weep, and many of the men. When the Emir first heard of it, he refused to read or listen to it; but, hearing it subsequently by chance, he eagerly inquired who the author was; and so much did it charm him, that he not only ordered the author to be released at once, but gave him five hundred pieces of gold, by way of making amends to him for what he had suffered. After making due allowance for the difference between the Persian and English languages, and what a genuine poem loses of its essence—especially of its pathos—by translation from the former into the latter by one who does not pretend to be a poet, the reader will be able to form an opinion, from the following extract, as to whether the author deserved the distinction conferred upon him:

THE CAPTIVE SCHEIK.

River! whose waters murmuring stray,
Oh, could I by thy side
Mark how, like joys that steal away,
Thy waves in music glide—
Oh! might I watch thee, glitt'ring by,
Without these bars that mock my eye,
As welcome and as blest to me
Thy cool and sparkling waves would be
As those that lead to Aden's shore,
Where he who drinks shall thirst no more,
Thy course is onward, wide and free;
When will such course return to me?

At liberty! How blest art thou!
Whilst I, in fetters bound,
Press 'gainst these bars my fever'd brow
And listen for a sound,
To still one moment's space the sigh
Of hopeless, sad captivity.
And thou, fair bird, whose notes arise
Sweet as the bells of paradise,
That chase the slumbers of the blest,
And soothe his soul to dreams of rest—
What art thou? from what pleasant home
Of ceaseless music dost thou come?
Say, if amidst the Sudrû's shade
Thy nest of perfumed leaves is made?
Art thou of those of spotless wing
That round the throne of glory sing?
Or dost thou come, a messenger,
To bear me tender news of her,
Whose truth can time and absence dare,
Who loves—like me—amidst despair?

* * * * *

Go, soaring bird! thy lays are vain—
They add new torture to my pain;
Attendant on thy notes appear
The shades of many a buried year,
Whose glitt'ring colors charm my sight;
Then fade and leave me deeper night.
They show when from my desert home,
Free as my steed, 'twas mine to roam.
How, even then, the future's dream
Made present good of no esteem:
By custom too familiar grown,
I slighted joys that were my own.
Alas! since then, long years of pain
Have proved their worth—but proved in vain!
Oh! that I could recall the past
Hours, days, and years, I dared to waste.
But vain repentance—vain regret!
My only task is to forget.

No more I'll seek my prison grate,
With straining eye and heart elate,
To welcome stream, and wood, and plain,
That never may be mine again.
I turn from scenes so bright, so dear,
And find my only world is—here!

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1. *A Vocabulary of Words and Phrases supposed to be Peculiar to America*, &c. By JOHN PICKERING. Boston.
 2. *Dictionary of Americanisms*, &c. By JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT. New York.

No country is more fruitful in "*isms*" than our own. In every department of society, in religion and in politics, in commerce and in trade, in literature and in language, we excel all others in generating and giving birth to this peculiar offspring. Its name, indeed, is legion, and the family is still increasing with no abatement or loss. This is owing to a great variety of causes, among which may be included the extraordinary impulse given to the American mind on all subjects of personal and public interest.

If we do not think deeply and calmly as a people, we think rapidly and strongly. What requires labor and toil, among other people, in reaching ultimate conclusions, we gain at a single bound. We perceive, while others reason; we

invent and execute, before others have any clear inception or a single well-defined thought. We are prehensile if not comprehensive. The Patent Office affords a striking example of this peculiar quickness of thought and power of combination. The American mind is Argus-eyed, and sees from a single point the whole area of a circle. The Patent Office presents to the eye a world of invention, that would have been as fabulous to the ancients, as a "New World" was to the monks in the days of Columbus, or the wonders of the telegraph and the steam-engine to the inhabitants of the moon.

We think that in no portion of our country is there so great an awakening as in the valley of the Mississippi. The Yankees on the eastern slope of our continent are not to be compared with those on the Western. The contracted sphere of the former will not admit of the same results as the latter. The "hub of creation" is a dull and stupid thing in comparison with the great wheel, which takes leave to use it as the nave in which its awful spokes are inserted. In proportion to the changes through which a population is passing, will be the increase and variety in the coinage of words and phrases as expressive of the new ideas which are generated. Not unfrequently the history of a particular phase of a country will be found coiled up in a single word, just as the oak of the forest is found in an acorn. It is a sort of index pointing to the times in which certain men lived, or principles were originated and published, and which will settle forever their date, and serve as a symbol for both. Words and their ideas are coetaneous, inasmuch as no idea can exist without the word or the sign which symbolizes it. All the phenomena of language have their origin in human nature, and must be traced to it, unless we except the original types which were moulded in heaven; and words have no existence only as they are needed; and as nations grow old and decay, the matrix becomes exhausted, and no issues henceforth appear.

Whilst there are some words difficult to be traced to their origin, yet, with a little judgment and skill, we may discover the ancestry of those in common use, and especially of more recent date. To perceive the meaning of words requires but little effort, as the whole history of our race fully proves. What we hear is as easy to understand as what we see. We

are at no more loss to understand the popular speech than if we were born with it in our minds and upon our lips. All human laws, as well as the Divine, take it for granted that those for whom they are given can comprehend the language in which they are spoken or written. If this were not so, we would be compelled to carry along with us a dictionary to understand the words used.

The primitive signification of many words in our language never occurs to the popular mind in their daily use, such as *sincere—without wax, precise—cut off at the end—right—ruled—wrung—twisted*. These significations belong to the languages from which they are derived, and not to our own; and thus the primitive meaning which an English word has, is not always that which belonged to its ancestor in another language, but simply that which it took when adopted into our own. But, notwithstanding this, words adopted into a language, while they may, and often do, assume a different meaning, are easily understood, without the trouble necessary in tracing up their ancestry.

There are no *trifles* in language, no useless or unmeaning words. They have all been brought into being by a process which is perfectly natural, and have their uses. Indeed, he who pronounces of any system, that a part of it is valueless, has yet to learn that all that belongs to it is essential; the very part deemed of least importance may be that which, if cut off or severed from it, would render it imperfect. The hands of a watch apart from it are valueless, but in their relations to the instrument the most necessary, for the notation of time. A single line, faint and almost imperceptible beneath the eye, or in the curve of the lips, renders the work of the artist immortal. It is the last touch of the pencil that brings out the true expression of the picture. Nature exhibits no contempt for trifles. The pencilling of a flower, the plumage of a bird, the moulding of a leaf, the peopling a drop of water with untold myriads, show that the ignorance of man in regard to what he calls trifles, finds no analogy in the works of his Creator. The revelations made by the telegraph are given us in dots, lines, curves, and angles, but they tell us of births and deaths, and just now the results of our Presidential election, and these mysterious *trifles* will set an army in motion, that will shake a kingdom, or send fleets to distant realms to overturn empires. A single word will

decide the fate of nations, as a single vote the election of a President. Why is an engineer alarmed at the first oozing of water from a pipe? Will not a single drop of blood betray a murder, and the print of a nail discover a thief? Trifles light as air will bring ruin upon a family, and destroy the hopes of a kingdom. An additional ounce to the sum total of the elements, which form our earth, would involve it, and the system of which it is a part, in ruin.

Language is the most potent instrument in the world. By the word of the Lord the heavens were made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth. His word created all things, preserves all things, and can destroy all things. The power of a "yes" or a "no" settles the fate of individuals and states, and, therefore, we can not be indifferent to language. We know that there is a class of men who affect to despise all word and book revelation, and who, trusting to their intuitions and sentiments, affect to repudiate all teachings from without. But it is not yet proven that any intuitions or sentiments exist in the mind in the absence of language, either verbal or written. It is certain that no well-defined ideas can be entertained or expressed in the absence of words; and as to word or book revelations, they are as common among those who repudiate as among those who receive them. What is the meaning of their lectures, conversations, discussions, and books on their favorite theme? They fully know the use and value of language, and would gladly avail themselves of all the vehicles which it affords to reveal to the uninitiated the mysteries of spiritualism.

What is the great system of nature, but a divine alphabet—a written language, revealing to the mind of man the power, the wisdom and goodness of the Creator! "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." These splendid symbols everywhere address the eye, and speak to the heart with all the intelligence of a written revelation.

It is no easy matter to settle the question whether this or that word belongs to a particular country, or originated with a certain class of people. Some words—indeed, many in use in one language, are adopted into another, with a signification wholly different from that which they bore among those who gave them paternity; as the word *provision*, which now signifies *victuals*; yet, in a law of Edward III., forbidding all

ecclesiastics to purchase *provisions* at Rome, it evidently means, *nominated to benefices by the Pope*. This, doubtless, was the meaning then attached to it in England; but, as these *provisions* obtained at Rome were the means of purchasing victuals, or the means of a living, the word naturally acquired the signification it now bears. Thus we have *provision stores*, or family groceries. Knolles, South, Milton, and others, use the word *provisions* for the table, *provisions* for the army. Is not *provision store* an Americanism?

We have a class of words indigenous to our country, and which cannot be mistaken. They as naturally grow upon our soil as the mullein on neglected ground, or as moss on the trees in the swamps of the Mississippi. This class belongs to those words which spring from our institutions, habits, and customs. Among these may be enumerated, *stump orators*, *stump speaking*. These words indicate the customs of our country, especially in the newly-settled parts, where no permanent arrangements are made for political gatherings; and as every one who aspires to office is expected to appear before the public and deliver his sentiments on the issues made, the *stump* is as good a rostrum as any one needs; and, where one cannot be found, a merchandise box or barrel will answer the purpose; and so it has happened, that to "take the stump" is to canvass the county, the district, or the State; and the *stump orator* may speak in the court-house, on the platform, or anywhere else, and it is *stump speaking*.* To the same category belong also the following words: *Camp-meeting*, *protracted meeting*, *basket meeting*, and *meeting of days*, and we might add *Friends' meeting*. All these words have had their origin in the habits and customs of our people, and they are so familiar to us that they need no explanation. Other countries may have adopted these phrases, but they belong to our soil, and mark distinct eras in the history of the religious movements of our people. They point to the time when our population was widely scattered and but few accommodations found for religious meetings; and they indicate the social condition which obtains among us, and the determined and resolute manner in which we prosecute any attempt to reform the world, or to build up a party. We

* From the peculiar characters of our institutions have also sprung such words as *Hunker*, *Barnburner*, *Hard Shell*, *Soft Shell*, *New Line Whig*, *Straight-out Whig*, *Loco Foco*, &c., &c.

recollect the time when a protracted meeting lasted only three or four days; now it is often continued for weeks, with no greater results than when it lasted for a much less period of time. *Camp-meetings* formerly were held in the woods, away from the settlements, but now they are found in the neighborhood of towns and cities, having all the accommodations needed for the ordinary congregations in attendance.

Hurry up the cakes is a cant phrase in the western part of our country, and doubtless originated in the field or the camp in times of labor and exposure, and when the hungry settlers found it necessary for the maid of all work, or the good housewife, to get a meal of corn-bread and bacon as soon as possible. Now it is often used to stimulate the laborer, clerk, or agent in the particular work in which he is engaged, and it rarely fails to invoke all the energies of those who are thus earnestly addressed.

The word *balance* for *remainder* is very common in the Middle and Southern States, and is used often by those who are well educated. "A part of the company left, and the *balance* remained." *Balance* is properly a pair of scales. To strike a *balance*, is perfectly correct, as it indicates equality on the debit and credit side. *Balance of trade* is an equal exportation of domestic productions, and importation of foreign.

Carry the horse to water. A very common expression in the South, signifying to lead or drive. The reason for this use of the word *carry*, doubtless, is this: It being customary for the horse to *carry* the boy to the place of watering, by a figure of metonymy (the rider for the ridden), the man, instead of the horse, is supposed to do the act. Webster has given the definition of *carry* "to remove, to lead, to drive." But these definitions are not received as on good authority. They, doubtless, have been given in consequence of their common use, and not because they are strictly correct.

Disremember. Perhaps no word is more frequently used than this in the Southern States, and also in Pennsylvania. It is not admitted in our dictionaries as of authority. It is used for *forget* or *do not remember*. We should not be surprised if at length it would pass into our language. There are many words used that could be as well dispensed with as this. *Dis* has the force of a primitive, and negative, as in disarm, disagree, disoblige.

The preposition *in* is often used improperly for *into*. "He went *in* the house," "he broke it *in* pieces." The preposition *in* indicates rest or repose—*into* indicates action, transition. No person is *in* a house or a ship, *in* a State, *in* a kingdom, but he that has gone or is introduced *into* a house, *into* a ship, *into* a State, *into* a kingdom. *Into* belongs to verbs implying motion towards, and *in* to verbs implying rest or motion in.

We, as a people, are very fond of abbreviations. They appear quite ridiculous in writing, but pass current in speaking. But few escape the habit. *Ain't*, for are not, am not. *Bimeby*, for by and by. *Can't* for cannot. *His'n*, for his own. *Hain't*, for have not. *He's*, for he is. *Isn't*, for is not. *Musn't*, for must not. *'Tain't*, for it is not. We do not say that these are pure Americanisms, but they, and similar abbreviations, abound among us. As we cannot find time to eat, to sleep, to recreate, so we cannot find time to pronounce in full the syllables which form the common words used in colloquial speech. It *isn't* easy for us to reform from this practice, and we *couldn't* if we *didn't* try very hard. *Tain't* every one who has patience to do it.

The political conflicts in our country furnish a very large number of words and familiar phrases, which are constantly increasing. We have but to hint at a few of them to suggest many more to the reader; such as "Sage of Ashland," "The old Man Eloquent," "Nestor of the American Senate," "Rough and Ready," "Old Buck," "Old Hickory," "Rail Splitter." To these might be added names of a secondary character, as applied to towns and cities; such as "Athens of America," "Gotham," "Crescent City," "Birmingham of America," "City of Brotherly Love," "Queen City," "City of Elms," &c. The sobriquets are also quite numerous of the several States; such as Badger, Buckeye, Hoosier, Wolverine, Palmetto, Granite, Sucker, Lone Star, &c. Some of these are descriptive of the geological, agricultural and natural productions of the States; and others have their rise from the disposition among us of giving *nick-names*, bordering on or partaking strongly of the ludicrous. And if they do not indicate any peculiarities in relation to the States, they show the bent of mind which gave them paternity.

The subject is so full, that we find it difficult to know how to select words or phrases, so as to give the reader a

general idea of the procreative power of our people. In fact, our New World and modes of life; our system of government; the *sparse* population in our newly-settled districts; our frequent elections, and numerous religious sects and parties; the influx of foreigners from the Old World; the coinage of new words by editors, and slang phrases by the multitude—these and many other causes combine to furnish a vocabulary in the English tongue that will keep our Websters and Worcesterers constantly engaged in keeping up with the wants of the age.

Two vocabularies of Americanisms have been published; one at Boston, by John Pickering, in 1816, and the other at New York, by John R. Bartlett, in 1848. The former work gives the Americanisms current in New England, which are, as might be expected, but few in number. The other occupies a larger space and gives a more complete number of Americanisms. But a complete list cannot be furnished, as they are daily coined, and room is still found for a more full and elaborate work on the whole subject; and we have reason to believe that such a one is now in progress, and will soon be published.

In the "New American Cyclopædia," under the head of Americanisms, the compound word *cannot* is put down as an Americanism! In Howitt's Pictorial Calendar of the Seasons (an English book), the poet Keats is made to say—

"Where beauty *cannot* keep her lustrous eyes;"

and in the English copies of the Bible Lot says, "I *cannot* do any thing till thou be come hither." The word *cannot* sometimes expresses not actual but moral or conditional impossibility. Milton, Addison, Swift, and others use it in this sense, &c., &c.

Genuine Catawba is an Americanism, and is not only a good one, but represents a good thing in the class to which it belongs.

Comeouter is a slang word, but very expressive of the act intended by it, that of a person leaving a political party in consequence of some defect, real or imaginary, in it.

The preservation of the English language in its purity is an object deserving our attention. It has never been settled, and from present indications it will not be very soon. The great influx of words into our common speech, some of which were

obsolete, and others, with new significations ; the influence of the Dutch, the German, the French, and Spanish languages ; the adoption of new terms, from our intercourse with the Mexican and Indian tribes, and the increasing coinage of a new vocabulary indigenous to our soil, will make it almost impossible to settle the basis of our language and give it a fixed and authoritative form. The German literature is much read and studied, and their nomenclature, though harsh and ineloquent, steadily is creeping into our language, and some are even imitating their inverted forms of speech, both in their writings and in their lectures, sermons, and conversations, so that it requires no little time and attention to become familiar with their style, or to comprehend the simplest ideas expressed in their transcendental modes of expression.

The Germans would like to live as a distinct people among us, and segregate themselves into a State, to preserve their language intact. And in some of the legislatures in the States, the laws are published in the German language ; and in all probability the time will come when the Common School Fund may be in part appropriated to sustaining German schools. This, we think, is not only impolitic, but dangerous to the interests of the American people, and will prove injurious to the future of our language. It will also place the German people in the same relation to the Americans as the Welsh are to the English. But, if the injury will be great to us, as a people, and to the Germans in particular, it will more seriously affect the future destiny of our language in the world at large. And if the Germans should succeed, why should not the French ? the Hungarians ? the Norwegians ? the Japanese and Chinamen ?

It would be a glorious event if any one language should be spoken throughout the world ; and we see no good reason why the English should not. Its conquests for the last two centuries are unequalled, and its territory is widening continually.

We all smile at the well-known boast of Waller, in his lines on the death of Cromwell. It was, however, all he could say, at the time he wrote, in regard to the *status* of the English speech :

“Under the tropic is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.”

Even Milton seems not to have indulged in very high anticipations in regard to the fame of his works, owing, we doubt not, to the limited spread of the English language. "I care not," said he, "to be once named abroad, though, perhaps, I could obtain to that, being content with these islands as my world."

A French Jesuit—Garnier—in 1678, laying down rules for the arrangement of a library, thought it superfluous to say any thing of English books (not unlike the English, a half century ago, in regard to American books), "because," as he observed, "*Libri Anglicæ scripti linguâ vix mare transmittunt.*"

Swift, in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, observed that "the fame of our writers is usually confined to these two islands." What would he now say, with a knowledge of the English literature, as it is spreading over our continent, and in its circuit round the globe!

Dr. Johnson, one hundred years ago, entertained no lofty ideas of the fortunes of the English language, and the fame of its writers and orators. Hume, however, did, as the following passage proves: "The Latin, though less celebrated, and confined to more narrow limits, has, in some measure, outlived the Greek, and is now more generally understood by men of letters. Let the French, therefore, triumph in the present diffusion of their tongue. Our solid and increasing establishment in America, where we need less dread the inundation of barbarism, promises a superior stability and duration to the English language."

Many changes have taken place in America since Hume wrote this: and the *barbarians* have either *inundated* or have arisen amongst us, and the *stability* of our English tongue is not so sure now as it was then; at least, it is not *fused* or stereotyped, but is prolific and self-generative: and in no period of time more so than at present.

The English tongue is rapidly spreading by commerce and trade, by fashion and travel, by emigration and conquest, as well as by missionary effort; and at the close of the present century, one hundred and fifty millions will speak it as their native and vernacular language. It is spreading rapidly in Africa and Australia; in Mexico and South America; and the war in the Crimea and the general awakening in the East, in addition to the vast possessions of England in India, are

giving it extraordinary currency. It is advancing towards a universal language; and no portion of the English world is doing more to spread it than our own. The time may be rapidly advancing when the world shall have one speech, and be of one language *—when the literature of the English world shall circulate in all lands, and the English language shall be spoken among all the Babelized tribes of Earth.

* We are constrained, in the interest of philology and history, to differ with our learned and esteemed contributor, feeling satisfied, as we do, that there is not the least probability that the English, or any other language, will ever become the universal tongue of mankind. That such a universality would be desirable is quite another matter: few, if any, will deny that it would. But the same may be said in reference to the diversity of climates, of soil, of scenery, of productions, &c., &c.; these cannot be equal. The whole face of nature exhibits endless variety. Are not even the same objects constantly changing? No two peoples, for example, are more differently situated than those of Italy and Lapland, though, perhaps, the Arabs and the Esquimaux present a more striking contrast to each other. But the Italian, the Laplander, the Arab, and the Esquimaux differ in their languages as much as they do in their physical characteristics, their features, or complexions; and it is well to bear in mind, also, that each thinks his own language the best. Nay, those of them having the poorest country think there is no other superior, if equal to it.

"The shudd'ring tenant of the frozen zone
Bodily proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease."

In short, we might as well expect that the Mongolian could be changed to a Caucasian, or the Negro to a Mongolian, as that all mankind could be brought to speak one language, as our first parents did. That the English language is extensively spoken, and exercises a powerful influence throughout the world, is very true. But the same was once equally true of the Latin, the Greek, the Syriac, the Sanscrit, and of the Persian—of every language as long as those who spoke it maintained their power as a dominant people. But no sooner did this power cease, or fall into other hands, than the language began to yield to the same influences. It is a great mistake, though a very common one, to suppose that, because England has immense possessions in the East and has maintained her dominion for nearly two centuries, it must follow that the English language is that of the subject people. Far from this being the case, not more than one Hindoo out of every five hundred understands a word of it. What may seem still stranger to those unacquainted with the subject, is the fact that the Portuguese is much more extensively spoken throughout British India than the English.

But, by looking nearer home, we have evidence enough that to conquer a people and to deprive them of their language are very different things. Nothing short of the most cruel persecutions, persisted in for ages, could accomplish the latter. However much the Turks oppressed those whom they conquered, it does not appear that they have ever seriously attempted to enforce the exclusive use of their own tongue. Nor did even Mahomet. Charles the Fifth in the plenitude of his power could not have compelled all his subjects, belonging as they did to various nationalities, to learn his language, much less discard their own. He had to learn theirs, though more than a score in number, as Charlemagne had done before him. Even at the present moment not fewer than a dozen languages are spoken by as many different ancient nationalities within the Austrian Empire alone—a state of things which the Germans, with all their learning and philosophy and innumerable books, have not been able

ART. III.—1. *Histoire des Nations Civilisées du Mexique et de l'Amerique Centrale, durant les siècles antérieurs à Christophe Colomb, écrite sur des documents originaux et entièrement inédits, puisés aux anciennes archives des indigènes, par M. L'Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg.* 4 vols. Paris: 1859.

2. *Histoire du Mexique par Don Alvaro Tezozomoc, traduit sur un manuscrit inédit, par H. Ternaux-Compans.* Paris: 1853.

3. *Mexique et Guatemala par M. De LALENAUDIERE, Pérou, par M. LACROIX.* Paris: 1853.

4. *Antiquités Mexicaines. Relation de trois Expéditions du Capitaine Dupaix ordonnée en 1805, 1806, 1807, accompagnée des dessins de Castaneda, Membre des trois Expéditions, et dessinateur du Musée de Mexico; avec des Notes explicatives, et autres Documents, par MM. BARADERE, DE ST. PRIEST, et Plusieurs Voyageurs.* Fol. Paris, Au Bureau des Antiquités Mexicaines.

5. *Collección de las Antiquedades Mexicanas que existen en el Museo Nacional y dan a luz Isidro Icaza e Isidro Gondra, lithographiadas par Federico Waldeck e impresas por Pedro Robert,* London.

6. *Antiquities of Mexico, comprising Fac-Similes of Ancient Mexican Paintings and Hieroglyphics, together with the Monuments of New Spain, by Dupaix, with their respective scales of Measurement and accompanying Descriptions. The whole illustrated by many valuable inédit Manuscripts.* By AUGUSTINE AGLIO. 7 vols., imperial folio. London: 1829.

OF all secular studies, none are so well calculated to teach us humility and modesty as archæology. No archæologist worthy of the name is, or ever was, a believer in the theory of the progressive development of the human mind. Those who have studied the ancients and their works have, indeed, great faith in human energy and skill. Did they feel otherwise,

in two hundred years to alter. Venice has belonged to Austria nearly as long as India has to England, but the Venetians speak as pure Italian as any of those of their fellow countrymen in other parts of Italy, who have never borne the Austrian yoke; and they detest the German more than they did a hundred years ago.

But let us consider how many dialects there may be of one language. The Italian, for example, has at least a dozen; and the French, undoubtedly the most universal language of our time, has at least as many. But of none of the principal languages of modern Europe are there more dialects than of the English. It is well known that those who live in two adjoining shires in England speak so differently that they often find no slight difficulty in understanding each other; while the Londoner or the American can hardly understand either.

they might well be charged with lacking perception. But it is quite another matter to maintain that, once any vigorous branch of the human family has set out on the path of civilization, it goes on to improve from generation to generation, until it reaches perfection. The advocates of the "progressive" doctrine admit, it is true, that obstacles may sometimes arise to retard us in our onward course, but they tell us that such can have no permanent effect—that they are like pebbles in a stream, which may first lessen the force of the current, but which, as soon as the obstructed fluid accumulates, are scattered like chaff, in accordance with a well-known law. We have no reason to believe that there is anything new in this, although it is put forward as a novelty of no slight importance—one of the great discoveries of the present century. The probability is, that no people ever found themselves in a tolerably comfortable position, but there were those amongst them who thought they were on the direct road to perfection—at least, that nothing could prevent their surpassing all others.

But certainly it is not those who know most, or who make the nearest approach to intellectual perfection, that entertain such opinions. The vainest of the moderns, who are capable of thinking at all, admit that the Greek intellect attained a higher state of development than that of any other people; but we search the writings of the Greek philosophers in vain for any notion so absurd as that, according as the world grew old, the human mind grew stronger and more capacious. Socrates, Plato and Aristotle have, indeed, expressly told us the reverse. They, too, had remote antiquity to look back to. They had before them the history of many a great people, who, far from passing on from one degree of perfection to another, had either ceased to exist, or fallen into

Supposing there were no other languages at present in use but the English, German, French, and Italian, and their respective dialects, the chances of those who speak the three latter, being induced to cast off their own and adopt the former, would be slight indeed. But Prof. Adelung, than whom there is no better authority, tells us that there are 3,664 known languages now in use throughout the world. When it is remembered that of these the Chinese alone, a language radically different from all others, is spoken by nearly 300,000,000 of people, it will be admitted by the most sanguine believers in impossible things that there are obstacles in the way of a universal language which can hardly ever be removed.

The fact of our having so many Americanisms (although a large number are often called by that name which had been in current use in England, and by English writers, long before the Mayflower sailed for the New World) is, in itself, a powerful argument against universality. And we must also bear in mind

hopeless decay. They implored their countrymen to take warning accordingly, and the philosophers of all other nations, from the time of Moses to the present, have done the same.

But we have sufficient on our own continent to teach us how uncertain is the duration of human greatness, for it cannot be denied that Mexico and Peru, especially the former, were once the seats of great and flourishing empires, each enjoying a high state of civilization; and not for a brief period, but for ages. It is interesting, as well as instructive, to look back as far as we may at these departed nations. Their history, shrouded as it is in darkness and mystery, is worth studying. Surely American antiquities ought to be more interesting to Americans than to any other people; but it is not the less true that hitherto our learned men have paid less attention to them than those of any other enlightened country. French, Germans and Italians, not to mention Spaniards, have devoted the most careful, patient and extensive researches to the early condition of Mexico, giving the results in numerous books of every size, from the largest folio to the slenderest duodecimo, while, with two or three exceptions, our learned men have scarcely done anything in the same field.

The number of French books alone, whose subject is the archæology of Mexico, would make quite a large library, and many of them have been prepared and published at the expense of the government, which deemed the subject of sufficient importance, nearly half a century ago, as to devote a

that there are "Australianisms," "Hibernicisms," "Scotticisms," &c. Nay, even in London, has not the language been constantly changing? We cannot better illustrate this fact, on the present occasion, and at the same time glance at the different notions characteristic of different nations, than by quoting a few extracts from an old English work, first published in 1542, which bears the quaint title of "*The Fyrst Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge, the which doth teache a man to speake parte of all manner of languages, and to knowe the usage and fashion of all manner of Countreys,*" &c. The author commences one of the chapters of his "boke" as follows:

Of noble Englande of Irland and of Wales,
And also of Scotland I have told some tales,
And of other llands I have shewed my myght,
He that wyl travell the truth he shall fynd:
After my consyence I do wryte truly,
Although that many men wyl say that I do lye
But for that matter I do greatly pas
But I am as I am, but not as I was.

When compliments are going, he gives the first to his own country, thus: "Forasmuche as the most regall realme of Englande is situated in an angle of the world, havynge no regione in Christendom nor out of Christendom equivalent

particular department to it, under the title of *Le Bureau des Antiquités Mexicaines*—a department which is still maintained, and which, in an archæological point of view, is second in interest and importance only to that of Egyptian Antiquities, established by the same government. There is no respectable library in Europe in which the antiquities of Mexico do not occupy a prominent position. The fac-similes of ancient Mexican paintings and hieroglyphics, in the Imperial Library at Paris, are worth an amount, which, if stated in figures, would seem almost fabulous; and similar collections are to be seen at the libraries of Berlin, Vienna, Dresden, of the Institute at Bologna, of the Vatican at Rome, and in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; and in each they are accompanied with inedited manuscripts. Thus the American traveller, visiting any of the principal cities of Europe, can learn more in a few hours of the early history of the New World than he could in as many months in his own country. This should not be the case. Our government should not leave it in the power of the people of Vienna, or any other foreign city, to tell us that, however despotic their government is, it enables them to know more of the early history of our country than we do ourselves.

We do not mean but that there are good works on American antiquities to be had in American libraries, but they are too few, and even these few are chiefly, if not exclusively, foreign. In Mr. Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico* we have, indeed, a good deal that is interesting on the subject under consideration; but the object of our great historian was, not to describe antiquities, but the conquest and its effects. He merely glances at the former. Nor is he always correct in his views

to it. The commodities, the qualite, and the quantite, with other and many things considered, within and about the sayd noble realme whereof, if I were a Jewe, a Turke, or a Sarasin, or any other infidele, I yet must praise and laud it, and so wold every man if thei dyd knowe of other countreys as well as Englande." After a good deal more of the same kind, he proceeds to describe "the provinces," telling us that "there be many men and women, the which cannot speake one word of Englishe, but all *Cornyshe*." It is the same at the present day. "Whoso," he adds, "will speake any *Cornyshe* Englishe, and *Cornyshe* doth follow." His descriptions of the Scotch and Irish will serve as pretty fair specimens of his own English style, which he evidently regarded as a model, but of which the orthography is neither according to Johnson nor Webster; nor is the syntax according to Murray. "In Ierland," he says, "is stupenduous thynges, for ther is neyther froges nor venimous wormes. There is no adder, nor snake, nor toade, nor lyzard, nor no evyt, nor none suche lyke. I have seene stones the whiche have had the forme and shap of a snake

on the subject. This is not strange, and he is not to blame for it. He did not undertake to give us a work on archæology. Had he done so, there is every reason to believe that he would have been entirely successful, since what he did undertake he accomplished in a manner that has elicited the approbation of all at home and abroad, who are capable of judging. Nearly the same may be said of Mr. Squires' "Central America," which, although a very excellent work on the geography, topography, climate, resources, &c., of several of the Central American States, and containing some very interesting particulars relative to the aborigines, is not sufficiently scientific to be regarded as an authority on archæology. Mr. Wilson has paid more attention than either to the state of civilization among the ancient Mexicans, in his "Conquest of Mexico;" and he introduces theories which have at least the attraction of novelty. Each of the three will aid the student in connection with works devoted exclusively to the antiquities, the best of which, as already intimated, are, with one exception, in the French language. The exception we allude to is the great work of Lord Kingsborough, which extends to six large folio volumes, copiously and elaborately illustrated by the best artists, and which embraces an enormous amount of curious and interesting matter. It might well seem a labor of years to read this, not to speak of compiling it from such multifarious sources; and the copious notes, by which the obscure passages are explained and rendered intelligible, display an extent of archæological knowledge possessed by few. The printing alone of so voluminous a work must have severely taxed his lordship's income, and it is not likely that more

and other venomous wormes; and the people of the countrey sayth that such stones were wormes, and they were turned into stones by the power of God and the prayers of Saynt Patrik. And Englishe merchauntes of England do fetch of the ertn of Irland to caste in their gardens to kepe out and to kyl venomous wormes." As for the language of the people, it was still worse than the "Cornyshe." And the Scottissh was nearly, if not quite, as bad as the Irish—as different from the English, which he had no doubt ought to be the universal tongue, at least of Christendom. At all events, the dialect of the Scotch must have had but little dignity, indeed, if it was as bad as were their morals, according to our author. "Muche," he says, "of their lyving standeth by steyling and robberyng. Also, it is naturally geven, or els it is of a devyllishe dysposicion of a Scotysch man, not to love nor favor an Englishe man. ○ ○ ○ Of all nacyns they wyl face crake and boost themselves, their frendes and their contrey above reason, for many wyl make strong lyes." Opinions like these are by no means peculiar to Englishmen. French, Italians, and Spaniards speak with equal admiration of themselves and their languages, and with equal contempt of all other nations and languages.

than a hundred copies of it have ever been sold. But it was for the benefit of science it was undertaken; not to make money. The preface shows that little of the latter was expected to accrue from it. Indeed, the probability is that his lordship has never realized the cost of paper and binding from its sale. Surely, if a private individual, who has nothing to do with America, except as a friend and patron of science, has been willing to incur all this expense, the government of the United States, with its boundless resources, ought to do something more for the same cause. It ought, at least, to reprint such foreign works as that of Lord Kingsborough, and let us hope that it will not neglect much longer to do so. As long as it does, it will certainly be behind the principal governments of Europe in carrying out the duty of encouraging science; nay, behind that of Mexico, which, for nearly ten years past, has scarcely enjoyed one year of peace.

It will not do to say that Mexico has more interest in the subject than we have. The same argument might be applied to the modern Egyptians; but it is not, save by those whose opinions are not worth much. It is the Germans, French, and English, and not the Egyptians, who devote their time, learning, and money to Egyptian antiquities. In a similar manner it was the English and French, and not the Neapolitans, who took most pains and incurred most expense in efforts to bring to light the treasures of art concealed in the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Neither have compared on the subject with the Neapolitans, for obvious reasons;* and much less should we compare with the Mexicans. Yet, incredible as it may appear to many, the latter have ten books on the subject of American antiquities—all printed and published in Mexico—for every one that we have. True, most of theirs are reprints of works published in Spain, or translations from the French, German, and English. This comparison is all the more unfavorable to us, because the Spanish race expose the ferocious cruelty of their ancestors in proportion as they shed light on the condition of Mexico at the time of the con-

* While George IV. was yet but Prince of Wales he proposed to the Neapolitan Government to defray the expenses of unrolling, deciphering, and publishing the papyrus manuscripts found in Herculaneum; and as soon as his offer was accepted he sent a whole society of learned men to the scene of exploration and research, where they remained, hard at work, for four years, or until the kingdom was invaded by the French. This cost the Prince, and a few other friends of literature who aided him, an amount little less than two millions of dollars.

quest. It is characteristic of them to be the proudest people in the world, and it is always their boast to prefer death to dishonor. It is characteristic of us, on the other hand, to have a passion for the diffusion of knowledge. We contribute more liberally and more cheerfully to the great cause of popular education than any others, not excepting the Germans—a distinction we may well be proud of; but which is still imperfect, so far as we are negligent of the great lessons of antiquity.

It is remarkable that our writers or orators rarely, if ever, refer to any period of the New World more ancient than the time of Columbus. Even our poets go to the most distant parts, and most remote corners, of Europe for subjects; while no country save India, or Greece, is richer in legends than our own. If some form exceptions, it is the legends of the savage Indians, not of the civilized Mexican or Peruvian, they choose; so that the two latter are as completely ignored in our literature as if they had never existed. No doubt one reason for this is the bad character given of the Aztecs—the people who inhabited Mexico at the time of the Spanish conquest. We are told that they not only sacrificed each other to their gods, but that they were cannibals of the most ferocious kind. But it ought to be remembered that this is the testimony of their enemies. Cortez and his followers committed such atrocities, often murdering thousands in cold blood, without regard to age or sex, that it was to be expected they would seek some excuse for their indiscriminate butcheries. And this was the best for their purpose they could have chosen; and the fact is admitted by more than one of their own countrymen. It seems clear, indeed, from their own sculptures and paintings, that the Aztecs were in the habit of executing human beings by cutting the hearts out of their bosoms with a knife; but it is not clear, or anything of the kind, that they did so merely as an act of devotion, more than we do ourselves when we hang human beings by the neck, or more than the Spaniards do when they strangle their victims with the garrote. Are we not to suppose that the Aztecs had those amongst them who deserved death?—assassins and robbers such as are to be found in the most enlightened and best-governed countries; and is it not supposing too much to say that, if they had, their object in executing them was, not to deter others and vindicate the laws but simply to propitiate their gods who they thought were pleased

with human blood? Otherwise, we might be accused ourselves with a similar object; for the ministers of religion are present at our executions too. If the Christian ministers are present only to afford consolation to the criminal, and try to prepare him for the doom that awaits him, what proof have we that the Aztec priests were not present for a similar purpose? But assuming that the latter did immolate their fellow-creatures for the love of God, have not Christians done the same in effect? It is sufficiently barbarous, indeed, to stretch a man on his back, tie his hands and feet, and hold him by the neck and hair while the executioner tears out his heart, and exhibits it, reeking, to the spectators, as it seems the Aztecs used to do; but is it a whit more so than to burn the victim alive? Is it worse to tear out the heart of a criminal, or even of a prisoner of war, let the motive for so doing be what it may, than to burn helpless women merely for their theological opinions; and need we say that such has been done by both Protestants and Catholics? The Christians have done worse still, if possible; and doubtless believed, in doing so, that they were performing their duty to the God of mercy. But would it be fair to infer from all this—i. e., from the bloodthirsty fanaticism of a few bigots—that the Christian religion was in favor of human sacrifices? Of course it would be most unfair; nothing could be more false; and yet the testimony against the Aztec priests, Pagans though they were, rests on no better foundation.

Upon the other hand, there is much to render it most improbable that they were the sanguinary, ferocious people which they are represented by their enemies. In the first place, it is undeniable that they not only possessed a literature, and had schools and colleges, but they were familiar with many of the arts and sciences, and had an excellent code of morals. They had large, populous, and well-built cities. They had a good system of laws, and an efficient police. Those sentenced for capital offenses had the privilege of appealing to a supreme court, composed of the highest judicial functionaries of the State.* Their government was

* The best Spanish historians of the conquest admit that the government was partly representative, and that ample precautions were taken for the protection of the people.

Thus: La organizacion judicial del antiguo Méjico no indica un pais salvaje. Lleva el doble sello de la eleccion popular y de la voluntad soberana del monarca. Este nombrada los *grandes jueces* ó *magistrados* supremos, que residian en Méjico y en las ciudades mas considerables del imperio. *Estos jueces supremos pronunciaban en último apelacion tanto en lo civil, como en lo criminal.*

Hist. de Méjico por Antonio de Solís, p. 35.

not a despotism. Even under Montezuma, it was the people who elected most of the legislators, and there were more than one republic under the protection of the emperor. It is acknowledged on all hands that they had a calendar more accurate than that of the Greeks and Romans, and that their architecture and sculpture were worthy of comparison with the noblest similar monuments of the ancient Egyptians. They had more than one system of writing. Besides hieroglyphics, both figurative and symbolic, they had also phonetic characters, quite equal to those of the Egyptians. Their system of enumeration is the simplest known—more simple than the modern decimal system; and quite as well calculated for all the purposes of life.

All this is beyond dispute. The proofs exist in a thousand forms; though as many as possible were destroyed. The first Archbishop of Mexico collected all the manuscripts, books, pictures, &c., he could get for love or money, and had them burned in the public square as works inspired by Satan, which, if allowed to exist, might destroy the Christian religion. This was done in no unkind spirit; for the aborigines had no better friend than the Archbishop. He did all in his power to protect them from the vulture-like rapacity of the colonists. Instead of harm, he thought he was doing them good by this wholesale destruction of the intellectual treasures of their ancestors. No one can tell what the world has lost by this act of mistaken piety; but no archaeologist has any doubt that the loss has been great. What remains, comparatively little as it is, affords the strongest presumptive evidence of this. Such of the Aztecs themselves, as were capable of forming an intelligent opinion on the subject, were afraid to give it lest they might meet the fate of their brethren; for it must be remembered that it was a crime for the Aztecs to possess too much knowledge at this time. Whatever lenity Aztec ignorance experienced from Cortez, Aztec intelligence experienced none. Those possessed of the latter might do harm among the few who still survived of their race; while those having nothing but the former could be made useful as hewers of wood and drawers of water.

It is well known that the learned men, among the Aztecs, were disposed of accordingly. Under one pretext or other, they were either butchered, publicly in large batches, or assassinated one by one. To-day they would be called upon

to negotiate, with the assurance that no harm would be done them ; to-morrow they would be called upon, in a similar manner, to let the conquerors know whether they would embrace the Christian religion, or adopt certain reforms in their own ; and, in one case as well as the other, the probability was, that they would be shot down in cold blood when they had no apprehension of danger. Proceedings like these sufficiently account for the fact that most, if not all, the Mexican manuscripts and paintings, which have been saved, are those which were found in the secret recesses of royal palaces, temples, &c., some years after the conquest was complete. There was no need, then, to destroy any more. Besides, Ferdinand and Isabella, or rather the latter, had severely censured those who had caused most of the destruction already done ; and gave strict orders that, whatever might be found in future, calculated to shed any light on the ancient civilization, should be carefully preserved. The truth is, that the public opinion of Europe was outraged, by the accounts given them by Spaniards themselves, of the barbarous course pursued towards the subject people and all that was dear to them in their history. It was not until the spoliators were thus warned that they permitted anything to appear in Europe which would redound to the credit of the ancient Mexicans. But, now, manuscript after manuscript, and painting after painting began to appear, until the learned of all countries were at once delighted and astonished.

Among the curiosities now given to the world was, a series of hymns written in the Aztec language fifty years before the conquest, by Nezahualcojotl, king of Tezcuco, who has been compared to King David and other great sovereigns of the East, having been equally distinguished as a philosopher, legislator, and poet ; for it is he who, when he had regained the throne of his ancestors, wrested from him by a party favorable to the pretensions of another prince, published a general amnesty, in which the memorable precept occurs, "A king punishes, but does not revenge." Is this what we should expect from the sovereign of a people who took delight in human sacrifices ? If it was a part of his religion to believe that the gods were to be conciliated by human blood, he had now an opportunity of offering victims enough. It will not do to say that, being humane himself, he dispensed with the rites usual in such cases ; for if the people were

taught to believe in them—that is, if their religion was really what it is represented—he dare not offend their prejudices by withholding the victims. There is, however, not a word on the subject in any thing of his which is known to be genuine. On the contrary, there is not one of his manuscripts the tone of which is not of a very different character. As specimens of his sentiments and mode of thought, we quote a brief extract from a prose translation of one of his elegies:

“The fleeting pomps of this world are like green willows, which, when they arrive at an advanced age, are consumed by fire. The axe destroys their roots, the storm prostrates them. Age and decrepitude overcome and make us miserable. All things on earth are destined to perish. In the fullness of splendor, in the midst of the drunkenness of joy, a pitiless weakness seizes upon them, and they crumble to the dust. The earth is a sepulchre. All that lives and exalts itself above the surface must return again beneath the earth. Rivers, torrents, and mountain springs descend, but return no more to the pleasant spots of their birth. They hasten as if the time were fixed for them to precipitate themselves into the bosom of Tholua (the god of the sea). What was yesterday, exists not to-day; and who can say that what exists to-day may be found to-morrow? The dust of the sepulchres were once bodies animated by the living souls of men who sat on thrones, presided over councils, led armies to victory, subjected empires, and decreed to themselves homage and human adoration. * * * But let us remain in full confidence and courage. Let us aspire to heaven, where all is eternal and everything defies corruption.”

Are these the sentiments of one capable of the odious belief that he would reach the pure eternal heaven, of which he speaks in such hopeful language, by shedding the blood of his fellow-creature and eating his body? If it be alleged that what a king writes is not to be taken as characteristic of the people whom he governs, the objection must be held to be just. But sufficient has survived the ravages of war and fanaticism to show that the same humane, patient, and hopeful tone pervaded the popular literature. We have it on the testimony of Clavigero, Las Casas and Dom Pernety, that among the moral precepts of the Aztecs were such as the following: “Honor and respect the aged; console the poor and the afflicted by thy kind words and good works.” “Revere and love thy father and mother; obey them, for bitter is the repentance of the evil doer.” “Whoso looks at a woman with too much curiosity commits adultery with his eyes.” Nor were these precepts mere idle words. They had to be strictly acted upon under suitable penalties. For example, the crime of adultery was punishable with death, whether committed by high or low, prince or beggar, male or female. A father, in his

advice to his son, says: "Be neither a *gamester* nor a *thief*; for one of these vices produceth the other." "Tell not what you see. Be discreet, for a chattering disposition is an evil thing, and the *liar* is sure of punishment." "If thou shouldst be sent to any one who receives thee with severity and who should abuse the person who sent thee, *bear not back this answer, spoken perhaps in anger*. Shouldst thou be questioned as to thy reception, answer kindly, in mild language. Conceal the reproaches that have been spoken, lest both parties be irritated and *do some rash act*, so that hereafter thou shalt say, 'Had I but held my peace.'" Of a similar character is the advice of a mother to her daughter: "Wherever thou goest, be modest; walk not too rapidly, laughing and looking behind thee at the men who pass." "Listen to the commands given thee, and answer not saucily; and, if thou canst not obey them *without sin*, excuse thyself; but *do not utter a falsehood or deceive any one, for God sees thee*." "Take care of thy house; go not out of doors for amusement; waste not thy time in the market place, the public squares and baths." "To do so is wrong, and thus it is that young women become corrupt and vicious." "Avoid the society of *liars, of idle and gossiping women; they will ruin thee*." "If thy parents select for thee a husband, thou shouldst love, hearken to and obey him, and take pleasure in whatever he enjoins. When he speaks to thee, turn not thy head away as if he uttered something unpleasant; seek to conquer thy dislike. If he liveth *from thy property*, do not on that account despise him; be neither rude nor unkind, for then wilt thou offend God, and thy husband will dislike thee. Tell him thy thoughts kindly; use not offensive language to him when others are by, or even when ye be alone. If thou dost so, the *shame and contempt are thine own*." "Waste not thy stores; aid thy husband in his labor. Thus wilt thou not want necessities, and thou wilt provide for thy family and the *education* of thy children."

Brief and few as these extracts are, many important facts are to be learned from them. They not only show wisdom and benevolence, but a high state of culture and refinement. In short, neither Zoroaster, nor Confucius, nor Socrates, nor Plato, has inculcated nobler sentiments than those which composed the moral code of the so-called human butchers and cannibals. Nay, they are worthy of comparison with the pure and elevated morality of Christianity itself. Charity, mutual

forbearance, chastity, temperance in eating and drinking, resignation and forgiveness of injuries, are inculcated with equal earnestness in the ethical code of the Aztecs. Like the Christians they regarded themselves as mere sojourners on earth; they were also believers in original sin. It was a leading dogma of their faith, that happiness was not to be expected in this world; that in fact all are born, not to enjoy, but to suffer; which, in substance, and very nearly in language, is the same as the sentiment of Job, that "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." Hence it is, as Zarita tell us, that when a child is born its parents salute it, saying: "Thou art come to suffer; suffer therefore, and be patient." But there is a still more remarkable similarity; for they also believed that mankind had been destroyed at least once by a deluge; and the cross has been found in many of their temples.

Much of this may well seem strange to those unacquainted with the subject; but, could they see the remnants of ancient Mexican art which yet survive, they would be still more surprised, especially those so similar to the grandest monumental records of Egypt. For, in Mexico as well as in the latter country, there are graduated pyramids of the largest size—pyramids surpassed in magnitude only by that of Ghizeh. And the Mexican temples, planispheres, tombs, fortresses, bridges, &c., &c., are on a scale equally Cyclopean—indeed, as much so as any to be found in Italy, or Greece. The monuments they resemble most in their general characteristics are the Egyptian, which they often surpass in regularity and beauty, while always maintaining a distinctive character of their own. These remarks are particularly true of the ancient city of Palenque, whose temple is justly regarded as one of the noblest remnants of antiquity.

"The structure is calculated," says M. Dupaix, "to awaken surprise and admiration. It may be appropriately termed an ecclesiastical city rather than a temple. It seems to be the locality of the chief cathedral church of the Toltecian religion. Within its vast precincts there appear to be contained (as, indeed, was in some measure the case with the area that embraced the various buildings of Solomon's Temple) a pyramidal tower, various sanctuaries, sepulchres, a small and large quadrangular court, one surrounded by cloisters, subterranean initiatory galleries beneath, oracles, courts of justice, high-places, and cells or dwellings for various orders of the priests. The whole com-

bination of the buildings is encircled by a quadrilateral pilastered portico, embracing a quadrangular area, and resting on a terraced platform. This platform externally exhibits the same architectural model which we have described as characterizing the single temples. It is composed of three graduated stuccoed terraces, sloping inwards, at an angle of about seventy degrees, in the form of a truncated pyramid. Four central staircases (one facing each of the cardinal points) ascend the terraces in the middle of each lateral façade of the quadrangle, and four gates, fronting the same cardinal points, conduct from the top of each staircase into the body of the building, or into the great court. The great entrance, through a pilastered gateway, fronts the east, and descends by a second flight of steps into the cloistered court. On the various pilasters of the upper terrace are the metopes, with the singular sculptures we have described. On descending the second staircase into the cloistered court, on one side appears the triple pyramidal tower, which may be inferred, from the curious distribution of little cells which surround the central room of each story, to have been employed as a place of royal or private sepulture. It would be pronounced a striking and tasteful structure, according to any architectural rule. On another side of the same cloistered court is the detached temple of the chief god, to whom the whole religious building appears to have been devoted, whom we have described as bearing all the characteristics of the Syrian god, Adoni Siris, and who appears to have been the great and only god of the nations who worshipped in this temple. Beneath the cloisters, entered by well staircases from above, are what we believe to be the initiatory galleries. These opened into rooms, one of which has a stone couch in it, and others are distinguished by unintelligible apparatus carved in stone. The only symbol described as found within these sacred haunts is, however, perfectly Asiatic, and perfectly intelligible—we mean, two contending serpents. The remnant of an altar, or high-place, occupies the centre of the cloistered quadrangle. The rest of the edifice is taken up with courts, palaces, detached temples, open divans, baths, and streets of priestly cells or houses, in a greater or less degree of dilapidation."

In several other parts of the country, cities have been discovered in the middle of a forest, with trees of the largest dimensions growing through the centre of buildings which

were once palaces and temples, and which hide the magnificent buildings nearly as completely as the lava of Vesuvius does those of Herculaneum or Pompeii. The city Ytzalan, discovered by Mr. Waldeck in 1834, is of this character. It extends to the almost incredible length of eight leagues, from north to south, and has an average breadth of half a league, and it was while the discoverer was engaged in exploring this immense city, and taking sketches of its numerous monuments, that his papers were seized by order of the Mexican Government, as we have already stated.

There is a palace of peculiar construction at Mitlan, which is worth going hundreds of miles to see. Viewed from any side, it possesses an air of melancholy grandeur. The façade is covered with a basket scroll similar to that found in the sepulchral chambers of the pyramids in other parts of the country, while the ground plan is exactly the Egyptian Tau. The roof of the portico is supported by plain cylindrical columns, and the main entrance is ornamented with voluted pilasters, executed in a style purely classic. But our space will not allow us to multiply examples. Suffice it to say, for the present, that vestiges equally noble are to be found at Tlascala, Tescoca, Cholula, Oaxaca and Otumba. The magnificent flower temple of Oaxaca is unique in style and form; and in point of antiquity may be said, according to the best authorities, to be coeval with the monuments of Egypt and Etruria.

We do not mean that all these, or indeed any of them, have been built by the Aztecs. Our object in the remarks just made is, simply to call attention to the high state of civilization which existed in Mexico at a period so remote that it may be doubted whether it was not anterior to the Trojan war—a state which the Aztecs were not capable of producing, though, undoubtedly, a highly civilized people at the time of the conquest. The most ancient people of which history gives us any account, as belonging to *Anahuac*, the country now called Mexico, are the Toltecs. These were much superior, both intellectually and physically, to the Aztecs; and it is beyond doubt that they understood and cultivated many of the arts and sciences. It seems equally certain that many of the monumental structures, to be found in the ancient cities mentioned above, have been built by them; but not those of the Cyclopean order. The latter must have been the work

of a still more ancient people—most probably a branch of the same race that built Thebes, Memphis, and that founded Athens. The Aztecs did not pretend that their ancestors were capable of producing such stupendous works; but told their conquerors that those who had produced them were “the giants, or wandering masons”—a title corresponding with the Shepherd Kings, or Cyclopean family, of classic history—those supposed to have built the pyramids of Egypt. This may seem more fanciful than credible; but be it remembered that some of the most learned archaeologists of Germany consider the pyramid of Cholula as identical with the model of the temples of Belus, described by Herodotus, and supposed to be the scriptural Tower of Babel.

This similarity has led Lord Kingsborough to bestow the credit of building the Mexican pyramids on the Jews; but it is the greatest error he has fallen into throughout the whole extent of his voluminous work. Of all races, the Jews are the most strongly marked in their features. Let them be born where they may—no matter in what climate—they are easily distinguished from every other branch of the human family; but they are nowhere distinguished, and never have been, as great architects. The bas-reliefs on many of the Mexican monuments, representing men and women, young and old, have not the most distant resemblance to Jews or Jewesses. Besides, at no time were the Jews sun worshippers to any extent; whereas, the principal temples of ancient Mexico, and most, if not all, the pyramids were evidently designed for the Ophite worship. This is especially true of the pyramid, compared, as we have remarked, to the temples of Belus—we mean that of Cholula, which consists of eight graduated square towers, each rising above the other, and terminating in a sanctuary identical in form with the temples of the Sunnites in India and Persia,* but greatly superior to them in architectural beauty.

It would be idle to attempt to prove, at this stage of our article, or, indeed, in a larger space than is embraced by our whole paper, what particular country the great architects

* Nul doute que l'idée d'un être suprême, que le culte du soleil et des astres que les offrandes des fleurs et des fruits, présents de la terre à l'auteur de toute fertilité, n'aient été la religion du plateau d'Anahuac dans la période civilisée qui précéda les invasions suivies des hordes du Nord.”—*Mexique et Guatemala*, par M. De Laurenzière, p. 21.

originally came from, or to what particular race did they belong. The learned reader who has examined the facts will readily admit their identity with the Pelasgians, at the same time pointing to Phœnicia as their primæval home. Upon the other hand, the reader who has merely a vague idea that Mexico, or the country now known by that name, must, at some time or other, before the arrival of Columbus, have been inhabited by a people superior to the Indian race, will have to receive more proof and further explanation, before he abandons the notion that there was no such thing as civilization on this continent prior to the arrival of the Spaniards. We hope, however, to convince him on a future occasion; for the subject is worth the trouble of treating it searchingly and elaborately. If our present remarks will have the effect of directing the attention of the student to it, our object will have been accomplished.

It is time all should understand that the title "New World," applied to this continent, conveys an erroneous impression. It is not new. There is every reason to believe that it is at least as old as Europe as an habitation for man. It is by no means clear that the Treasury of Atreus, near Argos, in Greece, and the Gate of Mycena, &c., not to mention the Parthenon, at Athens, or the similar Cyclopean structures at Perugia and Tyrius, are of higher antiquity than the principal Mexican monuments of which we have just been speaking. In what sense, then, can America be said to be a new country, except that it was new to the people of modern Europe, who had but recently emerged from barbarism. As for the Greeks, they were not a maritime, at least not a commercial, people; and there is no fact, of which we have no positive evidence, more probable than that a portion of America was known to the Carthaginians, if not to the Romans. Surely, either had more ample means to make long voyages than the Northmen, the early Venetians, or the Welch, each of whom claim to have discovered America long before Columbus was born. The historians of the Spanish conquest—almost all who have devoted any careful attention to the state of the country prior to the arrival of the Spaniards—agree unanimously in representing the Aztecs as a race vastly inferior, both intellectually and physically, to their predecessors in the same country. The opinion is equally general and well founded

that the earlier races were more numerous, and we have already seen that they had attained a far higher civilization. Yet they were not only conquered by the Aztecs, but literally exterminated. This the latter told their conquerors, though they professed to know it only from tradition; and it would have been sufficiently evident had they said nothing on the subject. Thus the magnificent edifices of the Toltecan cities were of so superior an order that the barbarous Aztecs did not know how to use them, but permitted them to fall into ruins, preferring the smaller and more compact structures they had been used to. Hence it is that Toltecan cities, such as those alluded to above, form parts of the forest; so that the ordinary observer might pass one after another, without suspecting that a human being had ever resided within their precincts.

Yet, who can doubt that the Tolteicans had once as lively a faith in their own strength, and looked with as much hope to the future, as the proudest and most sanguine nations do at the present day? Is it to be supposed that a people capable of erecting such noble, durable, and elegant edifices, who were familiar with many, if not all the arts and sciences, were not also skilled in the art of war? Indeed, their bas-reliefs render the fact sufficiently evident; yet, all that remains of them, or remained, probably, two thousand years ago, is their imperishable works. This, however, is more, it must be confessed, than we could leave to-morrow to attest what we once were, should it be our destiny, like them, to disappear as a nation and a race from the world—nay, more than any people of modern Europe could leave.

But, supposing there had been no other people on this continent that had attained a higher civilization than the Aztecs, is there not much in the little we know of their history that is interesting and instructive, even though we believe all that is said against them by their conquerors?*

* It should be remembered, by those passing sentence on the Aztecs, that there is no theory, of the many put forward, in regard to their origin, more generally held by ethnologists than that they were one of the numerous wandering tribes of Northmen, who, for centuries, were the worst enemies of European civilization, but whom many of us are now so glad to acknowledge as our ancestors. Then, assuming that the Aztecs did sacrifice human victims, it is beyond question that the ancient Germans did the same. If it be alleged that the two peoples are too unlike each other to render it possible that they could have belonged to the same race, the ethnologist answers that, great as the difference is between them, it is not so much but that it can be accounted for by differ-

We have already glanced at the condition in which they were found by the Spaniards, asking our readers, was it consistent with the truth of the allegation as to their being cannibals, in view of the well-known fact that there has never yet been a conquered people—especially a people who have been butchered in thousands—that have not been traduced; charged with the most odious crimes? Even at the present day, when the newspaper and the telegraph almost set concealment and imposture at defiance, the strong, bad man easily finds an excuse for his worst enemies against the weak.

At all events, the Aztecs were a flourishing nation in the time of Montezuma. The most credible of the earlier Spanish historians say that the latter had thirty vassals, each of whom was bound and fully able to furnish a contingent of one hundred thousand men. Be this as it may, it is beyond doubt that there were many large, populous, and beautiful cities in his time. The capital had a population of over four hundred thousand—according to some accounts, more than half a million; and it was unanimously admitted, even by those whose rapacity led them to destroy it, to be one of the most beautiful cities in the world. There were, besides, the cities of Tlacopan, Tezcuco, Chalco, Xoloc, &c., none of which are now anything better than miserable villages; although, even in their ruined and desolate state, vastly inferior as they are to the Toltecan monuments, they afford interesting evidence of what they once were; thus present-

ence of climate, food, and mode of life. For example, it is remarked by all Europeans how different we are ourselves from our English and German grandfathers. Thus it will be seen, from the following passage, that we are compared to the Iroquois, or the Cherokees, not only in features, but in character, according as we belong to one part of the country or another: the author disclaiming, with characteristic politeness, all intention of being offensive or uncivil:

“Un petit nombre d'années ont suffi pour établir une distinction déjà très-marquée entre les Américains modernes et les Anglais dont ils descendent: on pourra nous objecter ici les nombreux mélanges d'étrangères venues de tous les nations de l'Europe. Nous convenons que ceci peu, jusqu'à un certain point, être cause de cette différence: mais nous demanderons au voyageur attentif qui a parcourir les Etats-Unis de nous dire ce qu'il pense de certaines familles de *New York* et de la *Pennsylvanie* dont le sang est demeuré pur depuis un siècle ou deux, et des populations les plus anciennement établies dans le *Kentucky* ou sur les bords de *Mississippi*: n'a-t-il pas observé, comme nous, une altération sensible non-seulement dans les traits mais dans le caractère. A part la civilisation européenne, qui les a suivis, on retrouve déjà chez les uns, avec l'angle faciel, la fierté et l'esprit rusé de l'Iroquois chez les autres, avec l'exterior, la rudesse, la franchise et l'indépendance de l'Illinois ou du Cherokees.”—*Hist. des Nations Civilisées du Mexique, &c., par L'Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, Tome 1, pp. 7-8.*

ing, in turn, a singular commentary on the instability of human greatness.

The present city of Mexico is all modern, but it contains many curious and valuable relics of Aztec civilization—such, for example, as the enormous stone of the Zodiac, imbedded in the walls of the cathedral, and weighing over fifty thousand pounds. Nor did either the people or their kings fail to fight for their liberty. None could have fought better; and Cortez could never have conquered them, had he not succeeded in dividing them against each other. The inhabitants of a large province had become disaffected towards the government of Montezuma. These were easily excited to rebellion by Cortez, and they induced their neighbors to join them against the invader, assuring both that his object was merely to aid them in their efforts to secure their rights and establish their independence. By this means the Spaniards were enabled to raise a large and powerful army, after they had been defeated themselves in battle after battle. But even now the armies of Montezuma fought bravely, their officers performing prodigies of valor, and showing that they were by no means novices in the art of war. Such were the daring and bravery of the Aztecs, on both sides, that M. Chevalier thinks the terrible struggle not unworthy of comparison with the Trojan war, as may be seen from the following extract:

“Among the Indian auxiliaries we distinguish the Prince of Tezcuco, Ixtlixochitl, brave and faithful to the side he has selected, who, often called a traitor by the Aztecs, ever refutes the charge by deeds of almost incredible daring; and Xicotencatl, of Tlascala, a hero yet more complete, who is constantly molested and mortified by the reproaches of the Aztecs, and a suspicion that the Spaniards are come to enslave all the red men. These, too, strangely contrast. How different, too, are their fates! The one becomes cacique of Tezcuco; the other dies on the scaffold as a deserter, because, during a siege, he left their ranks in disgust and took refuge in the mountains—a terrible example Cortez thought necessary to hold up to the new vassals of his master, that they might fully comprehend their new duties, and the dangers of disobedience. Another chief of the Tlascalans, the aged Magiscazin, by his prudence and fidelity, and by the energy with which, when the envoys of the Aztecs had almost persuaded the Tlascalan senate to abandon Cortez, then a refugee and exile, he persuaded it to be true, resembles Nestor, faithful to the gods when he saw the Greeks retreat before Hector. He argued with Cortez, as the king of Pylas would have done, of the truth of the religion of his fathers.

“The characters of the Mexicans are not less strongly defined. Hector does not make Guatimozin seem diminutive, and we would trust ourselves

rather in a city defended by him than to the agis of the son of Priam. At the age of twenty-five, this prince, the last emperor of the Aztecs, bursts forth in heroic greatness and splendor at the moment when an opposition to oppression is to be organized: of unimpeachable bravery, he shows himself familiar with all the stratagems of war. In disaster, his resignation appears sublime. On the brazier on which Cortez, to satisfy the avidity of his companions, had placed him to make him reveal where he had concealed his treasures, which he had not done, because he had no more to conceal, he continues a monarch. He dies like a king, when *el Conquistador*, led astray by false news, during a long and painful campaign in the Isthmus of Honduras, destroys him. The brother of Montezuma, Cuiclahua, brave and intelligent captain and warrior, and devoted patriot, is more interesting than Aeneas or Ulysses. Among the other Trojan chiefs, none is more interesting than the cacique of Tezcuco, Cacamatzin, when he receives with indignation the order sent him by Montezuma to obey the Spaniards. And among the Aztecs there was no Paris to retreat unworthily, for every one died in his harness. Montezuma himself, the unfortunate Montezuma, is not cast in a common type. Liberal and generous even to prodigality, elegant almost to the verge of effeminacy, royally affable, his mind, too, is highly cultivated. In his youth he had been brave, and belonged to the order of Quachictin, who were the bravest of the brave."

Need we observe that there are not many modern nations of whom the same could be said, if all the books they have written in their own praise were burned, like those of the Aztecs? Nor would their monuments be half so magnificent in ruins as those of the ancient Mexicans. Yet, as we have said, no bard makes the latter the burden of his song. Not a word about them, save in recondite history, more than if they had never existed. We take a lively interest, as we ought, in antiquarian researches made thousands of miles off, and eagerly read the dullest books which contain their results, however trifling the latter may be; but we pass over the rich field at our own doors, paying no attention to the lessons of ages, which solemnly warn us not to boast—but rather say, "They have but fallen before us; for one day we too must fall." This is unworthy of a thinking people. We ought to remember that it is stones, of the character we have been referring to, that have really tongues—tongues which protest, with a sublime eloquence, against calling America a "New World."

- ART. IV.—1. *The Old Printer and the Modern Press*. By CHARLES KNIGHT. London : 1854.
2. *On Liberty*. By JOHN STUART MILL. London : 1859.
3. *The Age ; a Colloquial Satire*. By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. London : 1858.
4. *Die Deutsche Literatur der Gegenwart, 1848–50*. Von ROBERT PRUTZ. Leipsic : Hermann Costenoble. New York : L. W. Schmidt : 1859.
5. *Histoire des Idées Littéraires en France au XIX. siècle et de leurs Origines dans les siècles antérieurs*. Par ALFRED MICHIELS. Paris : 1842.

It is a remarkable fact that literary criticism is least independent where the liberty of the press is most fully recognized ; or, perhaps it would be more correct to say that there is more thorough literary criticism where the press is shackled than where it wields unlimited power. At first sight, this may seem a contradiction in terms ; but it is not the less true. Nor is it unaccountable, when we come to examine the facts. Those enjoying the full liberty of printing and publishing their opinions find it much easier and more profitable to criticise public men and public measures, than books. To criticise the latter in any effectual manner, requires time and study, a liberal education, and a cultivated taste. If these qualifications are wanting, the critic may find fault as he may ; but none save the illiterate are influenced by his censure, more than by his praise. One can examine a book at his leisure, and judge for himself whether what has been said of it is just, or otherwise. With a public man, or one desiring to become such, it is different. Opinions may be attributed to the latter which he never entertained. Nor can he always exculpate himself by repudiating them, if they are bad, whereas the matter of a printed book may be examined by thousands at the same moment.

Upon the other hand, if it is not allowable to criticise public men, or the conduct and motives of those who govern, those whose business it is to write will turn their attention to literature pure and simple, as distinguished from politics ; and if they feel that they are not already qualified, self-interest, if no higher motive, will prompt them to improve themselves as much as they can. These facts are well illustrated in the literary history of modern Europe. Whether we turn to France or Germany, we shall see that the best criticisms have

been written while the political press has had least liberty. In general, the governments of Austria and Prussia have been more despotic than that of France ; and, accordingly, we find that the critics of the former are not only bolder, more searching, and more impartial, but more cosmopolitan ; in short, better in every way than those of the latter. The same rule holds good in reference to England, who can no longer boast of a Bentley, a Pope, a Dryden, or a Swift. In a similar manner it may be said that there was more independent criticism in our own country, while we were still subject to England, than we have had at any period since, in proportion to the number of literary men ; and it is undeniable that the annual amount has been diminishing in recent years.

If it can be shown, as some pretend, that literary criticism is useless, it must follow that political criticism is useless, also ; and of what value, then, is the liberty of the press ? If it is for the public interest that the motives, as well as the conduct, of a candidate for office should be freely criticised, it is equally for the public interest that any book, likely to exercise any important influence on the morals of the people, should be criticised. Who will deny, for example, that a vicious book may do more harm than a corrupt alderman ? Yet the alderman, or would-be alderman, is freely abused, when, perhaps, he may least deserve it, while not a word of censure is passed on the bad book ; on the contrary, the probability is that it receives the highest praise, as one that everybody ought to read. Instances of this kind are familiar to all who read, since they are of almost daily occurrence.

It is, however, but fair to note in passing, that, if American critics are in general thus careless, whenever they do undertake a criticism they confine themselves to the book, rarely, if ever, attacking the author, no matter how much they may dislike him. This is a trait which, if it be not charity itself, covers, like that virtue, a multitude of sins. In this respect, at least, they are a half century in advance of their English cousins, who, it is too well known, attack the author as freely as his book. Nor is the habit new. It is as old as the time of Shakspeare, though it does not appear that the great dramatist ever took any part in it. The quarrels of Pope and Dennis are matters of history. In this case it seems the latter was most to blame, though the former was the aggressor. But undoubtedly Pope was most to blame in the

quarrel between himself and Colley Cibber, the poet laureate of his time, against whom the author of "Windsor Forest" and "Essay on Man" entertained the most implacable hatred.

This is rather ludicrously illustrated by Pope's famous criticism on the *Provoked Husband*, a comedy which was the joint production of Cibber and Sir John Vanbrugh. When the comedy first appeared it was a matter of mere conjecture what part one or the other had written. It was generally supposed, however, that the high-life scenes were the work of Sir John, as he had previously distinguished himself in a similar style of writing. At all events Pope did not hesitate to come to the same conclusion. This he thought an excellent opportunity to give a death-blow to his old foe. Accordingly, sick as he was at the time, scarcely able to leave his bed, he wrote an elaborate article, in which he analyzed the play quite as carefully as he did any book or scene in Homer, expressing the highest admiration of the scenes of Lord and Lady Townley, of which he thought the fable, the dialogue, and, above all, the *moral*, were perfect. But, when he came to the part which he supposed to be that of his enemy, all was vulgarity and dullness—such as could have been written only by somebody whose pretensions to any thing beyond coarse farce were not to be tolerated in any intelligent community. His mortification may well be imagined, when, two or three days after the publication of the critique, Sir John published a letter in the *Public Advertiser*, giving Cibber all the credit intended for himself, and claiming all the vulgar and stupid scenes as his own. It was a somewhat similar attack that Dr. Kendrick made on Goldsmith in the *St. James's Chronicle*, when the indignant poet applied his cudgel to the publisher behind his own counter. Passing to our own times, it is familiar to all how Byron has been treated—so grossly and persistently abused in regard to his private affairs—which, of course, had nothing to do with the merits or demerits of his poetry—as to be forced to quit his native country forever.

Wishing to avoid mentioning the names of those now living in any offensive connection, we will confine ourselves to one instance more, or two. Thus, when Leigh Hunt published his best poem, the journal in the interest of his rival was not satisfied with declaring it unreadable, from its stupidity and dullness, but also announced that the author had only just been discharged from Newgate. A still more

ferocious attack, if possible, was made on Coleridge, in the *Anti-Jacobin*, shortly after the publication of the "*Rime of the Ancient Mariner*," one of the finest poems in the English language. "Mr. Coleridge, having been dishonored at Cambridge," says the critic, "for preaching Deism, has since that time left his native country; commenced citizen of the world; left his poor children fatherless and his wife destitute. *Ex hoc disce omnes—his friend Southey and others.*"

Here we see that not only is the author attacked personally—false charges being preferred against him—but it is intimated plainly enough that the public should set its face against his friends as well as himself—especially against Southey, who, it is well known, was always a man of exemplary character. It is almost superfluous to say that this is not criticism; but abuse and slander. Sometimes, indeed, it happens that a poem from Longfellow, Bryant, Morris, Whittier, or Halleck, gives rise to a good deal of ill-feeling among those who, without possessing a particle of poetical genius, wish to be known as poets; but even these, misguided and numerous as they are, seldom venture on personal abuse, generally confining themselves to vague charges of plagiarism, and other petty annoyances of kindred character.

But, if American literary criticism has more respect for the amenities of life than English literary criticism, a similar distinction may be claimed for English political criticism as compared to the political criticism of America. In other words, the political journals of England deal much more courteously with their opponents than do those of America; or, rather, the former indulge in much less abuse and personality than the latter. That there are exceptions among the American press in each of our principal cities, far be it from us to deny—journals conducted with as much genial urbanity as any in the world—but these only render the excesses of the others all the more glaring, and do not affect our general proposition—a proposition the truth of which is admitted on all hands, and as much deplored by every friend of civilization, who is attached to our institutions, as any other evil of which we have reason to complain, or which it is the interest of all good citizens to remedy.

Now, the question arises, whether courtesy is more to be desired, or abuse and personality more to be deprecated, in

literature than in politics. Uncivil language is bad in any case, when it transcends the bounds of legitimate censure; but, if there must be personal abuse, surely, it is better that politicians should receive it rather than authors. For various reasons they are better able to bear it; and need we add that, in nine cases out of ten, they deserve it more. It is sufficient punishment for one who devotes months, perhaps, years, of daily and nightly labor, to a production, to find that as soon as it appears it is condemned as puerile and stupid, if not absolutely worthless, without being attacked in his private character besides. The former, however, is allowable in all civilized countries, but the latter is barbarous, let it occur where it may, and of such critics, as indulge in it, may well be said, that they are like the followers of Rob Roy, who, concealed among the hills and heather, destroyed the king's troops, without affording a chance of retaliation, or like the train of the Giaour, that descended from the rocks of Liakura and massacred the marriage party of the Turk Hassan.

"A spiteful race, on mischief bent,
Making men's woes their merriment."

But, although English critics are occasionally guilty of Vandalism of this kind, we have other facts to consider, before we can decide in our own favor. Where jealousy between rival authors, or political rancor, does not interfere, English criticism is a model of fairness and impartiality. If we take an equal number of Americans and Englishmen who give their opinions of new books in leading journals, we shall find that nine of the latter point out and censure faults, for every one that does so of the former. There is sufficient reason for this difference. The principal cause of it is that the division of labor is more observed in England than in this country. The literary notices in any of the leading London journals, whether daily or weekly, are rarely, if ever, the work of one hand. In general, if we find three or four books examined at any considerable length in a London journal, we may pretty safely conclude that the work has been done by nearly as many hands; though, probably, not by regular contributors. One may take a notion at London to criticise a particular book, another may take a similar notion at Oxford, or Cambridge. Perhaps, in each case, the object of the

writer is to castigate the author. At any rate, if the editor finds the article well written, and not too harsh, he inserts it; or, if it is too harsh, he may take the trouble of making a slight alteration here, an omission there, &c., until it is rendered what he considers fair upon the whole, though still somewhat pungent. Of course, whether any such alteration is made at all, will depend on circumstances not necessary to mention here. It is sufficient for our present purpose, to show how it is that although there are, as we have said, but few notices even in journals devoted exclusively to literature, different minds have been taxed in producing them.

In America it is the reverse of this. The literary editors of our best daily and weekly journals are supposed to write all their notices themselves, and in general the supposition is correct. It is expected that they will say more or less of all books sent to them by the publishers; so that they may have from a dozen to a score to notice in one number of their journal. This will account, to a certain extent, for the want of discrimination by which most of our notices are characterised. It is much easier to praise a book in general terms which one has not read, than to criticise it, even if he were disposed to do the latter. Besides, it is well known that there are literary editors in New York who divide their services between the newspaper publisher and the book publisher, the former calling them "critics," the latter, "readers."

The position of a "reader" in such circumstances is a sinecure. It is not for his reading he is paid, but for his writing, or, rather, for the influence of the journal with which he is connected. Should his connection cease, the value of his reading diminishes at a very large ratio, and pretty soon he is informed that the dulness of the times or some other kindred reason renders it necessary to dispense with his services. Nay, his reading is liable to lose its value any time, if he fails to furnish notices, and as many extracts as are expected. He must also take care that there is at least one graphic paragraph in each notice. This is necessary for more than one purpose. If the book happens to be criticised, it is desirable to have a highly "appreciative" extract to send the proprietor or editor of the journal, in which the criticism has appeared, to prove to him the utter stupidity or otherwise vindictive malignity of the person who has presumed to find fault with so admirable

a work. Should circumstances seem to render it imprudent to do this, or, indeed, in any case, the "reader" is expected to lend a hand in chastising the transgressor. Now, would it not be something bordering on the miraculous, if one having to serve two masters in this way, and to render himself "generally useful" to each, found time to criticise a dozen or a score of books from one "literary" day to another, so that, when we meet with eulogies, or copious extracts taken at random instead of criticisms, we should rather regard the whole affair as a matter of course, than feel the least surprised; though fewer would be deceived if each notice had the word "advertisement" printed over it in suitable characters. In a future article we mean to give extracts from the class of criticisms we are alluding to. They, however, are the worst kind; fortunately, they are also the fewest in number: in other words, there are but few who combine the functions of "reader" and critic, but there ought to be fewer still, for even one is too many.

Yet, in all this, there is nothing more corrupt than is to be met with in other countries—in France and Germany, as well as in England; though this does not render its effect anything the less pernicious here. Be this as it may, the chief fault of American criticism is too much praise. To the causes of this, which we have already glanced at, may be added, a disposition, on the part of literary persons in general, to be complimentary and obliging—a disposition which, in itself, is highly creditable to the national character. But even generosity may be carried too far. It is necessary to remember that it is no criticism that consists wholly of praise. Praise should certainly be bestowed where it is deserved, but not more freely than censure, where censure is deserved. The kindest of men, capable of performing the duty of a critic, have acted accordingly. Even the simple-hearted Goldsmith, who had as little malice in him as a child, was severe in his criticisms, where severity seemed necessary. We do not mean in his *Retaliation*, which consists of friendly bantering, with here and there a stroke of good-natured satire; but in his criticisms on Barrett's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which are worth reading at the present day, if only to show that, however gentle and affectionate "Goldy" was in his intercourse with the literary men of his time, he understood that, when he assumed the pen of the critic, something more was expected from him than a mere eulogy.

It will also be found, on examination, that those most disposed to condemn critics, and bestow on them all sorts of hard names, are the most likely to be severe in their criticisms themselves, when an opportunity offers. The conduct of Pope, as already indicated, will serve as an instance. Swift, too, had no patience with critics. In all his writings, there is nothing more bitter than the chapter in his "Tale of a Tub," which he calls "A Digression concerning Critics." He compares them, in turn, to the asp, the rat, the wolf, the ass, &c., though it is well known that he never allowed an opportunity of exercising his own critical powers to pass, without giving them full scope. If we come down to the authors of our own time, they will present us the same contradictions. No one has complained more of the critical fraternity than Coleridge; yet who has more severely, not to say unjustly and maliciously, attacked a brother author. We allude in particular to his violent onslaught on Maturin's tragedy of *Bertram*, in which the author is in turn charged with almost every crime that an author can be guilty of. A sentence or two will serve as a specimen: "Now, these two lines," he says, "consist in a senseless plagiarism, from the counterfeited madness of Edgar and Lear, who, in imitation of the gipsy incantations, puns on the old word *mair*, and the no less senseless adaptation of Dryden's forest fiend,* and the wizard stream by which Milton, in his *Lycidas*, so finely characterises," &c. After making many more charges of a similar character, he concludes as follows: "Imogene reappears at the convent and dies of her own accord; Bertram stabs himself and dies by her side; and, that the play may conclude as it began, to wit, in a superfetation of blasphemy upon nonsense, because he had snatched a sword from a despicable coward, who retreats in terror, when it is pointed towards him in sport, this *jelo de se*, and thief-captain—this loathsome and leprous confluence of robbery, adultery, murder and cowardly assassination—the monster, whose best deed is, the having saved his betters the degradation of hanging him by turning Jack Ketch to himself," &c.

The tone of the whole critique is that of invective. No sarcasm is spared which is calculated to bring the author and his tragedy into contempt, or otherwise to arouse indignation

* *Theodore and Hæmoria.*

against them, according to the mood the public may happen to be in. Yet it is the same author who describes critics as follows :

" No private grudge they need, no personal spite ;
The *viva sectio* is its own delight !
All enmity, all envy they disclaim,
Disinterested thieves of our good name ;
Cool, sober murderers of their neighbor's fame."

His practice is not so inconsistent with his preaching, however, as it might seem, at first sight, for Coleridge is not personal. He rarely, if ever, mentions the author's name, except to pay him a compliment, as he so frequently does to Southey and other of his literary friends. If he has no compliment to bestow, if his judgment of the production under review is adverse, he gives his reasons in the most unequivocal terms ; but he makes no attempt at violating the sacredness of domestic life. In short, if the critic will only murder the book, and let the author survive as best he can, he is, after all, no murderer, according to Mr. Coleridge, but rather a vindicator of law and justice. In this he merely reëchoes the opinions of the best judges of ancient and modern times ; although no one has more clearly defined the duty of a critic, or the full liberty of speech which he is entitled to exercise. It is he, be it remembered, who says that " every censure, every sarcasm respecting a publication, which the critic, *with the criticised work before him*, can make good, is the critic's right. The writer is authorized to reply, *but not to complain*. Neither can any one prescribe to the critic *how soft or how hard, how friendly or how bitter shall be the phrases which he is to select for the expression of such reprehension or ridicule*. The critic must know what effect it is his object to produce, and, with a view to this effect, must he weigh his words. But as soon as the critic betrays that he knows more of his author than the author's publications could have told him ; as soon as from this more intimate knowledge, elsewhere obtained, he avails himself of the slightest trait *against* the author, his censure instantly becomes personal injury, his sarcasms personal insults."*

Dr. Johnson has sometimes been censured for the severity of his criticisms in his *Lives of the Poets* ; but had he adopted

* Coleridge's Works, Harper's edition, Vol. III., p. 453.

a different course, and written eulogies in the style, for example, of our modern cyclopædias, they would not have survived his own time; whereas they have been translated into all the principal languages of Europe; so that, abroad as well as at home, they are still recognized, and will be for ages to come, as standard works. No one had a kinder or more generous heart than he who, according to Burke, dealt so largely in "oil of vitriol." But, with all his whims and prejudices, he was a true philosopher. He knew that the praise of one who has not the courage to condemn is of no value, and that the chief effect of indiscriminate praise is to increase the number of bad writers, and thereby vitiate the public taste, while true merit is left to make its way in the crowd as best it can. The writer, who is told that his compositions are already perfect, can have no incentive to study; if no faults are pointed out to him, he has no reason to believe that he has any to avoid. The reader, upon the other hand, doubts his own judgment, if he meets with a passage that seems puerile, bombastic, or even obscene; for the critic has told him that all is excellent. Hence it is that Doctor Johnson made use of the apparently ill-natured, but really just, remark, that "there is sometimes as much charity in helping a man down hill as in helping him up hill; that is, if his tendency be downward, for, till he is at the bottom, he flounders; get him once there and he is quiet."

The same canons generally hold good in France and Germany. French criticism is the oldest in modern literature. The best writers in the time of Louis XIV. were critics. Racine's criticisms on the Greek drama are among the best extant. Nor did Corneille disdain to seek distinction in the same field. Even the illustrious founder of the French Academy had an ambition to be considered a critic as well as a poet. His criticisms on the *Cid* are undoubtedly the best of his literary efforts. More recently Fontenelle, Montesquieu, and Voltaire, have in turn wielded the rapier and the tomahawk. But the best authority in French criticism, or, indeed, in any modern criticism, is Boileau, who is justly styled the French Horace. His *Art Poétique* is an authority throughout Europe. It embodies all that is valuable in the works of the best critics, from the time of Hesiod up to his own. His precepts have found their way into every language; they are quoted with equal deference in Germany, England, Italy,

and Spain. No one has more respect for the amenities of life—no one is more elegantly courteous, or more opposed to personalities—than Boileau; yet he tells the critic that, for the interest of literature, in order to protect the sacred fire, and to show the pigmy that he must not ape the airs of a giant, he should “murder while he smiles.” His words are :

“Voilà jouer d’adresse et *médire avec art*
C’est avec respect enfoncer le poignard.”

Like every good critic, Boileau is cosmopolitan. He is as willing to do justice to a German or Englishman, as he is to a Frenchman. His impartiality in this way has often been censured in his own time; but he was not to be deterred from pronouncing an honest judgment. He was the principal defender of the ancients when attacked by M. Perrault; he persistently denied that Corneille and Racine, universally as they were admired in his time, were equal to the tragic poets of Greece. “Leurs ouvrages n’ont point encore,” he says, “le sceau, qu’ont les ouvrages d’Euripide et de Sophocle, *je veux dire l’approbation des plusieurs siècles.*” With him the true test of excellence was the approbation of centuries; and for the very good reason that the public cannot be deceived in the long run—“le gros des hommes, à la longue, ne se trompe point sur les ouvrages d’esprit.”

But French criticism, like the French drama, is no longer what it once was, though still exercising a salutary influence on French literature. M. Philarète Chasles, one of the most profound French critics of our own time, speaks of the true effect of the change on French poetry as follows: “La perfection de forme,” he says, “que Ronsard, le premier, puis Malherbe, Racine, J. B. Rousseau, André Chénier, ont su introduire dans la versification Française, tient in grande partie à *cette révolte de la matière employée.* Mais de là aussi il est résulté un mode poétique très élaboré, très didactique, une habitude pour ainsi dire scolaire.” Hence it is, he adds, that “l’émotion naïve et primitive, la passion intense, et de première jet se sont rarement fait jouer dans cette versification laborieuse.”

In short, criticism raised French poetry to the classic standard, and the comparative neglect of it in recent times has led to those extravagances which may be said to find their culminating point in the *fantasie* of the present day.

As already intimated, it is not on account of any restrictions on the liberty of the press that this state of things exists, for there is full liberty of literary criticism, and, in fact, always has been. In the worst of times, the writer who made no attack on the existing government, on religion, or on morals, had nothing to fear from the censorship. This was the case even under the despotism of the first empire. If authors were banished, Madame de Stael among others, it was for writing political and personal epigrams, not for writing criticisms. While Guizot was Prime Minister, his works were severely criticised by Gustave Planche, M. Alfred Michiels, and M. Chaudes-Aigues; and M. Thiers was handled still more unpleasantly while in the same position. In a similar manner, a book by Louis Napoleon on Military Tactics, first published while the author was in exile in Switzerland, was violently attacked in several of the leading Paris journals, soon after the *coup d'état*, while the censorship of the political press was most rigid and uncompromising. In short, as long as the Academy exists, literary criticism cannot be interfered with in France, provided, as we have said, it keeps within its own legitimate bounds, eschews political diatribes which are in antagonism with the existing *régime*, and respects private character and the established religion; and there are none of the canons of Boileau more universally recognized, or of more extensive application than that which declares that he, who cannot confine himself within proper bounds, can never be a good writer.

"Qui ne sait se borner ne sait jamais écrire."

But of all modern critics, the Germans are incomparably the best. In proof of this, it would be almost sufficient to mention the names of Lessing, Herder, Winklemann, Niebuhr, Schlegel, Hegel, and Jean Paul; and, be it remembered, that neither Goethe, nor Schiller, nor Wieland, disdained to criticise his brother authors.

Nothing proves more conclusively the independence of German criticism than the manner in which German writers criticise their own greatest men. An extract or two from Menzel will serve as pretty fair specimens. What English or American writer, for example, would dare to speak of Shakespeare or Milton as he does of Goethe?

"In Goethe we perceive the exact contrast to Lessing. As Lessing emancipated the German mind from foreign influence, so Goethe subjected

it to that influence anew: as Lessing, with the whole powers and graces of his mind, combated sentimentalism, so Goethe did homage to this *womanish* weakness of his time, and recommended it by his sweet strains to all hearts. * * *The only good* connected with this tendency, and by means of which he obtained his influence, was the mastery of *form*: the talent of representation, of adornment. When we penetrate beneath this variegated cloud of form, we perceive the internal essence of his poetry, as of his whole life, to be egotism; not, however, the egotism of heroes and heaven-defying Titans, but that of Sybarites and players, the egotism of love of enjoyment, and of the vanity of an artist. Goethe made himself the central point of creation, excluded all his neighborhood whom he could not render serviceable to him, and, in truth, exercised, by means of his *talents*, a magic influence over *weak minds*; but he availed himself of his powers and of his lofty position, *not to elevate, to improve, or to emancipate mankind; not to reveal or to advocate a great idea*; not in the conflicts of which he was a contemporary, *but not an actor*, to combat for right, freedom, honor, or patriotism. * * If he found applause, he cared not for the sufferings of his country; he even vented venom against the free and manly movements of the time the moment they began to disturb his tranquillity. * * Adoration of himself *forms the substance of all his poems*. His ideal was himself, the weak-hearted, *vain* child of fortune. In all his works, with the exception of some which are *mere imitations*, this *miserable ideal* appears prominent, and is flattered and dandled with a *truly apish* affection. Werther, Clavigo, Weisslingen, Fernando, Egmont, Tasso, the Man of Forty Years, Edward in the Wahl-verwandschaften, and Faust, all these are reflections of his ideal. At first he seems to have been somewhat ashamed of it; and if he paints Werther, Clavigo and Weisslingen with ardent partiality, as highly amiable and interesting, he represents them as punished for their weaknesses, for he thought that the public, to whom he appealed, still consisted of *men*, before whom he must blush, and to whom he felt it necessary, at least at the conclusion, to sacrifice his heroes. At a later period, when he saw the *growing influence of women and womanish men*, and that the few true men who remained were driven into the back-ground, he no longer gave himself that trouble. * * Lessing was a man in a womanish time; Goethe remained a woman in a manly one. * * Every word of his had the weight of an oracle; but he has never uttered one to incite his countrymen to honor—to animate them to noble thought or deed. He saw the world's history pass before him with indifference, or only fretted a little when his hours of ease were broken in upon by the alarm of war. Till the French revolution Germany had slumbered; by this event it was fearfully awakened. What feelings did it awaken in the heart of our poet? Should we not expect that he would, either like Schiller, have been excited to enthusiastic sympathy with the new order of things, or, like Görres, glowing with shame for the treachery and deep misery to which Germany was subjected, have striven to arouse his country to the recollections of its ancient honor and greatness? Yet, what did Goethe? He wrote some trifling comedies, the '*Bürger General*' and the '*Aufgeboten*,' the *weakest assaults* which Germany has made against the French revolution, the *most worthless* which, in that hour of Divine indignation, *could have been conceived by human brain*."*

* Die Deutsche Literatur, von Wolfgang Menzel.

Would it not be something like high treason to speak even of a second-rate English or American writer of the present day in the above style? What would the publisher say if such were done? But the German critic is still more severe. He does not hesitate to accuse the German Shakespeare of plagiarism:

"Goethe has always trod in beaten paths. His first work, the *Sorrows of Werther*, is nothing but a clever imitation of Rousseau's *New Heloise*. This visionary sentimentalism proceeded not from Goethe, but from Rousseau; and Goethe wreathed his brows with a laurel which belonged to him of Geneva. With all this, 'Werther' is inferior to the 'Heloise,' however attractive some of its pictures may be. In his lighter comedies, such as the '*Accomplices*,' Goethe copied Molière and Beaumarchais, without equaling them. In his earliest prosaic tragedies, he took Lessing, and partly Shakespeare, for his models. '*Goetz of Berlichingen*,' and '*Egmont*,' betray a mixture of the styles of Lessing and Shakespeare. * * * In his lyric poems, Goethe copied the ancient popular songs, and scrupled not, while he adopted these, to claim for himself the merit of their invention. In this department he was influenced by Herder, as in those already alluded to, by Rousseau and Lessing. In Hermann and Dorothea, he copied old Voss."

In copying this we do not mean that it is all true; or that it does justice to the genius of Goethe; we do so, simply to show the fearless cosmopolitanism of German criticism, and at the same time the full legitimate liberty enjoyed by critics, which Madame de Stael calls "the native country of thought."

The Germans are more cosmopolitan, as well as more learned, than either the French or the English; it is, in fact, their superior learning that renders them cosmopolitan. Those of them, who undertake to perform the duties of critics, make it a point not only to render themselves familiar with all the principal languages of Europe, but also to judge each author, whether he be French, English, or Italian, not by a German standard, but by a French, English, or Italian standard, as the case may be. Thus, Italian poetry is not praised or condemned according as it is like or unlike German poetry; but according as it gives expression to Italian feeling, and is capable of affording delight, or otherwise, to the Italian mind. This is the only true and fair test. As for judging a poem in one modern language by a poem in another, or even a novel, nay, a history, nothing can be more absurd. It is necessary to bear in mind that, even to the most accomplished linguist, there are

no words or phrases, no metaphors, so expressive as those of his mother tongue; of his childhood, father and mother, all that are dear to him. Hence, the Germans do not merely learn to read a foreign book; they make a study of its forms of expression, comparing them with the best models in the same language, and passing censure or bestowing praise, according as they fall short of such models, or reach or surpass them. It was by means of criticism of this kind that they were enabled to pronounce Shakespeare one of the greatest of the world's poets, long before his own countrymen had any adequate idea of the inestimable value of his writings. Did we owe nothing else than this to German criticism, it might well command our admiration; but it is to the same searching, profound spirit of inquiry we are indebted for three-fourths of all we know of Grecian literature, Grecian antiquities, Grecian art, Grecian civilization; and what is better still, it is to the studious, analytical German mind we owe all the important discoveries in ancient history and ethnology, of which comparative philology has been the instrument.

ART. V.—1. *A Familiar Introduction to the Natural System of Botany.* By JOHN LINDLEY. London: 1849.

2. *Théorie des Végétaux.* Par ADOLPHE DE CANDOLLE. Paris: 1853.

A FEW years since, and the most learned men were laboring to make science simple, to bring its loftiest truths within the comprehension of the unlearned: at the present time there is an opposite tendency, a disposition to check inquiry by presenting scientific truths shrouded in technicalities. We can readily understand whence such results, from that superficial smattering of learning, caused by the diffusion of *Scientific Tracts*, *Penny Magazines*, *Encyclopedias for the People*, &c. Men of real science have become wearied of the attempt to bring down great subjects to little minds, and, changing the direction of their force, are now seeking to push their own researches into new fields of discovery and investigation. In this aspect, no science presents, perhaps, so great a change as that of Botany, which, revolving in a circle, seems in danger of becoming as little understood out

of the sphere of learned professors, as it was in the early part of the nineteenth century.

With advances in the more perfect knowledge of the vegetable structure, there is an unfavorable tendency in respect to that cultivation of botanical science within reach of the ordinary student. "Drink deep, or taste not," is the sentiment which prompts to such a result. We confess that we do not, with Pope, believe "A little learning is a dangerous thing;" we would have all persons, in every condition, learn what they can upon all branches of useful knowledge. Especially would we rescue the flowers, with which God has beautified and diversified the earth, from the rigid grasp of the uncompromising botanist, who would forbid all study of plants, but in that particular direction which he deems most strictly scientific.

At the creation of our world, after the separation of its solid and fluid portions into land and water, God said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself." Here we find the great distinction of *species* established—"yielding fruit after his kind"—and we may also perceive how important, in the study of plants, must be a knowledge of the structure of the seed. We find in this organ a wonderful variety in respect to parts, their position and relations. The microscope has brought to light hidden mysteries in the minute seminal grain, where lies enfolded the future plant, with all its organs of root, stem, leaf, and flower. This vegetable organism is a grand study, and no wonder that men of science, in pushing their researches into microscopic revelations of the seed, have become indifferent to those manifest exhibitions of the flowers which all can perceive.

"This beautiful department of Natural History, Botany," says Mirbel in his "*Physiologie Végétale*," "is the property of the whole world;" we would not, therefore, relinquish it because we cannot know all its facts, and the complicated relations among all the vegetable tribes. To those who seek in the culture of science relaxation from the business of life, or who would study the works of the Almighty from love to their Great Author, we would say—"Go on in your pursuits, though you may not be able to master the whole science of the vegetable kingdom. Every new fact learned will be a new treasure laid up in the store-house of the mind; its value

should not be depreciated by a comparison with the great wealth of mines into which you have not entered ; be satisfied to add to your mental acquisitions even a few grains of the precious knowledge." The only danger is, in placing too high an estimate on "a little learning," and the thinking of one who has but made a beginning, that he knows all about a science.

After we read in Scripture the fact of the creation of plants, we find them given to man for food, and also to the beasts of the earth, and every thing on its surface, "wherein is life, was the green herb given for meat." Thus brief and simple is the first account of the vegetable kingdom. Solomon appears to have been a botanist, as he is recorded to have lectured upon *trees*, "from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." Among his auditors were people from all countries ; and the Queen of Sheba, having heard of his fame, came to prove him "with hard questions." Solomon's love of flowers and fruits appears in his ornaments for the Temple, where were seen wreaths of flowers in pure gold, with rows of pomegranates, which were "on the top of the pillars."

Thus, from the creation of the world till this day, have trees and flowers beautified the face of nature, and contributed to the necessities and enjoyments of man. But we are to consider the vegetable kingdom as a subject for scientific research. The annals of botanical science, from the days of Solomon, offer the names of many distinguished philosophers among its votaries ; enough, surely, to rescue this from the reproach of being a trifling science, unsuited to the capacities of lofty intellects. Passing over the names and labors of the learned men of "the East," who kept their knowledge in mysterious concealment, that they might the better tyrannize over the minds of the people, we come to the philosophers of Greece, who received from Asia and Egypt the first elements of science. Pythagoras, of Samos, composed a treatise "*upon the properties of plants*;" Aristotle proposed the great doctrine, afterwards more distinctly announced by Bacon, that all science must be founded upon observation and experiment. His works on Natural History were published about three hundred and fourteen years before the Christian era. Theophrastus, his pupil, published a "History of Plants," which he divided into *aquatic*, *parasites*, *culinary*, and *flowering*

plants, a classification at which we now smile, since the last division might be found in any of the others. Dioscorides, about the commencement of the Christian era, gave the names of about six hundred plants, but with no distinction as to genera and species, which, at that time, were undefined. The elder Pliny, in the time of Nero, attempted to explain the "*whole of nature*;" he made a compilation of the knowledge of the ancients upon the subjects of Natural History, recording, without discrimination, both truth and error. In the darkness of the middle ages, when classic Greece having become subject to the Roman power, and Italy in turn had been subdued by northern barbarians, the sciences were almost lost to the world. Some Arabian philosophers, after the time of Charlemagne, treated of botany, but their labors were of little utility to the science, and their names have, with few exceptions, passed into oblivion. Aben-al-Beiker, of Malaga, after traversing the burning sands of Africa and the remote countries of Asia, in search of rare and strange vegetables, fossils, and minerals, published a volume upon plants. He died at Damascus, in 1248, where he had been made superintendent of the royal gardens. Agriculture was studied by the Arabians, but without that knowledge of the climate, soil, and growth of plants and animals necessary to scientific culture. The boundless regions where Islamism reigned, and still continues to reign, are now dead to the interests of science. The countries of Fez and Morocco, illustrious for five centuries by the number of their academies, their universities, and their libraries, are lost amidst deserts of burning sand, where barbarous man disputes for empire with the beast of prey. The once smiling and fertile shores of Mauritania, where commerce, arts, and agriculture attained their highest prosperity, are now the retreats of corsairs, who spread horror over the adjacent seas. Syria and Palestine are desolated by the wandering Bedouins, less terrible still than the pacha who oppresses them. Bagdad, once the residence of luxury, of power, and of knowledge, is a heap of ruins. What has been preserved of the learning of the ancient Arabians is not to be found in their native country, but in the convents of the monks, or in the royal libraries of Europe.

At the revival of letters in the fifteenth century, descriptions of plants were first published, accompanied with rude

engravings upon wood. Near the close of the seventeenth century, the science of botany was divided into two departments: on the one side, *Vegetable Anatomy and Physiology*, and on the other, "*Descriptive Botany*." This unnatural separation continued for nearly a century. Physiologists paid little attention to classification, which would have enabled them to avoid errors and useless labors, and to contribute more efficiently to the advancement of the science to which they were devoted. Anatomists were often ignorant of physiology; and physiologists knew less of vegetable anatomy than of chemistry and the laws of physic.

The invention of the microscope, in 1620, was not perfected so as to be of much assistance to botanists, until about the beginning of the eighteenth century. Grew in England, and Malpighi in Italy, discovered, by its aid, the elementary organs of plants; little improvement upon their observations was made during the following century. Hales made experiments upon the physical laws which governed in the ascending of the sap; this science he called *Vegetable Statics*.

The progress of chemistry was not without its important influence upon physiology. Priestly, in 1780, discovered that the green parts of vegetables, put under water and exposed to the sun's rays, exhaled oxygen gas. The chemical researches of Theodore de Saussure, near the close of the eighteenth century, established the new department of *Vegetable Chemistry*.

We now pass on to the time Linnæus, the great naturalist, whose classification in the other department of Natural History, as well as of Botany, caused an eventful era in science. While at school he neglected the studies which were assigned him, to gather plants and arrange them according to his fancy. This trifling occupation, as it was considered, was discouraging to his instructors. When he went from the grammar school to enter the University at Lund, where a friend of the family had kindly offered to defray his expenses, the rector of the school gave him a certificate so little flattering, that the young man dispensed with the use of it; but in after years, when his name had become celebrated throughout Europe, he allowed its publication, perhaps with the hope that it might give a lesson to parents and instructors. "Students," wrote the teacher of Linnæus,

"may be compared to trees in a nursery; often among the young twigs may be found those which, in spite of all the care that has been taken in their culture, still remain in a wild state; but, if afterwards transplanted, they sometimes change their nature and rear delicious fruits. It is only in such hope that I send this young man to the Academy, where perhaps new circumstances may induce a better development."*

Linnaeus labored much at Lund, then at Upsal, where he studied medicine. But he was too poor to continue his education, and resorted to manual labor for subsistence. Celsius, who wrote a valuable work upon the plants mentioned in the Bible, becoming his friend, received him into his own home, and allowed him the use of his library. Afterwards the professor of botany, Rudbeck (from whom the *Rudbeckia* was named, probably in gratitude by Linnaeus), engaged the young man as his assistant in teaching. The importance of stamens and pistils, as organs of fructification, had been already suggested. Linnaeus was struck with admiration at the facts already known on this subject, and turned his attention to these organs, upon which he afterwards founded his classification.

The attention of the Swedish Government having been directed to the young naturalist, he was employed to explore the northern part of the kingdom, as to its vegetable productions, then little known. We see the unpromising student, now a man of laborious research and deep thought, travelling on foot, deterred by no dangers or fatigues in his investigations among the snows and desert wastes of Sweden and Lapland. The stamens and pistils of plants had indeed been observed before his time, but it was for him to found upon them a system of classification, destined to effect a great revolution in this branch of natural science. Upon circumstances having relation to these small, often minute and obscure organs did Linnaeus found his twenty-four classes, embracing all known plants, and making provision for all which might in future be discovered. These classes he subdivided into orders, where stamens and pistils are again made to form the distinctions.

The labors of Linnaeus were destined to form a new era

* "Vie de Linné, écrite par lui-même, Mem. de l'Acad. de Lille, 1832."

in the history of botanical science, by introducing a system for the classification of the great number of plants which previous botanists and travellers had discovered, and which, together with observations upon them, lay in a confused mass, with no definite or certain clue to their names, characters or history. This clue was given by Linnæus in his *Species plantarum*, where for the first time appeared specific names, characteristic definitions, and precise distinctions between species and varieties; "important innovations," says De Candolle, "of which each one would have sufficed to render illustrious an ordinary botanist."

It was the great object of Linnæus to discover a plan of arrangement which should bring together, in one system, the materials furnished by the labors of preceding naturalists. The number, situation, and connection of stamens and pistils constitute the leading objects of inquiry in tracing out a plant by the Linnæan system; from the order we come to the genus, and here, as in specific distinctions, we learn the natural characters of the plant, without reference to the arbitrary or artificial distinctions which have thus far led us on our journey of discovery. The great defect in the system of Linnæus is, that it offers so many anomalies as often to perplex the student in his search even for the name of the plant; as in many distinct genera, the number of stamens is found to vary, among its species: this difficulty, when perceived by Linnæus, he attempted to obviate, by taking the most common or important species of a genus as the type or representative plant of the same; or causing the greater number of species to coerce the disagreeing ones into the general confederacy, or common genus. While the beautiful simplicity of the system of Linnæus still continues to point this out as the most agreeable entrance into the temple of botanical science, it should be borne in mind that there is something to be done within; as the study of the structure of plants, their history, and their relations, more or less intimate, with other members of the vegetable kingdom—from thence results the arrangement of plants into natural families according to their essential organs. Here we are urged into a wider range of observation. The organs of fructification, or the flower and its parts, no longer demand the chief attention. Each species has its peculiar form, properties, and uses. How shall we learn all that belongs to the natural history of each of

these species—what others have discovered respecting them, or whether what we have observed has been known to others? It is evident that by classification only, can these ends be attained; and so important did botanists regard this branch of the science, that, for a time, the attention of many was almost exclusively engaged in searching out the methods of arrangement, called Taxonomy (from *taxis*, order, *nomos*, law). Some, who saw that the progress of science was obstructed by such exclusive attention to classification, have been too much disposed to set it aside as useless labor. In the midst of these oscillations of the human mind, the more discerning students of nature have perceived that it was as absurd to pretend that the laws of the physiology of the vegetable kingdom could be well understood without knowing its classification, as that the plants could be classed without a knowledge of their physiology. Whether the object be to study the nature of plants, or their uses, it is equally necessary to know their names.

The methods invented to find out the names of plants have been called artificial, in opposition to the natural methods, where objects seem, as it were, to class themselves, according to natural resemblances, or analogies, in form or structure. The most simple mode of discovering the name of a plant was, to learn its common designation in its locality; but local or common names are unreliable for all scientific purposes, differing as they do in different places. A second mode was, to compare descriptions by means of rude engravings. Pliny thus described plants without any plan or order, for which reason his labors were in a degree unavailing to other inquirers. Such was the state of botany when Linnæus published his *Species plantarum*.

There are some essential requisites in the construction of any artificial method, the object of which is, to ascertain, or fix upon the name of any organized beings, especially what we are now considering—plants.

1st. This method must be founded on something inherent in the plant, as, for example, some particular part of its organization.

2d. Among the organs, or parts, admissible, on which to construct an artificial method, the following conditions should be considered: *Easy to be seen—found in most plants—uniform in the same plant—specific characters distinct.*

3d. The different parts should as much as possible be visible at the same time, so that, in order to find its name, it may not be necessary to follow the plant through its whole life. In order to attain this with more certainty, some have drawn the characters from one single organ. Classifications founded on this principle have been called *systems*. Others have considered that deriving all characters from a single organ, it became necessary to employ such as were too minute and often uncertain; and such have deduced their classification from all the organs of plants which exist at any particular period. Such arrangements have been termed *methods*. *Mixed methods*, intermediate between artificial and natural classification, have been attempted by different botanists, since the days of Bauhin, Cæsalpinus, Ray, and Tournefort.

Striking interpositions of Providence appear, in looking back upon the records of the history of science. The magnetic needle aids Columbus to discover a new world; navigators cross hitherto unknown seas to explore the newly discovered countries, carrying with them naturalists to enrich science with new specimens of natural productions. Wonderful plants are described by travellers; rich materials are furnished for the student of the vegetable world. Botany may be seen standing with folded arms, confused in the *embarras de richesse* scattered about in disorder, with no plan for their arrangement. The newly discovered microscope is ready to be applied to the investigation of the structure of the plants. God then sends a master mind, who, with a grand simplicity of design, brings order from confusion, by collecting together the whole vegetable kingdom into one simple and well-defined system. The microscope was put to a use no less important in botany than the magnetic needle in navigation.

The system of Linnæus was established and followed for half a century, with scarcely an exception, in all works on botany, and in the arrangement of herbaria, so that it had become, as it were, scientific heresy to differ from this system. But the human mind is destined to advance; one discovery leads to another, and later inventions or improvements obliterate, in time, the memory of the most distinguished benefactors of science. Is there not, too, a propensity in human nature to depreciate the achievements of those who have been distinguished, as if the lustre of their names would

dim the glory of the present aspirants for fame? Even in the beautiful science which we are considering, which Goethe, Rousseau, and other poetical minds have considered soothing and elevating in its tendencies, we must admit there is sometimes to be seen this injustice—or, shall we say envy? The De Candolles, father and son, who have stood among the first botanists of the age, while preparing their own system of classification, have not hesitated to proclaim the Linnæan system as valuable to the beginner in botany, and to do justice to the talents of its author. The method of De Candolle has been chiefly followed by Lindley. We shall make some remarks upon his works, which have been adopted extensively as standard authorities by many American botanists.*

In 1836, John Lindley, Professor of botany in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in a second edition of his "Natural System of Botany," says: "Linnaeus could not have expected that his artificial method should exist when the science had made sufficient progress to enable botanists to resort to the principles of natural arrangement, the temporary abandonment of which had been solely caused by the *difficulty of defining its groups*." "This difficulty," declares Lindley, "no longer exists; means of defining natural assemblages, as certain as those employed for limiting artificial divisions, have been discovered by modern botanists." "The time has arrived," says Lindley, "when the system of Linnaeus must be finally relinquished. It is no longer necessary, such is the change in public opinion, to attempt to show the fallacy of an idea that prevailed a few years since, that the Artificial System of Linnaeus is easy and the natural system difficult of application." Professor Lindley goes on to say:

"The principle upon which I understand the Natural System of botany to be founded is, that the affinities of plants may be determined by a consideration of all the points of resemblance between their various parts, properties and qualities, that thence an arrangement may be deduced in which those species will be placed next each other which have the greatest degree of relationship, and that consequently the quality or structure of an imperfectly known plant may be determined by those of another which is well known."

* In the department of text books on Botany no people can boast better than we have ourselves. In proof of this, we need only mention the works of Prof. Asa Gray, and of Mrs. Almira Lincoln Phelps, both of which have not only been reprinted in England, but also translated into more than one language. Our contributor, who is well known as an accomplished botanist, is well aware of this; but does not wish to introduce names which might suggest invidious comparisons.

In 1847, eleven years after the triumphant "*eureka*" of the British Professor, in his work entitled "The Vegetable Kingdom," he says: "The system of Linnæus is superficial and useless, a mere matter of history. '*Fuit Illum.*'" But how is the case now with respect to the views of Lindley, when compared with those which in his former work he had so triumphantly offered as a *perfect Natural System*? He says, with reference to that edition of 1836, "there were *some glaring* defects in the method then proposed, and a host of errors of a less manifest description," &c. He goes on to say, "the author may now be charged with inconsistency in not adhering to his former plan of classification, but he is not conscious of having even pretended that ever it approached permanency." The Professor then very modestly says, "he must be a very presumptuous person who, having a microscopically small acquaintance with his subject, should even dream of being able to accomplish such a purpose. All that we can do is, to throw our *pebbles* upon the heap, which shall hereafter, when they shall have sufficiently accumulated, become the landmark of Systematic Botany." Is, then, we ask, all that was done by the great father of Systematic Botany to be cast aside as worthless in the erection of the temple of science?

In his first published works, Lindley makes great use of the word "*tendencies*" in his classification; he called groups of plants, which he could not well dispose of in his *natural* arrangement, *tendencies*, and admitted that, for these "*tendencies*" of species to resemblance in certain points, there could be given no practical definitions. In Lindley's "Vegetable Kingdom," published in 1845, where he admits the glaring faults of his previous classifications of 1830 and 1836, he proposes a new and, as he thinks, improved arrangement. American botanists have extensively adopted this classification, though not uniformly adhering strictly to all Lindley's divisions.

We perceive that the *eureka* of Professor Lindley, in 1830, was not his *eureka* of 1836, and that in 1845 he ignored what he had then so triumphantly propounded as the veritable and perfect natural system. But we would not lightly regard the labors of Lindley; his enthusiastic confidence in what he thought a grand discovery of a "perfect natural system" and his subsequent candor in admitting "*its glaring defects*"

are the concomitants of genius, and alike command our respect. Where is the devoted naturalist without enthusiasm? Where is the noble mind that will not acknowledge itself to have erred? The labors of Lindley have given their impress to the botany of the present day, and his name is henceforth to be associated with that of Linnæus in the history of the science.

We would proceed to make some inquiries into the difficulties which meet the student in commencing the study of the Natural System under its present most popular aspect. Lindley admits, in his "Familiar Introduction to the Natural System," that "to those who have no previous acquaintance with Botany, the characters of the natural groups or orders are not, as a whole, susceptible of such an analysis as a young student is capable of following." He again says, "let the young be once alarmed at the aspect of their new pursuit" (the study of Botany), "and it is almost impossible to restore their confidence." After some directions as to the manner of proceeding in teaching the science, he remarks, "we have only to begin with the beginning, and never to take one step till that which precedes it is secured. This appears to me the only secret in teaching Botany." Now, let us, in respect to the so-called Natural System, attempt to apply this direction. "The principle," says Lindley, "upon which I understand the Natural System of Botany to be founded is, that the affinities of plants may be determined by a consideration of all the points of resemblance between their various parts, properties and qualities; that thence an arrangement may be deduced in which those species will be placed next to each other which have the greatest degree of relationship." *The presence or absence of albumen, the structure of the embryo, the position of the rudiments of seeds, &c.,* are essential in the study of the Natural System. Now, suppose a beginner commencing the study; must he not, according to the above definition, learn the affinities of plants by a consideration of *all* the points of resemblance between their various parts, properties and qualities? Must he not be directed to pursue minute microscopic observations, in order to decide respecting these *essential points*, laid down by Lindley?

Finally, the advocates for the exclusive use of the Natural System admit, that in fact it is not natural; that there can be no strict definitions of natural orders, or of their "*alliances*,"

"cohorts," or "*tendencies*;" that no absolute limits exist by which groups can be circumscribed. "All the groups," says Lindley, "into which plants are thrown, are, in one sense, artificial, inasmuch as nature recognizes no such groups." As classes, sub-classes, alliances, natural orders, and genera, have no real existence in nature, it follows that they have no fixed limits; and, consequently, that it is impossible to define them.

Now, the great objection which has been raised to the classification of Linnæus is, that in this, there are exceptions to general rules, and that nature is not sufficiently followed in his method. But the advocates for the Natural System have, at length, fixed upon an *artificial key* for the analysis of plants by their method, thus giving the Swedish botanist a triumph, inasmuch as his *artificial method* is admitted to be the most perfect of its kind, in leading to a knowledge of the names of plants. This is all that any friend of the Linnæan system would urge—a mode of classifying plants so that they may readily be discovered. It is, indeed, true, that while thus tracing out this path of searching for the name, the student is gaining a knowledge of technical terms, a habit of observation, "without which," says Lindley, "the differences between one plant and another can never be appreciated or remembered."

Botany should be regarded in two lights: first, as it is to the learned naturalist, who labors to enrich the science with new truths, or elucidates the discoveries of others; second, with respect to the beginner, who is learning how to study the book of nature. Shall we, in the nineteenth century, go back to the practice of the dark ages, when knowledge was confined to the cloister, or the schools of the learned? Shall we say with Pope, respecting the works of God, which we call *nature*, "A little learning is a dangerous thing?" In tracing the history of popular botany, we find in England, early in the present century, a small book upon the science, by Priscilla Wakefield. This and Rousseau's letters upon plants were all which, at that period, encouraged any popular taste for the study. Amos Eaton, in this country, was the first public lecturer on botany. He informed miscellaneous audiences, and the students of schools in which he lectured, that there was such a science; and, by teaching the simple analysis of Linnæus, enkindled an enthusiasm for the study of

plants. Interest in botanical excursions gave a new impulse to the love of nature—the languid pulse of the morbid student was quickened—and the pallid cheek became flushed with the healthful exercise and agreeable excitement incident to such exploring expeditions. Plants assumed a new importance when every weed was known to have its flower, and appropriate name and place in botanical classification. Admitting that, among these young students, few ever became distinguished botanists, that, when they had collected plants and arranged them in their herbaria, they stopped short in their investigations, that they did not know the thousand ties which link together the families of plants, in groups more or less intimate, and form alliances between kindred groups, or, as Prof. Lindley would say, they did not learn all the “*tendencies of all plants*”—shall we refuse to learn any thing of the objects around us, because we cannot know every thing respecting them? Even a slight acquaintance with the Linnæan system would have saved a popular American writer from the mistake of stating, in a book of travels, that in the autumn in Switzerland the fields and meadows were covered with the yellow blossoms of the *Crocus autumnale*. On this being named to Prof. Adolphe De Candolle, of Geneva, he said, “that is the *Colchicum autumnale*, which is so poisonous to our cattle, and the pest of our country.”

Another writer, with some pretension to a knowledge of botany, gives an account of a small blue flower he met with in travelling, with a drawing of the same, but without any botanical explanation; so that we are left in doubt as to what plant is represented. The same writer mentions a little fringed flower tipped with yellow, of which a drawing is also given, but without name; a reference by these travellers to a botanical manual might have saved us the perplexity we feel respecting the plants. But we infer, from the very vague descriptions and drawings, that the blue flower was the *Houstonia cerulea*, and the yellow one the *Gentiana lutea*.

We have some precious plants before us, the gift of Dr. Hayes, who brought them from the Arctic regions: the *Saxifraga aizoon*, from Upernavik (where the expedition under Dr. Kane landed, August 12, 1855), a *Racomitrium lanuginosum*, presented Dr. Hayes by the good Governor of Fiskefiord, and a *Pedicularis hirsuti*, from Observatory Island, Rensselaer Harbor, near the grave of Balsec and Schuppert. Surely it

is something to know the names of these plants, which might have been described as "a little green moss," "a small plant, with leaves near the root, and flowers at the top of the stem," &c. It is much, therefore, to know the *names* of plants.

The study of botany has of late become less popular than formerly, because it has been presented in too difficult a form. Too much has been attempted at first, instead of that simple beginning which Lindley recommends; or, rather, there has been a want of interest in the subject, from the fact that abstruse vegetable physiology has been too exclusively presented. Even in our colleges, where young men enjoy the light of the great luminaries of science, the learned professors, who esteem Charles Von Linnaeus a mere name to be pointed at, as one that did exist, a "*Fuit Ilum*;" even in our colleges, with such light shining upon them, our young students seem much in the dark as to any botanical knowledge. Ask them respecting their botanical lectures, you are perhaps answered with, "Well, I do not know much about this science—the fact is, I took no interest in it, and usually had a book which I was reading during the lectures (as was the case with many other students)." "But, you know something of the subjects on which Professor — lectured?" "Yes, it was chiefly upon the *Tissues* of plants." "Had you no specimens of plants for analysis?" "No." "Did you never go out to collect plants?" "No." "Had you nothing exhibited to illustrate the subjects explained?" "Yes. I think the Professor did show us some microscopic representations of the *cellular tissues*."

Suppose, instead of beginning at nature's *first step*, the "*one cell* of the tissue," a teacher distributes to each of his class a plant freshly gathered from the field or garden, and proceeds by calling attention to the principal organs, according to the Linnaean system; in a few minutes several steps have been taken. The names of the parts of the flower have been learned, the number of classes into which all plants are divided, and the particular class and order where that individual plant is placed; its genus and species are then found—each pupil with book in hand following in the search. Here is actual knowledge, the mind has been stimulated and illuminated. One such analysis will serve to excite the curiosity to go on and learn the places and names of other plants. Nature wears a new aspect, and there is a new

motive for going abroad; even her wild and solitary scenes become deeply interesting.

The science of vegetable physiology has greatly advanced within a few years, and important discoveries have been made in this department. We will state some of the phenomena of vegetation, such as may be understood by the general reader.

Suppose we have before us an *acorn*, and a kernel of *Indian corn*. These represent two great classes of the vegetable kingdom, which we shall show as we proceed in our observations upon them, in the germinating and mature state of the individual plants which lie enfolded in their embryo state. Let us first note the acorn: this is the seed of the majestic oak; the little cup in which it stands is called a *cupule*, and gives to the oak family the name *cupuliferae* (bearing cupules). We will remove the outer coat (*integument*) of the *gland*, as the part is called which contains the *ovule* or rudiment of the plant; this gland readily splits into two parts, which are called *cotyledons*. The germ or embryo oak is now clearly to be seen—the microscope will show the rudiments of root, trunk, and leaves. When an acorn is planted in moist earth (the seed may have been preserved dry for a thousand years), the cotyledons will, after some time, begin to crumble, and, by their decomposition, impart nourishment to the embryo, which, acted upon by the new agents, begins to develop its living principle. Gradually the work goes on, under ground, until the germinating seed *comes up*, and the small oak tree appears lifting its tiny head towards the light and air.

We have seen that it came from a seed with two cotyledons. These do not come up with the plant, having performed their office in preparing the *ovule* for its *debut*, or entrance into the world. But, in the *bean* or *pea*, the two cotyledons do come up with the germinating plant, as if to see their nursling a little way in its upward course; they are then called seed-leaves, but soon die, and no others like them appear till in the next generation, when, from another seed and its cotyledons, shall be developed a new pair of seed-leaves.

But to return to our little oak tree: one part of the *ovule* has extended itself downwards; this is the rootlet. The oak tree has begun to grow, and, in due time, will arrive at its perfection. It will not blossom until many years shall have

been added to its age ; after blossoming it will cease to grow in extent, its solid parts will become harder and its bark less compact, the sap will circulate less freely, the leaves will cease to perform their office in imbibing oxygen and throwing off carbon—or, the respiration will fail ; and, gradually, the old tree will have lost its utility—then, the winds which, in its prime, it could resist, become too powerful for its feeble frame, and the monarch of the forest is laid low. Such is the end of an oak tree—it may live a thousand years, but its end must come at last.

We will now look at our kernel of Indian corn. We see, at one side, a notch, and protuberance : this is the embryo ; but there is no appearance of separation of the seed into parts, and, when it begins to germinate, we perceive there is but *one* cotyledon. The embryo bursts from the decaying mass in which it had been confined, and by which its life had been protected ; the rootlets find their way downwards and fix themselves in the soil ; the *plumule*, consisting of a cluster of leaves wrapped around each other, rises upwards and rapidly develops itself. For some time may be seen this one cotyledon adhering to the rootlets, but at length this nourishing parent disappears amidst the mass of vegetable mould surrounding and supporting the young plant. It has done its work, this cotyledon, in sending forth its nursling and assisting it to live until, from other sources, it can gain support ; and then the parent of the embryo moulders away—an emblem of human life, its beginning and dissolution !

The Indian corn, now a vigorous plant, goes on growing, and developing new leaves, shooting up a long, cylindrical stalk, and, in a few weeks, bringing forth blossoms, which are followed by a harvest of golden ears of corn.

We have now before us, in imagination, the two specimens of the vegetable kingdom we have selected as examples of a striking difference in the structure of the seed and its subsequent development—an oak tree, and a stalk of Indian corn ; the former has two cotyledons, the latter has but one. This difference forms the basis of the grand division of the vegetable tribes into *monocotyledonous*, or plants with one cotyledon ; and *dicotyledonous*, or plants with two cotyledons. The mode of growth and development is found to differ essentially. Compare an oak leaf and a leaf of Indian corn : the former

consists of a network or reticulated frame, the veins and nerves crossing each other and branching out; and the latter running straight through the leaf, branching out from the bud or *petiole* (the leaf-stem), and meeting again at the apex, as the lines of longitude extend over the terrestrial globe, meeting at the two poles.

We have here another grand distinction, *reticulated* or *net-veined* leaves, and *parallel-veined* leaves; the former we find always in the plants with two cotyledons, and the latter in those with but one. In order, therefore, to decide as to the structure of the seed, which in some plants is obscure, the more obvious character of the leaf may be the best. There is another characteristic which in many cases is strikingly manifest; this exists in the *stem*, which shows a different development or mode of growth in the two classes. We will examine a transverse section of a branch of an oak tree: we find *pith*, *wood*, and *bark*; even in branches of but one year old, these parts are distinct. The pith, indeed, is not dry and light, as we find in the stems of the elder, and many herbaceous plants, but it consists of cells filled with juices which go to the nourishment of the branch. In old hollow-trees the places once filled with such cellular tissue, together with what is called the *heart-wood*, are left vacant by the decay of these parts of the trunk. Next the pith is seen a ring of wood, this is of one year's growth; another year, a new layer of wood would have been added around the outside of the older one; and so on, each year, a new ring or layer of wood is formed between the bark and the older wood, and of juices elaborated from the sap in the tissues. Plants of this kind are called *exogens*, which means literally *outside growers*, and from this is derived the adjective *exogenous*. We will connect this with the distinction already established, and we have the great class of *Dicotyledonous exogens* to which the oak belongs; and to this large class may be referred the greater number of all known plants.

On examining a piece cut across from the stalk of the corn, we do not find any concentric, circular layers or rings, but separate bundles or threads of tough fibre, with no distinct bark. Here the growth is from within; hence comes the term *endogenous* or *endogens*, which means *inside-growers*. In such stems, the oldest and hardest wood is not at the

centre, as in the case of the oak, but at the circumference, while, within, it is newest and softest. Such plants increase in diameter with the increasing number of woody bundles or fibres, which continue to multiply as new leaves are produced. From the base of leaves may often be traced down through the stem these bundles of fibres, which have become part of the stem and added to its growth. The palm tree is of the inside growers; it may be called the type of the class, so grand and lofty does it become in its native tropical regions. Palms grow from a terminal bud, and perish if this bud be destroyed. The palm continues to extend in height, but does not increase in diameter, consequently it forms a cylindrical column.

We have found the Indian corn to be monocotyledonous, with parallel-veined leaves, and of endogenous growth. Let these distinctions, then, be borne in mind:

I. *Seeds MONOCOTYLEDONOUS*—*leaves parallel-veined, growth Endogenous.*

II. *Seeds DICOTYLEDONOUS*—*leaves reticulated or net-veined, growth Exogenous.*

We have, therefore, thus established two grand divisions of *Phenogamous* plants (those which have stamens and pistils visible); within these divisions are not included *Cryptogamous* or *flowerless* plants, which form a large class by themselves.

There are also plants whose embryo consists of a radicle or stemlet, bearing on its summit twelve or fifteen cotyledons, which unfold into a whirl of green leaves, around the rootlet. These are called *POLYCOTYLEDONOUS* plants. The *conifera* or *cone-bearing* plants, as the pine and fir, belong to this tribe. The number of these plants being comparatively small, they are included under the grand division of *Dicotyledonous exogens*, forming a sub-species called *Gymnospermia*, because the *ovules* have no *pericarp*, and the seeds are naked. The *carpel* is sometimes represented by an open scale. In the yew there is no *carpel* or *pistil-leaf*, but the fertile blossom consists of a solitary naked ovule, surrounded by a few bracts.

We shall now leave our oak tree, and Indian corn, standing as the representatives of the two great classes we have considered. If we examine with the naked eye the structure of a stem, leaf, or any other part of a plant, we perceive, indistinctly, fibres or meshes which form a tissue more or less compact.

By means of the microscope, we find the vegetable substance composed essentially of little *cells* or cavities enclosed by partitions, and of *vessels* or *ducts* more elongated in their form. These cells and ducts are called *elementary organs*; their dimensions are not in proportion to the relative magnitude of the plants or organs where they exist, but rather to the consistence of the tissue. In soft parts, as in fleshy fruits, or the stem of grasses, the elementary organs are usually larger than in wood and leaves.

The cellular tissue is made up of *cellules*, or little cells. It constitutes the greatest part of the vegetable, for it is found in all organs, and in great abundance; some plants, as mushrooms and sea-weeds, are composed almost entirely of this elementary tissue, they are, therefore, called *cellulares*. So minute are the elementary cells, that more than a thousand are often found crowded within an inch of vegetable substance, as in the wood of the cork. To the elongation of these cells, and the thickening of layers and fibres in their interior, the different vessels owe their origin. The subject of *cell-development* or *Cyto-genesis* (from the Greek, *kutos*, a cell, and *genesis*, origin) has of late engaged the attention of German botanists. Schleiden, penetrating into the supposed simple cell, finds the nucleus of this to be a fluid which he calls *Cyto-blast* (from *kutos* cell, and *blastos*, a germ) or *cell-germ*, the parent of the cell. Other physiologists maintain that the supposed functions of the *cyto-blast* are only the result of certain chemical changes, which occasion the development of new cells.

But the general reader can take little interest in discussions like these—Popular Botany excludes them, as out of her sphere—we must only glance at the hidden secrets of nature, which her learned interpreters consider themselves bound to explore. We would show that, however far any philosopher may advance, he is met with new facts which tend to unsettle his former theories, and give rise to new discoveries in “*infinite progression*.”

In referring to the “Annals of the American Association for the Promotion of Science,” we find Botany to have received little attention, in proportion to what has been given to other departments of physical science. Fossil plants, as connected with geological discoveries, have been exhibited

and discussed. Sublime indeed are these dead representatives of former unknown ages, which tell us of a time when they were living, organic beings, and that as salt-water plants they give evidence of a time when the inland regions, where their stony effigies are found, were once a sea coast. While we look with wonder mingled with awe upon these mementoes of an ante-diluvial period, we would not neglect the living plants with which the earth now teems. While we would acknowledge the claims of "*plain curves and spirals*," of "*drift theories*," of the ancient glaciers of the Green Mountains, and the "*bird-tracks* of the Connecticut River valley," we would urge that the vegetable kingdom as it now exists may be examined, described, and arranged in such a manner as to become an interesting field of study for the general student of nature—the learned naturalist alone can accomplish this.

Under the auspices of the British Government, Dr. Milne has been prosecuting his botanical researches in the islands of the South seas; and an inland expedition in Australia has returned to England with rich collections of newly discovered plants. The officers of the British Navy exhibit a praiseworthy zeal in the collection of new specimens in the various quarters of the globe where the British possessions are found. One of the gardeners of Regent's Park is sent out by the British Admiralty, to explore the botanical riches of tropical regions. To Japan, Northern China, and even Eastern Tartary, are sent out, under the English flag, men of science to make discoveries in the vegetable kingdom.

What are we, in America, doing for the cause of science? When shall we, in our grand and *united nationality*, find the time and the means to do likewise? If the ennobling pursuits of science might be substituted for the profitless agitations which are tending to the subversion even of our national government, we might be able to point out many expeditions like that in which the brave Dr. Hayes and his companions are now engaged. Let the patriot and the lover of science persevere in their work, and the American name will be honored abroad and venerated at home.

ART. VI.—1. *Historia de la Dominacion de los Arabes en España, sacada de varios Manuscritos y Memorias Arabigas.* Por el Doctor DON JOSE ANTONIO CONDE, del Gremio y Claustro de la Universidad de Alcalá; Individuo de número de la Academia Española, y de la de la Historia, su Anticuario y Bibliotecario; de la Sociedad Matritense; y Corresponsal de la Academia de Berlin. 3 tom. 4to. Madrid: 1821.

2. *History of the Dominion of the Arabs in Spain.* Translated from the Spanish of Dr. J. A. CONDE, by MRS. JONATHAN FOSTER. In three volumes. London: 1855.

3. *Histoire de la Domination des Arabes et des Maures en Espagne et en Portugal, depuis l'Invasion de ces Peuples jusqu'à leur Expulsion définitive; redigée sur l'Histoire traduite de l'Arabe en Espagnol, de M. JOSEPH CONDE, Membre de plusieurs Sociétés savantes, Bibliothécaire de l'Escorial de l'Académie d'Histoire, &c.* Par M. DE MARLES. 3 tom. 8vo. Paris: 1825.

THE chief interest in the history of Spain is to be found in two great epochs—one, embracing the career of the Moors in that country, and the effect they produced on its national character, and on the civilization of Europe; the other, the discovery and settlement of America by the Spaniards, after the domination of the Moors in the Peninsula had received its death-blow at the hands of Ferdinand and Isabella. The history of the discovery of the New World, which has produced such extraordinary results to mankind, and exceeds in importance all other events in modern times, is known to every reader; but the fact is not so well known that it may be distinctly traced to the Saracenic civilization in Spain. It is to the example of the Saracens Europe is indebted for the progress of maritime discovery; for Spain and Portugal, whence the expeditions sailed that discovered America and the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, had learned the art of navigation from their masters, the Moors. And what enhances this merit is, that, in the days of Mohammed, so dreaded was the sea by the Arabs that he declared its intervention would be a valid excuse for not performing the pilgrimage to Mecca; and yet, such were the wonderful naval triumphs of this extraordinary people, that a generation had not passed away when their flag floated victorious in the Mediterranean; Crete was taken, and the islands in the south of the Archipelago shared its fate;

Sicily fell a prey to the Mohammedans of Northern Africa; and they also obtained permanent establishments in Corsica, Sardinia, and the south of Italy. But their most extensive and most enduring conquest was Spain, over which they ruled, more or less, for eight hundred years. The Phœnician traders, who had been for ages masters of the Persian Gulf, stimulated the Arabs' love of adventure, and from pirates turned their attention to legitimate trade, till ultimately they became the successors of the parents of commercial industry. They traded as they had roved to Madagascar, and in the monsoons reached not only the marts of India, but penetrated, by their own efforts, or in connection with a remote navigating system, in the South Seas, to the ports of China. The origin of the primitive Moors or Mauritanians is obscure. They were the inhabitants of the vast portion of Africa bounded on the east by Egypt, on the north by the Mediterranean, on the west by the Atlantic, and on the south by the deserts of Barbary. There can be little doubt that migrations were made from Asia to Africa at the most remote periods; and, according to Florian, nearly certain ground exists for the belief that the original Moors were Arabians. The ancient historians trace their origin to a tribe from Sabea, in Arabia Felix, which migrated to Africa. In confirmation of this, it may be remarked that, during every period of the existence of their race, the descendants of the primitive inhabitants of Mauritania have, like the Arabs, been divided into distinct tribes, and, like them, have pursued a wild and wandering mode of life. The Moors of Africa are known in Roman history under the name of Nomades, Numidæ, or Numidians, Getulæ, and Massyli. They were by turns the subjects, the enemies, or the allies of the Carthaginians, and, with them, they fell under the dominion of the Romans. In the early part of the fifth century they were subjugated by the Vandals, and afterwards by the Greeks, under Belisarius. But, meantime, the Arabs invaded Mauritania, or modern Morocco, and levied tribute from the Moors. Instead of defending them from these exactions, the Greco-Roman Emperor at Constantinople proceeded to levy a second tribute; whereupon the Moors abjured his government, with the Christian religion, and, declaring in favor of Mohammedanism, appealed for aid to the Arabians, who equipped an expedition, defeated the Emperor's army in a great battle, and finally achieved the con-

quest of Africa. The career of the victorious general, Akbar, was only checked by the prospect of the boundless ocean. Spurring his horse into the waves, and raising his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, with the enthusiasm of the Macedonian madman, "Great God! if my course were not stopped by this sea, I would still go on to the unknown kingdoms of the West, preaching the unity of thy holy name, and putting to the sword the rebellious nations who worship any other gods but thee!" The transition from Africa to Spain, across the Straits of Gibraltar, was easy.

The Moors, or Mauritians, who were thus suddenly converted, are frequently confounded with the natives of Arabia who achieved the conquest of their country. The Arabs are one of the most ancient and pure Caucasian races in existence. These children of the desert are supposed to be descended from Ishmael, the wandering outcast son of Abraham and Hagar. However the truth of this may be, the supposition is proof of their great antiquity. Of all other races, they have best preserved their independence, and their distinctive character and manners. With a few local and temporary exceptions, they have never been subject to foreign domination. The Persians, the Romans, and the Macedonians vainly attempted to subdue them. The *non ante devictis Sabeæ regibus* and the *intacti Arabum thesauri* of Horace* attest the virgin purity of Arabia. The body of the nation has escaped the yoke of the most powerful monarchies. The arms of Sesostris and Cyrus, of Pompey and Trajan, could never achieve its conquest. The Sultan of Turkey, as caliph or sovereign pontiff of the Mohammedan religion, may exercise a shadow of jurisdiction; but he is compelled to solicit the friendship of a people whom it is dangerous to provoke and fruitless to attack. A portion of the maritime districts known as "The Holy Land of the Moslems" is nominally subject to the Porte, but actually under the jurisdiction of Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt, who has assumed the protectorship of the Holy Towns. As to the rest of the country, it is under the government of independent chiefs. How difficult is the conquest of the Arabs, the career of the French in Algeria, inhabited by only half a million of the Arab race, has abundantly demonstrated. This has been the great school of the modern French army, which

* Odes, i., 29; iii., 24. Sabea is part of Arabia Felix.

has resulted in such brilliant achievements in the Crimea and in Italy. But in their native Asia—in Arabia—the independence of the Arabs, numbering twelve millions, is still intact.

In the opinion of Baron Larrey, a very distinguished physiologist, which, he says, is confirmed by long personal observations among the people of the four quarters of the globe, the skulls of the Arabian race furnish the most perfect type of the human head. They approach to a spherical figure, with a remarkable elevation of the upper part. He says: "The heads of this race display, in other respects, the greatest physical perfection—a most perfect development of all the internal organs, as well as of those which belong to the senses." He adds, that experience has proved to him that their intellectual faculties are proportional to this higher development of physical organization, and that they are *without doubt* superior to those of nations who inhabit Europe. "In Egypt," he says, "we have observed that young Arabs of both sexes imitate all the productions of our artists and artisans with astonishing facility, and that they also acquire languages with equal ease." The material of their bones is denser than in other races, and so is the brain and the nervous system; the heart and arteries display a more perfect development, and the external senses of the Arabs are exquisitely acute and remarkably perfect; their sight is most extensive in its range; they can hear at very great distances, and can through a very extensive region perceive the most subtle odor. The muscular or locomotive system is strongly marked; the fibres are of a deep red color, firm and very elastic. Hence their great agility. This physical perfectibility is far from being equaled by the mixed races of a part of Africa, or those of Europe and America. "Upon the whole," says Larrey, "I am convinced the cradle of the human family is to be found in the country of this race." What is the cause? Is it climate, simplicity of food and activity of life, all developing a healthy organization, or is it the original inherent quality of race, or both combined? Certain it is that the Arabs are extremely temperate, and eat little and seldom of animal food, and the purity of their race, like their manners, has continued unchanged since the dawn of history. It is worthy of remark that their horses hold the same rank among the equine race which their men do in the human family.

It was not till their settlement in Europe that the Arabs

were called Saracens, a name which was at first applied to those who came from the north and west of Arabia; but afterwards all the Arabian tribes, from Mecca to the Euphrates, were embraced by the Greeks and Latins under the general appellation of Saracens, "a name," says Gibbon, "which every Christian mouth has been taught to pronounce with terror and abhorrence." According to Pococke and other writers, the word Saracen is from the Arabic word *Sharak*, the East, and means Orientals; it was adopted to designate the direction whence the strangers came, as the term Arabs (people of the West), which defined their geographical situation in Asia, was not appropriate in Europe. As a national designation of the Arabs, it was not known in Europe till the year 715.

On their invasion of Spain, the Arabs of Mauritania were called the Moors (Mauri) by the Spaniards, rather from the name of the particular locality which they inhabited, than from their Arabian race. But Bochart says the word Moors comes from the Hebrew *Mahuran*, which, like Arab, also signifies Western. It is a vulgar error to confound the Moors with the negroes of Africa. No two races of men can be more different in all their characteristics, except the slight resemblance in the color of the skin.*

Arabia has been at all times an object of interest, whether the peculiarities of its soil and climate are considered, or the character of its inhabitants, its language and literature, its connection with the Scriptures of the Old Testament, but, above all, the country where Mohammed was born, and the country from which Islamism has sprung, a religion producing a revolution which, in its effects on the destinies of

* The general complexion of the Arabs on the coast of Yemen is yellow, bordering on brown, which is evidently the natural color of the race, and not derived from intermixture with Africans. Niebuhr says of the women: "Les femmes Arabes des contrées basses, et exposées aux chaleurs, ont naturellement la peau d'un jaune foncé, mais dans les montagnes on trouve de jolies visages même parmi les paysannes." A Moorish historian, who wrote at Granada, gives the following description of his countrywomen in Spain: "Their beauty is remarkable; but the loveliness which strikes the beholder at first sight afterwards receives its principal charm from the grace and gentleness of their manners. In stature they are above the middle height, and of delicate and slender proportions. Their long black hair descends to the earth. Their teeth embellish, with the whiteness of alabaster, vermilion lips which perpetually smile. Their complexions have a freshness and brilliancy possessed by no other Mohammedan women. Their walking, their dancing, their every movement, is distinguished by a graceful softness and an ease which surpass all their other charms. Their conversation is lively and brilliant."

mankind, finds no parallel in any age, ancient or modern. By the genius and fanaticism of one man, the Arabs have been brought suddenly from their obscurity in the desert to dazzle mankind with a series of conquests, with which all that we read of the fabled monarchies of Assyria and Babylon, of the boasted expeditions of Cyrus and Alexander, or the vast regions overrun by the Mogul and Tartar hordes, will bear no comparison. For the dominion of Mohammed embraced them all. Beginning with one convert, his wife, this obscure man, announcing himself to be the prophet of God, went on making disciples, till, with the Koran in one hand and the sword in the other, he conquered all Arabia, and in a period of eighty years his successors extended their dominion over more kingdoms and countries than did the Romans in eight hundred years. In their first battle with the disciplined forces of the Roman empire, they were victorious, and the tide of success rolled onward. Reaching from the Pillars of Hercules, on the one side, to the banks of the Indus, on the other, the empire of Arabia comprised three-fourths of Asia, the whole of Northern Africa, Spain, and nearly all Europe. It was greater than any which had ever preceded it.

The Saracens contended with the Latins for the Holy Land, and hence the crusades, which produced such a wonderful effect upon the civilization of Europe. The Turks, who became converts to the Mohammedan religion, gradually grew into a great nation, and crossed the straits which divided them from Europe, where they obtained a firm footing, by which they have materially influenced its history. During the first age of the Hegira, or Mohammedan era, the conquests of the Arabs were only bounded by the sea. But, when they constructed vessels and learned the art of navigation, no nation of Europe was safe from their invasion. In their unexampled career of victory, they extinguished languages, nations, traditions and history, to the wall of China and to the Pyrenees. They contended with the Franks and Greeks for the possession of Europe, and with the Visigoths for Spain, whose monarchy they overthrew.

It is to their domination in the Spanish peninsula for eight centuries that our attention is now more particularly directed. In the year 708, Musa was dispatched into Egypt by the reigning Caliph, Valid the First, at the head of one hundred thousand men, to crush the revolt of the Berbers, a

brave people, of Arabian descent, who never yielded their liberty under any circumstances. The Saracen general defeated the Berbers, restored quiet in Mauritania, and seized upon Tangier, which had belonged to the Goths of Spain. Thus master of an immense region of country, and of a powerful army, Musa meditated the invasion of Spain, and circumstances favored the enterprise. That beautiful kingdom, having successively fallen under the yoke of the Carthaginians and the Romans, became the prey of barbarian hordes. The Alains, the Suevi, and the Vandals, had divided its provinces among them. But Eric, at the head of the Visigoths, entering the country from the south of Gaul, had, towards the end of the fifth century, gained possession of the whole of Spain, and transmitted it to his descendants. The softness of the climate, together with the effects of wealth and luxury, deteriorated the warlike qualities to which alone they had been indebted for their success. Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings, polluted the throne by his vices, and both history and tradition charge him with the basest crimes. The Catholic Archbishop of Toledo, and his brother, Count Julian, favored the irruption of the Moors. Some of the Spanish historians attribute their treachery to the fact of Roderick having violated the virgin daughter of Count Julian; but it is also stated with more probability that Roderick, on the death of King Witiza, the brother of the bishop and count, usurped the throne to which the sons of the deceased monarch were the legitimate heirs. The kings of Spain were possessed in Africa of the fortress of Ceuta, built on Mount Abyla, one of the two columns of Hercules, opposite Calpe, the other column on the European side. Musa had attempted to take the fortress of Ceuta, but was repulsed by the Spaniards. Julian, however, soon surprised him, by making overtures for the voluntary surrender of that strong-hold, and also for the betrayal of Spain into his hands. Having the command as governor both in Andalusia, on the Spanish side, and in Mauritania, on the African side, he held the keys of the Gothic monarchy, which he delivered to the Moors. Tarik, one of the most renowned captains of his time, was sent across the straits with a small army. He landed at Calpe, the pillar of Hercules, whose modern name, Gibraltar (Gebel-al-Tarik, or Hill of Tarik), is derived from the hero of the expedition. Here, having burned his ships,* he formed his first camp; the

* Conde.

entrenchments of which were the original outline of those fortifications which have rendered this singular rock so celebrated as a military station in the hands of Great Britain.

From the description given of the post by Mr. Urquhart, M. P., who visited it in 1848, all that is valuable in the fortification now, except the cannon, is Moorish. Half the tongue of rock pointing to the bay towards the south is unapproachable by nature; the other half has been fenced in by man. "This sea-wall," he says, "from end to end is the work of the Moors." Antiquaries have endeavored to find in it Roman and Phœnician remains; but, observes Mr. Urquhart, "it was reserved for a shrewder people than Carthaginians, Romans, Greeks, or Goths, to discover Gibraltar's worth." It was selected with judgment by the Moors, because they had not command of the sea and because they were invading Spain from Africa. Gibraltar was their *tête de pont* across the straits. Ceuta, their place of arms, was immediately opposite. Gibraltar was ultimately important only because it commanded the bay of Algesiras, which the Moors had made strong, though not naturally so, by dint of building and fortification.

The first expedition of the Moors, under command of Tarik, numbered only seven thousand men; but they defeated a much larger army sent against them by Roderick. In addition to these, a reinforcement of twelve thousand Moslems was sent from Africa, and the little army, numbering some eighteen thousand men, conducted by Count Julian through the passes, penetrated near to Cadiz, when they were met by Roderick in person at the head of ninety thousand men at Xeres. But there were traitors in the camp of the Goth. The combat lasted for eight days, on the last of which the decisive conflict took place. Roderick, who had brought with him to the field a splendid retinue of wagons containing his treasures, was dressed with a flowing robe of gold and silken embroidery, a diadem of brilliant pearls adorned his head, over which was expanded a canopy, set with rubies and emeralds; and his throne, a litter, or couch of ivory, on which he reclined, was borne between two white mules. Tarik addressed his companions in arms in simple, but effective, eloquence: "My friends, the enemy is before you—the sea is behind—whither would you fly? Follow your general! I am resolved either to die or trample

on the king of the Goths!" The battle raged with fury till the tide was turned in favor of the Moors by the well-timed desertion of the Archbishop of Toledo, and the two princes, his nephews, sons of Witiza, who commanded the right and left wings of the Gothic army. The rout became total; Roderick fled with the rest, and his body was never seen, though his diadem and robes were found on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in whose waters he probably perished. Cervantes, in his inimitable Don Quixote, casts him alive into a tub full of serpents, which are made to inflict on his body the peculiar penance which his crimes deserved. This decisive battle settled the fate of the Gothic monarchy in Spain. The Goths were no longer the victorious barbarians who had humbled the pride of Rome, demolished the queen of nations, and penetrated from the Danube to the Atlantic ocean. Luxury, effeminacy and sloth had effectually done their work upon this once fierce and hardy race. By the advice of Count Julian, Tarik pushed his arms to the royal city of Toledo, which soon fell into his power by capitulation. Estremadura, Andalusia, and the two Castiles were now reduced to the Saracen sway. Tarik was soon joined by Musa, prompted by jealousy of the glory of his lieutenant. He exacted a strict account of the spoils, quarrelled with Tarik, and threw him into prison; from which, however, he was ordered to be released by the Caliph of Damascus, the supreme ruler of the followers of Mohammed. Dividing their troops into several corps, the two commanders now proceeded to the conquest of the whole peninsula. These Moors, whom so many Christian historians have represented as blood-thirsty barbarians, did not deprive the people whom they had subjugated either of their faith, their churches, or the administrators of their local laws. They exacted from the Spaniards, in addition to the spoils of conquest, only the tribute they had been accustomed to pay their kings. The greater part of the Spanish cities readily united themselves with the Moors, without making the least resistance. The inhabitants of Toledo desired to assume the name of *Musarabs*, and the Queen Egilona, the widow of Roderick, publicly espoused, with the united consent of the two nations, Abdelazis, the son of Musa. The soldiers were expressly prohibited from destroying the fruits of the lands through which they passed, and robbery and violence were forbidden on pain of death. They were permitted to plun-

der only on the battle-field, or on taking possession of cities by force, and even in those cases they must first receive the permission of their chiefs. Among the cities which held out was Saragossa, so famous for its heroic resistance in modern times under Palafox. The courage of the besieged at last gave way, and Musa imposed so heavy a ransom upon them that they were compelled to yield up the treasures of their churches, as well as those of the richest inhabitants. Musa thus accumulated vast wealth, which he did not share with the other chiefs, while Tarik, on the contrary, divided the spoils with his captains, reserving a fifth part for the Caliph. In other respects the most liberal policy was pursued towards the vanquished. The Christian religion was tolerated and the people were left in the possession of all the civil liberties they had before enjoyed. Indeed, the change of masters was much to their advantage, and it was no doubt owing in a great measure to this feeling that the Moors made such easy conquests. They were more generous enemies and more lenient rulers than the Greeks. As the provinces of North Africa, crushed by the Byzantine court, hailed the Mohammedans as their liberators, so the Spaniards found their yoke more tolerable than that of their Gothic sovereigns. Spain, which, in a more savage state, had resisted the arms of the Romans for two hundred years, was overrun in a few months by the Saracens; and such was the eagerness of submission and treaty that the Governor of Cordova is recorded as the only chief who fell without conditions into the hands of the conquerors. Yet a portion of the peninsula had been left unconquered, and a spark of the vital flame of independence was still alive; some invincible fugitives preferred a life of poverty and freedom in the valleys of the Asturias, where the hardy mountaineers repulsed the arms of the invaders, and the sword of Pelagius became the future sceptre of the Catholic kings. This insurgent prince of the blood royal of the Visigoths, entrenched with his little army in the mountain gorges, taught the astonished Spaniards that the Moors were not invincible.

The whole peninsula, except this solitary corner, having been reduced, Musa formed the bold design of making himself master of all Europe. He had driven the Goths into France, traversed Languedoc and subdued Narbonnese Gaul, and was only arrested in his march, at the waters of the Rhone, by learning of the vast preparations made by the

Franks to give him battle. He deemed it prudent to retreat behind the Pyrenees. But, now possessed of a vast armament by sea and land, he was preparing to repass those mountains to subvert the kingdom of the Franks in Gaul—then distracted by the wars of two contending dynasties—to extinguish the power of the Lombards in Italy, and place an Arabian sovereign pontiff in the chair of St. Peter. Hence, after subduing the barbarous hordes of Germany, he proposed to follow the course of the Danube, from its source to the Euxine sea, where he would have joined his countrymen under the walls of Constantinople. These daring projects, however extravagant they may appear, were easy of execution, and would perhaps have been realized, had not the scheme been communicated in an unfavorable light to the Caliph, who sent a messenger to recall him. So busy was the adventurous warrior in subduing the Gallicians, and so intent on the meditated invasion, that he bribed the forbearance of the messenger. A second messenger came from the Caliph with a more peremptory summons, and, in the presence of the army, took Musa's horse's bridle. His own loyalty, or that of his troops, suggested his prompt obedience. He set out for Damascus, leaving his two sons, Abdallah and Abdelazis, in charge of the two governments into which Spain was now divided. Tarik set out at the same time, to confront him with his unjust conduct towards himself. Musa led captive 400 of the nobles of Spain with golden coronets and girdles, and 30,000 females selected for their birth or beauty. On arriving at Damascus, he was thrown into prison, where he died, and Tarik was never permitted to return to Spain. The two sons of Musa were put to death by order of the Caliph, who feared their influence in Spain, and its separation from his empire. Several governors followed each other in rapid succession, and so eager were they for the conquest of France, that they neglected the proceedings of Pelagius, who, having roused the Asturians and Cantabrians to liberty, advanced into the mountains of Leon, making himself master of several towns.

The Moslems, who dreamed only of new contests, made no efforts against him, confident of crushing his rebellion with the utmost ease, after accomplishing the subjugation of France. But the invincible Pelagius laid the foundations of that powerful monarchy, whose warriors afterwards drove

the Moors from Spain, pursuing them even to the rocks of the Atlas.*

Constantinople and the "Greek fire" excluded the Arabs from the eastern entrance into Europe; but they were now in possession of the western extremity, and all France seemed doomed to succumb to the Moslem arms. The decline of the French monarchy invited attack. The descendants of Clovis had lost the inheritance of his martial spirit. The first check given to the Saracens was by the brave Eudes, Duke of Aquitain, who, in view of the imbecility of the nominal monarch of France, usurped his functions in the south, and, collecting the forces of the Franks, the Gascons and the Goths, gave battle to the Moorish lieutenant, Zama, who lost his life and his army under the walls of Tholouse. But the ambition of Zama's successors was stimulated by revenge. The most distinguished of these, Abdalrahman, or Abderame, defeated a Moorish ally of Eudes, the Governor of Catalonia, who had recently revolted and had obtained the daughter of Eudes in marriage. This princess of Gascony was taken captive and sent to the harem of the Caliph. Narbonne, Languedoc, Gascony, and the city of Bordeaux were now in the power of the Saracen general, and more than half of France, all the southern portion of it, from the mouth of the Garonne to that of the Rhone, assumed the manners and religion of Arabia. But the veteran commander disdained these narrow limits. Having crossed the Rhone and the Garonne, he twice defeated Eudes, and no power seemed capable of resisting his arms. "A victorious line of march," says Gibbon, "had been prolonged above a thousand miles, from the rock of Gibraltar to the banks of the Loire; the repetition of an equal space would have carried the Saracens to the confines of Poland, and the Highlands of Scotland; the Rhine is not more impassable than the Nile or the Euphrates, and the Arabian fleet might have sailed without a naval combat into the mouth of the Thames. Perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the

* It is another curious instance of the vicissitudes of nations, that during the last year Spain invaded Morocco and again defeated her former conquerors, compelling a treaty. By the latest news we learn that she still holds Tetuan as a guarantee for the fulfilment of the treaty. She probably intends to retain the strong-holds on the African side of the straits as a counterpoise to Gibraltar.

schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mohammed. From such calamities was Christendom delivered by the genius and fortune of one man." That man was Charles, the illegitimate son of the elder Pepin, surnamed Martel, from the weight and force of his blows. He was then but a mayor or duke of the Franks, but he was worthy to become the father of a line of kings. With a large army, in conjunction with Eudes, he fell upon Abderame by surprise near Tours, and, after a battle of seven days, succeeded in defeating the Saracens, chiefly by the loss of their chief, who fell on the bloody field. Thus was arrested and rolled back the tide of Saracenic conquest in Europe, and but for Charles Martel it is hard to say what Europe would have been to-day. In after times a Gallic synod pronounced him damned because he seized upon the treasures of the church as the means of subsistence for his conquering army.* Once again the Moors attempted to penetrate into France, and seized upon Avignon; but Charles Martel defeated them anew, retook the captured city, drove them from Narbonne, and deprived them forever of the hope with which they had so often flattered themselves.†

After these events, civil wars broke out among the Moors, and the Christians who had retired into Asturia profited by them. Alphonso, son-in-law and successor of Pelagius, imitated the career of that hero. He seized upon a part of Galicia and Leon, repulsed the Mussulman troops who were sent to oppose him, and rendered himself master of several towns. The Moors, occupied by their domestic quarrels, neglected to arrest his progress, and from that time commenced the growth of a kingdom inimical to the interests of the Saracens in Spain.

At this period occurred a remarkable event in the East, which materially influenced the Mohammedan religion throughout the world, and in an especial manner affected the destiny of Spain. It was a political error in Mohammed, and one that proved fatal to the unity and stability of his empire, that he neglected to name his immediate successor, or lay down regulations for filling the vacant caliphate. This is the more surprising, as he left no male posterity of his own, and must have foreseen the sad consequences of an interregnum

* Baronius's *Annals*, and Fleury's *Hist. Eccles.*

† Florian.

or a disputed succession. His death was the signal for immediate contest between the two grand parties of his followers. By this schism, which culminated on the death of the fourth caliph, the Eastern empire of the Arabs was eventually destroyed. The descendants of Ishmael returned to the country from which they had originally sprung, and gradually reverted to nearly the same condition as that in which they existed when the prophet arose among them.

Their western empire is now to be considered. The race of the Ommiades was extinguished in the East, with a solitary exception—a prince named Abderamus. After many hairbreadth escapes and romantic travels in Egypt and Mauritania, he gained the Spanish Peninsula, when the Moors declared in his favor as King, and deposed the Governor, who was in the interest of the dynasty of the Abbassides. The revolution was complete. Abderamus was not only acknowledged King of Spain, but was proclaimed *caliph of the West*, A. D. 759.* During the supremacy of Ommiades in the empire of the East, Spain had continued to be ruled by Governors sent thither from Asia by those sovereigns; but it was now permanently separated from the Arabian empire, and elevated into a powerful and independent state, acknowledging no further allegiance to the Asiatic caliphs, either in civil or religious matters. Thus was the control, hitherto exercised over the affairs of Spain by the Oriental caliphs, forever wrested from them by the last surviving individual of that royal race whom Abdalla had endeavored to exterminate. This monarch fixed the seat of his government at Cordova, where he established schools for the study of astronomy, mathematics, medicine, and grammar. The first Caliph of the West adorned and fortified his capital, erected a superb palace, which he surrounded by beautiful gardens, and commenced the construction of a grand mosque, the remains of which continue, even at this day, to excite the admiration of the traveller. It is thought the Spaniards have not preserved

* Caliph, or properly Khalifah, signifies a successor or vicar, and was originally given to the universal sovereigns of the Mussulman Arabs reigning at Damascus, as signifying "successor of the Prophet," but afterwards in a more exalted sense as "Vicar of God." This title was subsequently used for independent Mohammedan sovereigns, as the Caliphs of Spain, the Caliphs of Africa and Egypt, and the Caliphs of Bagdad. In the rise of the Mohammedan monarchy, the empire was one; but in its decline and fall it was divided. The Caliphs of the dynasty of the Ommiades are styled Caliphs of Syria, their capital being Damascus, while the Abbassides are known in history as Caliphs of Bagdad, the capital of Mesopotamia, on the banks of the Tigris.

more than one-half of the original structure, yet it is now six hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide, and supported by more than three hundred columns of alabaster, jasper, and marble. Formerly there were twenty-four doors of entrance, composed of bronze covered with sculptures of gold, and nearly five thousand lamps nightly served to illuminate this magnificent edifice. But Abderamus III. built a palace for his wife Zahra, two miles from Cordova, eclipsing even this. The cost amounted annually to \$14,000,000, and it required twenty-five years to complete this princely monument of chivalrous devotion. Abderamus demanded the assistance of the most accomplished of the Greek architects, from the Emperor of Constantinople, which was at that time the home of the fine arts. The Greek Emperor sent the Caliph not only artists, but forty columns of granite of the rarest and most beautiful workmanship. Independent of these, twelve hundred others, formed of Italian and Spanish marble, were employed in the construction of this palace. The walls of the saloon of the Caliphate were covered with ornaments of gold, and from the mouths of several animals, composed of the same metal, gushed jets of water, which fell into an alabaster fountain, above which was suspended the famous pearl which the Greek Emperor had presented to the Caliph as a treasure of inestimable value. In the pavilion, where the royal Moor usually passed the evening with the mistress of this enchanting abode, the ceiling was composed of gold and burnished steel, incrusting with precious stones. And, in the resplendent light reflected from these brilliant ornaments by a hundred crystal lustres, flashed from polished silver the waters of a fountain, whose delicate spray was received again by the alabaster basin, from whose centre it sprung. Some of our readers may hesitate to believe these descriptions, and suppose that we are indebted for them to the *Thousand and One Nights*. But the facts have been detailed by the Arabian historians, and by foreign authors of unquestionable veracity. The sovereign of Cordova was then, perhaps, the richest and most powerful monarch of Europe. Notwithstanding his wealth and splendor, he was wise as he was great. Perhaps nothing will better illustrate his superiority to monarchs generally than the following fragment, traced by his own hand, and found among his papers after death.

"Fifty years have passed away since I became a caliph. Riches, honors, pleasures, I have enjoyed them all. I am satiated with them all.

Rival kings respect me, fear, and envy me. All that the heart of man can desire, Heaven has lavishly bestowed on me. In this long period of seeming felicity, I have estimated *the number of days during which I have enjoyed perfect happiness; they amount to fourteen!* Mortals, learn to appreciate greatness, the world, and human life."

The palace of the second capital of the Moorish kings, when they lost Cordova, and the kingdom of Granada became the limits of their rule, is still more wonderful than the structures of Cordova. We refer to the renowned Alhambra, built by Alhamar. It is approached through a charming avenue, constantly intersected by rivulets, whose streams wander in graceful curves amid groups of trees. The entrance is through a large square tower, called the Hall of Judgment, with an inscription in Arabic. Upon penetrating the palace, one feels as if suddenly transported into a fairy land. The first court is an oblong square, surrounded on each side by a gallery in the form of an arcade, the walls and ceiling of which are covered with mosaic work, festoons, arabesque paintings, gilding, and carving in stucco of the most admirable workmanship. All the plain spaces between these various ornaments are filled with passages from the Koran. In the midst of this court, which is paved with white marble, is a long basin, always filled with running water, of sufficient depth for bathing. It is bordered on each side by beds of flowers, and surrounded by walks lined with orange trees. From thence is a passage into the celebrated Court of Lions, which is a hundred feet in length and fifty in breadth. A colonnade of white marble supports the gallery that runs around the whole. These columns, standing sometimes two and sometimes three together, are of slender proportion and fantastic design; their lightness and grace afford pleasure to the eye of the wondering beholder. The walls, and above all the ceiling of the circular gallery, are covered with embellishments of gold, azure, and stucco, wrought into arabesques with an exquisite delicacy of execution, that the most skillful modern workmen would find it difficult to rival. In the midst of these ornaments of ever-changing variety and beauty are inscribed passages from the Koran. At either extremity of the Court of Lions are placed two elegant cupolas, sixteen feet in circumference, supported by marble columns. These graceful domes form a covering for beautiful *jets d'eau*. In the centre of the square a superb elaborate vase, six feet in diameter, is supported in an elevated position, in the midst of a vast basin, by the forms of twelve lions sculptured from

white marble. This vessel, which is believed to have been modeled after the design of the "molten sea" of the Temple of Solomon, is again surrounded by a smaller vase, from which shoot forth innumerable little cascades, which, together, present the form of a great sheaf, and falling again from one vase into another, and from these into the large basin beneath, create a perpetual flow, whose volume is increased by the floods of limpid water which gush in a continual stream from the mouth of each of the marble lions. This fountain, like all the others, is adorned with inscriptions; for the Moors ever took pleasure in mingling the eloquence of poetry with the graces of sculpture. In the music saloon of this royal abode are four elevated galleries, whence the delightful strains of varied instruments enchanted the Court of Granada. The fair and the brave reclined in graceful groups in the centre of the apartment, upon rich oriental carpets, surrounding the alabaster fountain, whose balmy breath diffused refreshing coolness, and whose softly gurgling sounds mingled with the gentle music, which was ever the accompaniment of repose and enjoyment. In the dressing-room of the Queen, there still exists a slab of marble pierced with an infinite number of small apertures, to admit the exhalations of the perfumes which were incessantly burning beneath. We will not attempt a description in detail of such other portions of the palace of the Alhambra as still exist. Some of these served as halls of audience or of justice; others enclosed the baths of the king, the queen, and their children. Sleeping apartments still remain, with the peculiar pavement already described, and always near a fountain, the unceasing murmur of whose dreamy voice might soothe the occupants to repose. From the palace the views are extremely beautiful—the mellowest and most pleasing effects of light fall upon the delighted eyes, while balmy breezes renew the delicious coolness of the air that breathes through this enchanting retreat.* Upon leaving the marble halls and lofty towers of the Alhambra, one sees on the side of a neighboring mountain the famous garden of the *Generalif*, which signifies, in the Arabic, the *Home of Love*. In this garden was the palace to which the kings of Granada repaired to pass the season of the Spring. It was built in a

* This description of the Alhambra is abridged from Florian, who wrote half a century ago. Time and the hand of man have wrought some destructive changes since.

style similar to that of the Alhambra, and adorned with the same gorgeous splendor and costly magnificence. The edifice is now destroyed; but the picturesque situation, the landscape, the limpid fountains, the sparkling *jets d'eau*, and tumbling waterfalls, are still left to excite pleasure. The terraces of the garden are in the form of an amphitheatre, and the remains of their beautiful mosaic pavement are still to be seen; but the flowers, the loveliness, and the glory of the *Home of Love* are vanished away forever. The present city of Granada, with its crenated walls, terraced gardens, domes, minarets, fountains, old mosques, flat-roofed houses and projecting balconies, has a most picturesque appearance, still, even in its decay, entirely resembling a Mohammedan city.

The architecture of Europe, as revived subsequently to the eighth century, was from the Saracens; they communicated to Europe the impulse which retrieved her from that lethargy, or, as M. Guizot calls it, that death, by the extinction of every function, which came upon her after she had made experience of Rome and her greatness—Christianity and her light—the barbarians and their vigor. They furnished both the models and the first workmen. It is impossible that the architecture of Europe could have sprung from the unlettered barbarians of the north, whether Saxons or Normans. It is a science which requires the application of many other sciences previously pursued, and is, necessarily, of slow growth. Mathematics and dynamics must prepare the way by calculation of the pressure of weights and the power of supports; and, above all, such preparation is requisite in that style which combines height, solidity, lightness, and symmetry, depending upon the proportioning of shafts, the inclination of buttresses, the curve of arches, and the groining of vaults. How could perfection in these things be suddenly attained by barbarous tribes emerging from the forest, or landing from their hide-covered boats? The Saracens, on the contrary, were the only people of Europe, at that period, versed in the sciences necessary to such architecture as the Gothic. Yet such is the prevailing ignorance on the subject of ecclesiastical architecture, that nothing is more common than to hear of “the Gothic springing from the Bible.”

The investigations of history have demonstrated that not only the Gothic style, but the Saxon and the Norman styles,

which preceded it by centuries, were borrowed from the Mohammedans. Hallam says, "The Anglo-Norman Cathedrals, which were as much distinguished above the works of man in their own age as there were splendid edifices at a later period, are, perhaps, an *awkward imitation* of the Saracenic buildings in Spain."* But the researches of other scholars and travellers leave no doubt about their Saracenic origin. The intercourse of northern Europe with the Saracens preceded the Crusades by four or five centuries, and the intercourse of England with Africa preceded Islamism. The first architectural movement in England, in the age of St. Winnifred, followed by half a century the erection of the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, which is one of the noblest monuments in the world, and which Dr. Richardson describes as "the most beautiful building he had ever beheld."

The Lombard style arose in the south of Italy after the Lombards had come in contact with the Saracens, learned their arts, and employed their artists. The second architectural age in England was that of the Normans. It was preceded by their conquests in Calabria and Sicily, inhabited by the Saracens, who, as the ruins left behind them attest, excelled in the very highest branches of this art. The Gothic arose when the Goths of Spain were regaining their power in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and they could emulate the arts and command the services of their Moorish competitors; and the Spanish peculiarities of the style passed into Europe with their name, precisely in the same manner as that of the Norman or the Lombard before them. The inhabitants of England who first introduced the Gothic architecture were not Goths but Saxons; nor were the followers of William Goths, but Normans. The Gothic name had disappeared from Europe as the designation of any country. The name of Goth would have disappeared in Spain also, were it not for the Saracen conquest. In the attempts of the Spaniards to throw off the yoke of the Moors, the Goths were their leaders. To be a Goth was to be a freeman and no longer tributary to the Mussulmans. As the Christians gained strength they could neither take the title of Andalusians nor of Castilians, far less of Spaniards, for these names belonged as much to the Mussulmans as to themselves.

* Middle Ages, vol. iii., p. 631.

They took, therefore, the name of Goths, an ancient and a noble name, associated at once with their national independence, and the authority of the Christian Church, and to this day the peasant of Spain, when he points out a great monument, will say, "*Obra de los Godos.*" There has been a great destruction in Spain of Moorish buildings; but two remarkable ones are left; the fragment of a palace and a mosque, first in fame and first in date, being now thirteen hundred years old. The Tower of Gibraltar, A. D. 745, contains a regular Gothic church window, though now built up. The present buildings of Africa are certainly what they were in the time of Mohammed, and before the conquests of the Saracens. They contain the rudiments of the Gothic, Saxon, and Roman styles. But the pointed arch of the Gothic is to be found from the first moment of the appearance of the Arabs in countries the most remote from each other, and in structures destined to the most diverse purposes. "The pointed arch," says Wilkinson, "was evidently employed in Egypt previous to the accession of the Fatimite dynasty, and, consequently, long before it was known in any part of Europe."* Even the stained glass windows are the invention of the Moors, and clearly borrowed by the rest of Europe from Spain.†

Architecture was the art in which the Spanish Saracens exhibited most strength. Their mosques, palaces, and public halls were erected on a scale of magnificence beyond what was displayed by Greece or Rome in their proudest days. To enumerate the remains of their buildings would require several volumes. Nothing with which we are familiar in architecture can give us a correct idea of that of the Moors, whose chief care was bestowed upon the interior of their structures, where they exhausted all the resources of taste and grandeur to combine the requisites for luxurious indulgence with the charms of nature in her most attractive forms.

But wealth and luxury gradually produced their enervating effects upon the Moors and their kings. With the imbecile Hacchem III. virtually ended the caliphate of Spain. Almanzor, the minister of this weak prince, united to the talents of a statesman the genius of a commander. He was the

* Wilkinson's Thebes, vol. ii., p. 288.

† Urquhart's Travels in Spain and Morocco, vol. ii., p. 278.

most formidable enemy with whom the Christians had yet to contend. His military success continued uninterrupted for fifty years, till the Christian kings of Leon and Navarre and the Court of Castile united their forces and defeated him at last. He died of grief, and with this great man expired the good fortune of the Saracens in Spain. From the period of his death the Spaniards continued to increase their own prosperity by the gradual ruin of the Moors. Factions sprung up. Hacchem was deposed, usurpers took his place, who were deposed in turn, murdered, or poisoned, till the empire of the Caliphs of the West ended in 1027, after it had been possessed by the dynasty of the Omniades for three hundred years. The Moorish governors of the different cities, profiting by the anarchy, threw off the yoke and became independent princes. Cordova was no longer the capital of the kingdom, though it still retained the religious supremacy which it derived from its mosque. Toledo, Saragossa, Seville, Valencia, Lisbon, Huesca, and several other places of inferior importance, became independent sovereignties. Thus enfeebled by divisions and subjected to such diversity of rule, the Mussulmans were no longer able successfully to resist the encroachments of the Spaniards. Their history henceforth is one of disorder and rapid decline. Division was their ruin. By union the Spaniards triumphed—a lesson to other nations. At this period the heroism and patriotic efforts for union of the Spanish Cid, immortalized in song and romance, presented a striking contrast to the wretched career of the parricidal Boabdil of the Moors. The arts, too, which the Moors cultivated, together with the luxury to which they gave rise, relaxed the force of their military institutions, in which they did not keep pace with the age; and the vigor of their warlike spirit was abated. They still, however, continued to be a gallant people, and possessed great resources. According to the Spanish historians, three thousand seven hundred battles were fought before the last of the Moorish kingdoms in Spain submitted to the Christian arms. As the Christians made their conquests at different periods and under different leaders, each formed the territory which he had wrested into an independent state. In the course of time these principalities were annexed to the two more powerful kingdoms of Castile and of Arragon. At length, by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, the two thrones were

united, and the dominion of the Moors was finally extinguished by the surrender of the city of Granada, by treaty, to the Spanish king, who afterwards perfidiously violated the engagements made in his name by his great captain, Gonzalvo: that the Moors should continue to be governed by their own laws; should retain their national customs, their judges, half the number of their mosques, and the free exercise of their faith; that they should be permitted either to keep or sell their property, and to retire to Africa, or to any other country they might select, while at the same time they should not be compelled to leave their native land. These were the conditions which the Moors imposed themselves when they were victors; but they were now persecuted and exterminated by Ferdinand and his successors, till Philip III. drove out the last of them. Thus perished the power and even the existence of the Moors in Spain, eight centuries after the first conquest of the country by Tarik. More than one hundred and fifty thousand took refuge in France, whither they carried their arts, but the greater part of the expatriated Islamites sought a home in Africa. There their descendants drag out a miserable existence under the despotic rule of the sovereigns of Morocco, and unceasingly pray that they may be restored to their beloved Granada. From the depopulation produced by the banishment of the Moors, Spain received a wound from which she has never recovered.

In the palmy days of the Saracen domination, the Spanish provinces were extremely populous, and the Moors had obtained the highest perfection in agriculture. To facilitate the cultivation of the fields, canals were cut, whose stupendous remains at this day excite admiration. Historians assure us that there existed on the shores of the Guadalquivir 12,000 villages, and that a traveller could not proceed through the country without encountering some hamlet every quarter of an hour. There existed in the dominions of the Caliph eighty great cities, three hundred of the second order, and an infinite number of smaller towns. Cordova, the capital of the kingdom, contained 200,000 houses, and 900 public baths. All this prosperity was reversed by the expulsion of the Moors from the Peninsula. The reason is apparent. The Moorish conquerors of Spain did not persecute their foes. The Spaniards, when they had subdued the Moors, oppressed and banished them. The immediate predecessor of Ferdinand boasted that "upon his dominions the sun never set."

Upon what, save Spain itself, of all that boundless empire, does it now rise? His last conquest, Granada, he found rich and populous. He left it poor. Three millions of contented beings thronged its cities or cultivated its lands; where are they now? Under the Moors, the agricultural population were most industrious, and they were possessed of the most fertile country in the world. The gold and silver mines were another source of wealth. Commerce, too, enriched alike the sovereign and the people. The commerce of the Moors was carried on in many articles: silks, oils, sugar, cochineal, iron, wool (which was, at that time, extremely valuable), ambergris, yellow amber, loadstone, antimony, isinglass, rock crystal, sulphur, saffron, ginger, the product of the coral beds on the coast of Andalusia, of the pearl fisheries of Catalonia, and rubies, of which they had discovered two localities, one at Beja, and the other at Malaga. These articles were transported, both raw and manufactured, to Egypt, or other parts of Africa, and to the East. The Emperor of Constantinople, always allied by necessity to the Caliphs of Cordova, favored these enterprises, while France and Italy also contributed to Spanish prosperity. The Saracens were the most enterprising merchants of their period. They founded new cities, or marts, on all the great highways of trade. The arts, which are the children of commerce, and support the existence of their parent, added a brilliant splendor to the Moorish domination. Manufactures flourished. The few which still exist in Spain are those that the Moors established. The feudal system, so long the disgrace and bane of Europe, had no place among the Saracens. Whilst through Christendom honest industry was regarded as the sign of subjection, and trade was esteemed a reproach, the Arabs gave every encouragement to labor and commerce. The Saracens of Spain rivalled, if they did not surpass, the literary excellence of their brethren in the East, and they preserved the lights of learning, the arts and sciences, during the dark ages which followed the fall of the Roman Empire. They excelled in chemistry and medicine. The obligations of mathematical science to the Arabians are universally acknowledged. The very name of algebra proves its oriental origin. The literature of the Saracens exceeds, in amount, that of all other ancient nations. They translated the Greek classics, and whatever that was valuable they found, among the nations which they conquered, they adopted as their own. They

cultivated the sciences possessed by the vanquished with a zeal to which history furnishes no parallel. Of the Arabs it might be said with as much truth as of the Romans of old,

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit et artes
Intulit agreste.

On the whole, the career of the Moors in Spain may be regarded as one of the most extraordinary episodes in human history.

ART. VII.—*History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort.* By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, LL. D., D. C. L. Vols. I., II. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1861.

WERE Mr. Motley as free from prejudices, political and religious, as dignified and pure in his style, and as attentive to the laws of symmetry as he is profound in research, picturesque and graphic in his descriptions, and brilliant and truthful in his portraitures, he would be entitled to rank with the world's greatest historians. As he is, he has few equals; and it may be doubted whether he has any superior among his contemporaries, either in the Old or the New World. His present work has fewer faults and greater merits than his "*Dutch Republic*," which at once established his reputation, placing him side by side with Prescott, Hume, and Robertson; in other words, his prejudices have diminished, and his style has improved. Those who will have most fault to find with the "*United Netherlands*" cannot deny that it is a work of extraordinary interest. In no other history of modern times are the events of six years presented in a manner so well calculated to arrest and enchain attention. It seems difficult to believe, while passing so rapidly from one series of incidents to another, in the two volumes before us, that all have taken place within the brief period mentioned, and that all the men and women of whom we have such vivid portraitures were actors and actresses, either before or behind the curtain, in the same scenes. This is the peculiarity of Mr. Motley. He invests history with the interest of a living drama, not unfrequently elevating it to the grandeur of an epic.

It would be needless to enter into details as to the charac-

teristics of an author so well known as Mr. Motley. Let it be our province, therefore, in the present article, to examine the facts stated and the views expressed, and test their accuracy and justice by comparing them with the opinions of the Dutch historians themselves, as borne out by results with which all intelligent readers are acquainted. It will readily be admitted that no people can be judged by a few isolated events in their history; still less can the motives of kings and princes be understood without examining their experience in the past, and their hopes in the future. It must be remembered that the real cause and the ostensible cause of any particular policy are often very different things. Infidels have been religious and devout when it suited their purpose, and traitors have been loyal and patriotic. Those who examine the history of the world will find little proof that people are brave or otherwise, that they love liberty or submit to oppression, according as they belong to one religious sect or another. The Mohammedans, who believe in fatalism, may be regarded as an exception; they fight recklessly, because they think that happen what may they will not be killed or even wounded, except fate has ordained it. But that Protestants fight better than Catholics, or Catholics better than Protestants, under similar influences, has yet to be proved. Gibbon has been much censured for having treated political events independently of sectarianism; but it is this very independence which imparts to his noble work its enduring value, rendering it a standard authority almost equally among Protestants, Catholics, and Mohammedans. If the author sometimes sneers at Christianity, even that, reprehensible as it is, can hardly do so much harm as to represent any people as brave or otherwise, according as they believe in Purgatory, or in the Thirty-nine Articles.

Still greater is the error to assume that alliances are formed, or protectorates established, merely because the stronger party has a religious sympathy with the weaker. This was not the motive of Elizabeth in espousing the cause of the Netherlands against Spain, as the result showed. Nor has England, to this day, whatever may be her faults besides, ever pursued any such policy. The Commonwealth under Cromwell may seem to form an exception. But if Cromwell made war on Catholics as such, in favor of Protestants, he did so to render himself popular with the masses, the same as Kings and Presidents, of the present day, permit themselves

to be influenced under similar circumstances, often in opposition to their own wishes. But, for this one instance in which war has been avowedly declared on sectarian grounds, we have a dozen showing the contrary tendency. It is known to all, for example, that Catholic Spain, the native home of the Inquisition, numbers England as among her most ancient allies. No ally has taken her part so often, or so well. Even at this moment she would hesitate less in drawing the sword in favor of Spain than she would in favor of Protestant Prussia, notwithstanding the close family alliance now existing between her and the latter. While she was doing all in her power in 1801 to protect Spain from the machinations of France, she bombarded the capital of Protestant Denmark, and did the same in 1807. In a similar manner, she was a party in 1815 to the proposition which deprived Protestant Saxony of nine thousand square miles of territory. But her conduct towards the Netherlands alone would prove, as we shall presently show, that her interference against Philip II. was by no means "a religious movement."

It was no more entitled to that character than has been her interference at any time in favor of Turkey against the encroachments of Russia. If the fact that the Dutch were desirous of having the aid of England, and that the latter afforded them aid, be taken as evidence of mutual affection between the two nations, it must follow that a similar affection has existed between the English and the Turks. Indeed, there is much more proof of the latter than of the former; since England has never entered into any alliance with any other nation for the express purpose of overthrowing the Turkish empire and ruining its commerce, as she has notoriously done in the case of the Netherlands. The British government was friendly enough to the Dutch until they began to flourish as a nation. But as soon as they began to form settlements in India, making Amsterdam the centre of a flourishing trade, the affection referred to, if it ever existed, soon gave way to a very different feeling.

It was sufficient for England that they had become the greatest maritime power of the age. Their Protestantism afforded them no security when, almost immediately after the execution of Charles I., Cromwell's parliament sought a pretext for going to war with them. The famous *Navigation Act* was passed solely with this view. By this act the English were prohibited from importing or exporting goods in Dutch

vessels ; and, under pretense of enforcing it, the latter were subjected to the annoyance of being searched—their cargoes being sometimes seized, as it were, on suspicion and never restored. This was submitted to for several years, by the industrious and peace-loving Dutch ; but finally, after remonstrances and protests failed, they resolved on resistance ; and hence the war which was commenced in 1652. We read but little of this war in English history ; but it is one of the most glorious on the part of the Dutch in which they have ever been engaged. It was during this war that Van Tromp sailed in triumph down the British Channel, with a broom displayed at his mast-head, intimating that he would clear the sea of English ships. Hitherto, England had no naval prestige. This, indeed, was the beginning of it. The threat of the Dutch admiral had its effect on British energy, courage, and pluck ; so that, on the 21st of July, the following year, the Dutch fleet sustained an overwhelming defeat off Schebeling, near the Hague, their admiral having been killed in the action. No one will deny that they were as good Protestants then as they were in the time of Elizabeth ; and the Parliament that had declared the war against them was the Protestant Parliament *par excellence*, and the Virgin Queen herself can hardly be placed above Cromwell in the rank of anti-Popery champions.

But this is not the worst that Protestant England has done against the Protestant Netherlands. The French, who made no war on the Dutch for opposing the Pope or denying purgatory or transubstantiation, did so very readily on worldly grounds. Louis XIV. thought, as Cromwell had before him, that the Dutch were becoming too formidable a power. For no other conceivable reason, he declared war against them ; but they, although a mere handful compared to the French, fought so bravely in defence of their institutions and their homes, that Le Grand Monarque gained but little glory in his first attempts at their subjugation. Did England offer to aid and protect them then, when they were in most danger ? Did she even remonstrate against the invader ? Nothing of the kind. Instead of doing one or the other, she joined the strong against the weak. Charles II. declared war against the Republic, partly to please Louis XIV. and partly to carry out the policy of the Commonwealth. The combined land and naval forces of France and England were brought to bear on the Netherlands.

Great battles were fought, but the Dutch displayed such wonderful vigor, bravery and patriotism, that, unequal as the contest was, after a war of two years the combined armies thought it prudent to retire from the field. This, however, was only for a brief period. The peace agreed to proved a mere truce. Again, in 1672, Louis XIV. declared war against the devoted Netherlands, without the least provocation, and was cordially joined by England. The territories of the Republic were once more invaded. An overwhelming French army had approached within three miles of Amsterdam, when the Dutch, seeing that they had no aid to expect from any quarter, sent deputies to Paris; but the King treated them with so much disdain, and required such humiliating terms, that they resolved to die in defence of their homes and their liberties, rather than submit to the degradation to which he sought to reduce them. The alternative adopted, after negotiation had thus failed, is well known. The Dutch broke down their dykes and flooded the country, so that Amsterdam had the appearance of an immense fortress in the midst of the ocean. It was a terrible expedient, causing an incalculable amount of loss and suffering; but, like the burning of Moscow by Alexander I., it had the effect of causing the invaders to retire for the present. This war lasted six years; and finally Louis was compelled, not only to make peace, but to restore all the cities and towns he had captured since his first invasion of the country. In short, as long as the people continued united and did not interfere, except in self-defence, in the wars of neighboring powers, it was impossible either to subjugate themselves or destroy their commerce. But towards the middle of the eighteenth century the politicians had succeeded in forming several parties. The country became divided against itself. After a period of nearly two years of anarchy the Prince of Orange was declared hereditary Stadtholder, as a means of preventing civil war; and thus ended the Republic which, as we have seen, had not only rendered itself independent of the great colossus of the South—the greatest Power then in existence—but had continued for more than half a century to bid defiance to the combined forces of France and England, commanded by the greatest generals of their time. May we not remark in passing, that, in the distracted state of our own country at the present time, we ought to profit by the solemn lesson thus taught by the Netherlands to all Republican Governments

capable of taking warning from the fate of a nation once among the greatest, if not the very greatest, in Christendom? The English had become the successful rivals of the Dutch, while the latter, being divided into factions, were engaged in fierce disputes among themselves, until finally the English war, at the time of the American Revolution, so completely ruined Dutch commerce that it has never been the same since.

These are facts which none can deny, and which no British historian, worthy of the name, has sought to ignore. We do not mean that they exhibit any extraordinary depravity on the part of England; she has, probably, done no worse than any other nation of equal energy and ambition would have done, in similar circumstances—no worse than France, Spain or Austria—no worse than the Romans did to the Carthaginians. What we do mean is, simply to show that religion had very little, if anything, to do with the wars in which the Netherlands and England have been engaged, either as allies or mutual enemies. There is little doubt that Philip II. was a tyrant and a bigot; but no foreign nation made war upon him merely on this account, whatever it was desirable to pretend to the contrary. Nor is it by any means clear that the Dutch would not have rebelled against a similar tyrant before as well as after the Reformation, though they are now proverbially the most peaceable people in Europe. It must be remembered that they are the descendants of the bravest defenders of ancient Gaul against the Roman invasion under Julius Cæsar. In the glowing pages of Mr. Motley, there are scenes and incidents which recall the splendid valor of the Nervii, the defeat of whom was one of the grandest feats ever performed, even by Imperial Cæsar. Mark Antony's oration over the dead body of the hero shows that no victory he had ever gained was held in higher estimation by his countrymen than that of "the day on which he overcame the Nervii." Cæsar himself bears ample testimony to their desperate valor in the second book of his Commentaries. He is astonished to learn that they are awaiting his approach at the river Sabis, now called the Sambre—still more astonished when they attack his legions and put the Roman cavalry to flight.* No ethnological fact of ancient

* Equites nostri cum funditoribus sagittariisque flumen transgressi cum hostium equitatu prælium commiserunt. Quum se illi identidem in silvas ad suos recipere ac rursus ex silva in nostros impetum facerent, &c. • • Eâdem autem celeritate adverso colle ad nostra castra atque eos, qui in opera occupati erant, contenderent.—*De Bello Gallico*, Lib. ii., ch. xix.

times is more clearly proved* than that they were a tribe of the Belgæ, of whom Cæsar says in the very first chapter of his Commentaries: *Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgæ*, &c. It was not because they were Protestants or Catholics, or even Christians—for they were not one or the other—that they resisted the Roman legions in the manner described by the commander of the latter; but because they loved liberty, were impatient of control, and had the courage to stake their lives rather than submit their necks to the yoke, even of the Mistress of the World. And their descendants, whether we call them Dutch or Belgians, have not ceased to be actuated by the same sentiments to the present day.

Having thus glanced at the general character of the Dutch, and at the most prominent events in their history, in order that the reader may be the better able to understand Mr. Motley, we now proceed to give such extracts, here and there, from the "United Netherlands," as seem best calculated to indicate the true character of the work; to show that the estimate we have given of it at the opening of our article is no exaggerated praise; and at the same time to afford a veritable intellectual treat, to such extent as our space will admit, to those of our readers who may not find it convenient to purchase the work.

"I venture to hope," says Mr. Motley, "whatever judgment may be passed on my own labors, that this work may be thought to possess an intrinsic value, for the various materials of which it is composed are original, and, so far as I am aware, have not been made use of by any historical writer."

This, it will be seen, is high praise, though the remark is made in no self-laudatory spirit. At any rate, it cannot be denied that the statement is correct. We have ourselves paid no little attention to the history of the Netherlands as written from different points of view and in different languages—in Spanish as well as in French; and however much we may sometimes take the liberty to differ with Mr. Motley as to the manner in which he accounts for a certain class of events, and the motives he assigns for certain courses of action, we cheerfully, nay gratefully, bear our humble testimony to the fact, that, so far as the two volumes before us extend, they contain

* Eodem tempore equites nostri lerisque armaturæ pedites, qui cum iis unâ fuerant quos primo hostium impetu pulsos dixeram quum se in castra reciperent, adversis postibus occurrebant, ac rursus aliam in partem fugam petebant. — *Ib.*, ch. xxiv.

more that is interesting and valuable than all other histories, however elaborate or voluminous, relative to the same period, which it has been our privilege to examine. What is more, the facts are well attested in the main; indeed, they seldom admit of a doubt, so fully are they supported by various authorities; it is only in regard to the conclusions which are sometimes drawn from them that we are forced to dissent from our author, as intimated in our preliminary remarks; and we leave it to our readers to judge whether we are right or wrong in this. The first picture which we give and its pendant speak for themselves. The former is admirably drawn and true to nature; the latter is, perhaps, somewhat exaggerated; but for this very reason it may be regarded as a pretty fair specimen of the author's mode of passing judgment on those whose political or religious opinions conflict with his own:

"A small, dull, elderly, imperfectly educated, patient, plodding invalid, with white hair and protruding under jaw, and dreary visage, was sitting day after day, seldom speaking, never smiling, seven or eight hours out of every twenty-four, at a writing-table, covered with heaps of interminable despatches, in a cabinet far away beyond the seas and mountains, in the very heart of Spain. A clerk or two noiselessly opening and shutting the door, from time to time fetching fresh bundles of letters and taking away others—all written and composed by secretaries or high functionaries—and all to be scrawled over in the margin by the diligent old man in a big schoolboy's hand and style—if ever schoolboy, even in the sixteenth century, could write so illegibly, or express himself so awkwardly; and couriers in the court-yard, arriving from, or departing for, the uttermost parts of earth—Asia, Africa, America, Europe—to fetch and carry these interminable epistles, which contained the irresponsible commands of this one individual, and were freighted with the doom and destiny of countless millions of the world's inhabitants—such was the system of government against which the Netherlands had protested and revolted. It was a system under which their fields had been made desolate, their cities burned and pillaged, their men hanged, burned, drowned, or hacked to pieces; their women subjected to every outrage; and to put an end to which they had been devoting their treasure and their blood for nearly the length of one generation. It was a system, too, which, among other results, had just brought about the death of *the foremost statesman of Europe, and had nearly effected, simultaneously, the murder of the most eminent sovereign in the world.* The industrious Philip, safe and tranquil in the depths of the Escorial, saying his prayers three times a day with exemplary regularity, had just sent three bullets through the body of William the Silent, at his dining-room door in Delft. 'Had it only been done two years earlier,' observed the patient old man, 'much trouble might have been spared me; but 'tis better late than never.'"—Vol. i., pp. 2, 3.

It may be safely doubted whether the Prince of Orange—assuming it to be true that Philip II. had really employed the assassin to murder him—was "the foremost statesman in Eu-

rope," even at a time when statesmen were neither numerous nor great; and it is still more questionable whether that monarch, tyrannical and ambitious as he undoubtedly was, had ever contemplated the murder of Elizabeth. We transcribe another passage which is in the same spirit:

"A vast responsibility rested upon the head of a monarch, placed as Philip II. found himself, at this great dividing point in modern history. To judge him, or any man in such a position, simply from his own point of view, is weak and illogical. History judges the man according to its point of view. It condemns or applauds the point of view itself. The point of view of a malefactor is not to excuse robbery and murder. Nor is the spirit of the age to be pleaded in defence of the evil-doer at a time when mortals were divided into almost equal troops. The age of Philip II. was also the age of William of Orange and his four brethren, of Sainte Aldegonde, of Olden-Barneveldt, of Duplessis-Mornay, La Nune, Coligny, of Luther, Melancthon, and Calvin, Walsingham, Sidney, Raleigh, Queen Elizabeth, of Michael Montaigne, and William Shakespeare. It was not an age of blindness, but of glorious light. If the man whom the Maker of the Universe had permitted to be born to such boundless functions chose to put out his own eyes, that he might grope along his great pathway of duty in perpetual darkness, by his deeds he must be judged. The king, perhaps, firmly believed that the heretics of the Netherlands, of France, or of England, could escape eternal perdition only by being extirpated from the earth by fire and sword; and, therefore, perhaps, felt it his duty to devote his life to their extermination. But he believed, still more firmly, that his own political authority throughout his dominions, and his road to almost universal empire, lay over the bodies of those heretics."—Vol. I., p. 6.

In every part of his work, Mr. Motley makes religion the ruling motive. "In truth," he says (page 34), "one of the most painful features of the general aspect of affairs was the coldness of the German Protestants towards the Netherlands. The enmity between Lutherans and Calvinists was almost as great as that between Protestants and Papists." There is nothing strange in this, except in very rare instances; when fanaticism gets the better of reason, worldly interests are much more powerful incentives to war than the mere differences in points of theology. Our author thinks differently, however. "The Kings of France and of Spain," he says, "have always acted in concert, *for religion was the most potent of bonds*" (p. 61). We have already shown that they have not always acted in concert. How often have they done so since the time of Henry III.? Nor did the Dutch themselves believe that "religion was the most potent of ties" between kings. If they did, why did they make their first applications to the king of France, offering him the sovereignty of their country, although, to use Mr. Motley's

words, he was "a Papist, a Jesuit"? It was not until he failed them that they applied to Elizabeth. The truth is, that they tried almost to force the sovereignty on him; and even the Huguenots thought they were right in doing so. "Could the king be once brought," they said, "to promise the Netherlands his protection, there was not the least fear but that he would keep his word." It is well known that the king of France often hid from the Dutch envoys, to avoid their importunities, not on account of their theological opinions, if any such they had, but simply because he did not deem it convenient or advisable to go to war on their account with the colossus of the South. This is sufficiently evident from our author's own narrative. "Then," he observes (p. 56), "they waited ten days *longer*, concealed as if they had been thieves or spies, rather than the representatives of a friendly power on a more than friendly errand." The king finally sent them a polite reply by Secretary Brulart. "He stated," says Mr. Motley, "that the king sent his royal thanks to the States *for the offer which they had made him, and to the deputies in particular, for taking the trouble of so long a journey*; but that he did not find his realm in condition *to undertake a foreign war so inopportunistically*. In every other regard his Majesty offered the States all possible favors and pleasures." It was in vain that the deputies remonstrated and protested. "Who ever heard before," said they, "of refusing audience to public personages? Kings often grant audiences to mere letter-carriers. Even the king of Spain never refused a hearing to the deputies from the Netherlands, when they came to Spain to complain of his own government" (p. 57). But all was no use. Then, when they could do no better, they made a virtue of necessity, by offering the rejected sovereignty to England; and England, Protestant as she was, rejected in turn. Elizabeth was far too shrewd to accept so equivocal a boon, though she was willing enough to engage in a war that promised both glory and profit. It is well known that she, too, felt somewhat annoyed at the importunities of the Dutch envoys, after their mission to the Court of France had so signally failed. On the 22d of April, 1585, they addressed Elizabeth as follows: "Recognizing that there is no prince or potentate to whom they are more obliged than they are to your Majesty, we are about to *request you very humbly to accept the sovereignty of these Provinces, and the people of the same for your very humble vassals and servants.*"

It can hardly be said that there was much republican spirit in this. At any rate, the Queen paid little attention to it; but they tried again and again to persuade her. To their third memorial, or humble petition, she replies as follows: "Gentlemen, had I a thousand tongues, I should not be able to express my obligations to you for the very great and handsome offers you have just made. I firmly believe that this proceeds from the true zeal, devotion, and affection which you have always borne me, and I am certain that you have ever preferred me to all the princes and potentates in the world," &c. It is not difficult to detect a tinge of satire in this, especially when it is known that her Majesty concluded by rejecting the proffered sovereignty. This she did in the most unequivocal terms. Yet they would importune her again, the same day, if not prevented by her Ministers. "Her Highness," said Burghley, "cannot be induced, by any writing or harangue that you can make, to accept the principality or proprietorship as sovereign, and it will therefore be labor lost for you to exhibit any writing for the purpose of changing her intention. It will be better for you to content yourselves with her Majesty's consent to assist you and take you under her protection." But they were not to be put off so easily, even after the fourth refusal; and accordingly the threatened paper was exhibited two days after, but with no better result than any previous performance. They, however, would not take "no" for an answer. "We have told you over and over again," said the Lord Treasurer, "that her Majesty will never think of accepting the sovereignty. She will assist you with money and men, and *must be repaid to the last farthing when the war is over*; and, until that period, must have solid pledges *in the shape of a town in each province*."* It might be supposed that now, at all events, their Dutch Excellencies would retire with their answer, but they did nothing of the kind. They had still some new arguments to urge in favor of their proposition; and finally, when they could do no better, they were willing to be ruled by a lord.

"Touching the last point of your demand—according to which you desire a personage of quality—I know, gentlemen, that you do not always agree very well among yourselves, and that it would be good for you to have some one to effect such agreement. For this reason I have always intended, so soon as we should have made our treaty, to send a lord of *name and authority* to reside with you, to assist you in governing, and to aid with his advice in the better direction of your affairs."—Pp. 328-9.

* United Netherlands, Vol. I., p. 324.

In short, there are few comedies more amusing than the efforts of the Dutch envoys to get the king of France, or the queen of England, to take charge of themselves and their country; but throughout the whole proceedings, so admirably narrated by Mr. Motley, from original resources, there is not the slightest evidence that they cared one stiver whether the sovereign that might consent to govern them meant to go to heaven by faith alone, or by good works. The most interesting, if not the most valuable, results of the negotiations were the well-drawn sketches given of the English people. Several specimens of these are given by Mr. Motley. We transcribe an extract or two:

"As a people, they (the English) are stout-hearted, vehement, eager, cruel in war, zealous in attack, little fearing death; not revengeful, but fickle, presumptuous, rash, boastful, deceitful, very suspicious, especially of strangers, whom they despise. They are full of courteous and hypocritical gestures and words, which they consider to imply good manners, civility, and wisdom. * * The most difficult and ingenious of the handicrafts are in the hands of foreigners, as in the case of the lazy inhabitants of Spain. They feed many sheep, with fine wool, from which two hundred years ago they learned to make cloth. They keep many idle servants and many wild animals for their pleasure, instead of cultivating the soil. They have many ships, but they do not even catch fish enough for their own consumption, but purchase of their neighbors. * * When they go away from home, they always wear their best clothes, contrary to the habits of other nations. The English language is broken Dutch, mixed with French and British terms and words, but with a lighter pronunciation. They do not speak from the chest, like the Germans, but prattle only with the tongue."

Of the English women, the same writer says:

"They are entirely in the power of the men, except in matters of life and death, &c. * * They are gay in their clothing, taking well their ease, leaving house-work to the servant maids, and are fond of sitting finely dressed before their doors to see the passers-by, and be seen of them. In all banquets and dinner parties they have the most honor, sitting at the upper end of the board, and being served first. Their time is spent in riding, lounging, card playing and making merry with their gossips at child-bearings, christenings, churchings, and burials; and all this conduct the men wink at because such are the customs of the land."

In speaking of the Dutch Republic and of the war of independence against Spain, it is too often forgotten that "the patriots" were more feared by those of their own countrymen who had anything to lose, than the most ruthless of "the foreign oppressors." *

* Philip's father, Charles V., could hardly be called a foreigner by the Dutch since he was a native of Ghent.

This is well illustrated by Mr. Motley, with all his predilections in favor of republicanism, and his prejudices against the Spanish power. An attack by the patriots on Bois-le-Duc, one of the four principal cities of Brabant, which were still in possession of the king of Spain, is thus described in "The United Netherlands:—"

"One dark winter's night, Kleerhagen with fifty picked soldiers advanced to the Antwerp gate of Bois-le-Duc, while Hohenlo, with his whole force, lay in ambuscade as near as possible to the city. Between the drawbridge and the portcullis were two small guard-houses, which very carelessly had been left empty. Kleerhagen with his fifty followers successfully climbed into the lurking places, where they quietly ensconced themselves for the night. At eight o'clock of the following morning (20th January, 1585), the guards of the gate drew up the portcullis, and reconnoitered. At the same instant the ambushed fifty sprang from their concealment, put them to the sword, and made themselves masters of the gate. None of the night watch escaped with life, save one poor old invalided citizen, whose business had been to draw up the portcullis, and who was severely wounded and left for dead. The fifty immediately summoned all of Hohenlo's ambuscade that were within hearing, and then, without waiting for them, entered the town pell-mell, in the best of spirits. A single corporal, with two men, was left to guard the entrance. Meantime, the old wounded gate opener, bleeding and crippled, crept into a dark corner and laid himself down unnoticed, to die. Soon afterwards Hohenlo galloped into the town, clad in complete armor, his long curls floating to the wind, with about two hundred clattering behind him, closely followed by two hundred pike-men on foot.

"Very brutally, foolishly and characteristically, he had promised his followers the sacking of the city so soon as it should be taken. They accordingly set about sacking before it was taken. Hardly had the five or six hundred effected their entrance, than, throwing off all control, they dispersed through the principal streets and *began bursting open the doors of the most opulent households*. The cries of 'victory!' 'gained city!' 'down with the Spaniard!' resounded on all sides. Many of the citizens, panic-struck, fled from their homes, which they thus abandoned to pillage, while, meantime, the loud shouts of the assailants reached the ears of the sergeant and his two companions who had been left in charge of the gate. Fearing that they should be cheated of their rightful share of the plunder, they at once abandoned their post, and set forth after their comrades as fast as their legs could carry them.

"Now it so chanced, although there was no garrison in the town, that forty Burgundians and Italian lancers with about thirty foot-soldiers, had come in the day before to escort a train of merchandise. The Seigneur de Hautepenne, governor of Breda, a famous royalist commander—son of old Count Berlaymont, who first gave the name of 'beggars' to the patriots—had accompanied them in the expedition. The little troop were already about to mount their horses to depart, when they became aware of the sudden tumult. Elmont, governor of the city, had also flown to the rescue, and had endeavored to rally the burghers. Not unmindful of their ancient warlike fame they had obeyed his entreaties. Elmont, with a strong party of armed citizens, joined himself to Hautepenne's little band of lancers. They fired a few shots at straggling parties of plunderers, and pursued others up some narrow streets. They

were but a handful in comparison with the number of the patriots who had gained entrance to the city. They were, however, compact, united, and resolute. The assailants were scattered, disorderly, and bent only upon plunder. When attacked by an armed and regular band, they were amazed. They had been told that there was no garrison; and beheld a choice phalanx of Spanish lancers, led on by one of the most famous of Philip's Netherland chieftains. They thought themselves betrayed by Kleeerhagen, entrapped into a deliberately arranged ambush. There was a panic. The soldiers, dispersed and doubtful, could not be rallied. Hohenlo, seeing that nothing was to be done with his five hundred, galloped furiously out of the gate, to bring in the rest of his troops, who had remained outside the walls. The prize of the wealthy city of Boisselle-Duc was too tempting to be lightly abandoned; but he had much better have thought of making himself master of it, before he should present it as a prey to his followers.

"During his absence the panic spread. The States' troops, bewildered, astonished, vigorously assaulted, turned their backs upon their enemies, and fled helter-skelter towards the gates, through which they had first gained admittance. But unfortunately for them, so soon as the corporal had left his position, the wounded old gate-opener, in a dying condition had crawled forth on his hands and knees from a dark hole in the tower, cut, with a pocket-knife, the ropes of the portcullis, and then given up the ghost. Most effective was that blow struck by a dead man's hand. Down came the portcullis. The flying plunderers were entrapped. Close behind them came the excited burghers—their antique Belgic ferocity now fully aroused—firing away with carbine and matchlock, dealing about them with bludgeon and cutlass, and led merrily on by Haultepenne and Elmont armed in proof, at the head of their squadron of lancers. The unfortunate patriots had risen very early in the morning only to shear the wolf. Some were cut to pieces in the streets; others climbed the walls, and threw themselves head foremost into the moat. Many were drowned, and but a very few effected their escape. Justinus de Nassau sprang over the parapet, and succeeded in swimming the ditch. Kleeerhagen, driven into the Holy Cross tower, ascended to its roof, leaped, all accounted as he was, into the river, and with the assistance of a Scotch soldier, came safe to land. Ferdinand Truchsess, brother of the ex-electeur of Cologne, was killed. Four or five hundred of the assailants—nearly all who had entered the city—were slain, and about fifty of the burghers.—Vol. I., pp. 175, 6, 7, 8.

The peculiar character of the Dutch government is well described by Mr. Motley, and his description possesses more than ordinary interest at the present moment :

"Without, at the present moment, any further inquiries into that constitutional system which had been long consolidating itself, and was destined to exist upon a firmer basis for centuries longer, it will be sufficient to observe, that the great characteristic of the Netherland government was the municipality. Each Province contained a large number of cities which were governed by a board of magistrates, varying in number from twenty to forty. This college, called the *Vroedschap* (Assembly of Sages), consisted of the most notable citizens, and was a self-electing body—a close corporation—the members being appointed for life, from the citizens at large. Whenever vacancies occurred, from death or loss of citizenship, the college chose new members—sometimes immediately,

sometimes by means of a double or triple selection of names, the choice of one from among which was offered to the stadtholder of the province. This functionary was appointed by the Count, as he was called, whether Duke of Bavaria, or of Burgundy, Emperor or King. After the abjuration of Philip, the governors were appointed by the estates of each province.

"The Sage-men chose annually a board of senators, or schepens, whose functions were mainly judicial; and there were generally two, and sometimes three burgomasters appointed in the same way. This was the popular branch of the estates. But, besides this body of representatives, were the nobles, men of ancient lineage and large possessions, who had exercised, according to the general feudal law of Europe, high, low, and intermediate jurisdiction upon their estates, and had long been recognized as an integral part of the body politic, having the right to appear through delegates of their order, in the provincial and in the general assemblies.

"Regarded as a machine for bringing the most decided political capacities into the administration of public affairs, and for organizing the most practical opposition to the system of religious tyranny, the Netherland constitution was a healthy, and, for the age, an enlightened one. The office-holders, it is obvious, were not greedy for the spoils of office; for it was, unfortunately, often the case that their necessary expenses in the service of the State were not defrayed. The people raised enormous contributions for carrying on the war; but they could not afford to be extremely generous to their faithful servants."—Vol. I., pp. 11, 12, 13.

The conduct of the king's representative, Alexander, Duke of Parma, as truthfully and graphically described by Mr. Motley, presents a striking contrast to that of the patriot general Hohenlo, who, as we have seen, delivered up the city to pillage as soon as he thought it was in his power. Although every conceivable means had been used for the destruction of himself and his troops, including infernal machines of various kinds, and fire-ships,* while he was besieging Antwerp, yet when the city fell into his hands, far from permitting himself to be influenced by vindictive feelings, Parma exercised the utmost forbearance. Even the spies sent into his camp to betray him to his enemies, were allowed to depart in peace. "He (a spy) expected, of course," says Mr. Motley, "to be immediately hanged. On the contrary, Alexander gave orders that he should be conducted over every part of the encampment. The fort, the palisades, the bridge, were all to be carefully exhibited and explained to him as if he had been a friendly visitor entitled to every information. He was then requested to count the pieces of artillery in the forts, on the bridge, in the armada. After thoroughly studying the scene, he was then dismissed with a safe conduct to the city. 'Go back to

* See p. 133, vol. I., et seq. for a description of the fire-ships, &c.

those who sent you,' said the prince. 'Convey to them the information in quest of which you came. Apprise them of everything which you have inspected, counted, heard explained. Tell them farther, that the siege will never be abandoned, and that this bridge will be my sepulchre or my pathway to Antwerp.'"—Vol. I., pp. 184-5.

The burgomaster of Antwerp had a difficult task to perform during the siege, in trying to restrain the mob. "Sometimes he was denounced for having sold himself and his country to the Spaniards, and was assailed with execrations for being willing to conclude a sudden and disgraceful peace. At other moments he was accused of forging letters, containing promises of succor from the Queen of England, and from the authorities of Holland, in order to protract the lingering tortures of the war." Finally, when he capitulated, "the populace, wild with delight, rushed through the streets tearing down the arms of the Duke of Anjou, which had remained above the public edifices since the period of that personage's temporary residence in the Netherlands, and substituting with wonderful celerity the escutcheon of Philip II. Thus suddenly could an Antwerp mob pass from democratic insolence to intense loyalty."

We now come to the contrast referred to above, and while showing that whatever were the faults of Parma, he was neither revengeful nor blood-thirsty; it shows at the same time that the respectable citizens evinced no less joy than the mob. The scenes which took place on the occasion of the triumphal entrance of the royal troops into Antwerp, are described with remarkable vividness by Mr. Motley. Indeed, there are few, if any better specimens of word-painting even in Macauley's history of England; and it may be added that our author is as faithful to the facts of history as he is eloquent:

"Ten days after the capitulation, Parma made his triumphal entrance into Antwerp; but, according to his agreement, he spared the citizens the presence of the Spanish and Italian soldiers, the military procession being composed of the Germans and Walloons. Escorted by his body-guard, and surrounded by a knot of magnates and veterans, among whom the Duke of Arschot, the Prince of Chimaz, the Counts Mansfeld, Egmont, Aremberg, were conspicuous. Alexander proceeded towards the captured city. He was met at the Keyser Gate by a triumphal chariot of gorgeous workmanship, in which sat the fair nymph Antwerpia, magnificently bedizen'd, and accompanied by a group of beautiful maidens. Antwerpia welcomed the conqueror with a kiss, recited a poem in his honor, and bestowed upon him the keys of the city, one of which was of gold. This the Prince immediately fastened to the chain around his neck, from which

was suspended the lamb of the golden fleece, with which order he had just been, amid great pomp and ceremony, invested.

"On the public square called the Mere, the Genoese merchants had erected two rostral columns, each surmounted by a colossal image, representing respectively Alexander of Macedon and Alexander of Parma. Before the house of Portugal was an enormous phoenix, expanding her wings quite across the street; while, in other parts of the town, the procession was met by ships of war, elephants, dromedaries, whales, dragons, and other triumphal phenomena. In the market-place were seven statues in copper, personifying the seven planets, together with an eighth representing Bacchus; and perhaps there were good mythological reasons why the god of wine, together with so large a portion of our solar system, should be done in copper by Jacob Jongsling, to honor the triumph of Alexander, although the key to the enigma has been lost.

"The cathedral had been thoroughly fumigated with frankincense, and besprinkled with holy water, to purify the sacred precincts from their recent pollution by the reformed rites; and the Protestant pulpits which had been placed there had been soundly beaten with rods, and then burned to ashes. The procession entered within its walls, where a magnificent '*Te Deum*' was performed, and then, after much cannon-firing, bell-ringing, torch-light exhibition, and other pyrotechnics, the Prince made his way at last to the palace provided for him. The glittering display by which the royalists celebrated their triumph lasted three days long, the city being thronged from all the country round with eager and frivolous spectators, who were never wearied with examining the wonders of the bridge and forts, and with gazing at the tragic memorials which still remained of the fight on the Kowenstyn.

"During the interval, the Spanish and Italian soldiery, not willing to be outdone in demonstrations of respect to their chief, nor defrauded of their rightful claim to a holiday, amused themselves with preparing a demonstration of a novel character. The bridge, which, as it was well known, was to be destroyed within a very few days, was adorned with triumphal arches, and decked with trees and flowering plants; its roadway was strewed with branches; and the palisades, parapets, and forts were garnished with wreaths, emblems, and poetical inscriptions, in honor of the Prince. The soldiers themselves, attired in verdurous garments of foliage and flower-work, their swart faces adorned with roses and lilies, paraded the bridge and dyke in fantastic procession, with flash of cymbal and flourish of trumpet, dancing, singing, and discharging their carabines, in all the delirium of triumph. Nor was a suitable termination to the festival wanting, for Alexander, pleased with the genial character of these demonstrations, repaired himself to the bridge, where he was received with shouts of rapture by his army, thus whimsically converted into a horde of fawns and satyrs. Afterwards, a magnificent banquet was served to the soldiers upon the bridge. The whole extent of its surface, from the Flemish to the Brabant shore—the scene so lately of deadly combat, and of the midnight havoc caused by infernal machinery—was changed, as if by the stroke of a wand, into a picture of sylvan and Arcadian merry-making, and spread with tables laden with delicate viands. Here sat the host of war-bronzed figures, banqueting at their ease, their heads crowned with flowers, while the highest magnates of the army, humoring them in their masquerade, served them with dainties, and filled their goblets with wine."—Vol. I., pp. 258–60.

The few extracts we have thus given, almost at random, give but a faint idea, replete with interest as they are, of the

veritable fascination of Mr. Motley's narrative. There are incidents enough for a whole volume in the five chapters we have glanced at; incidents interspersed with as glowing delineations of character, and as splendid historical portraitures, as we have met with in any modern work. The character of Philip de Marnix, Lord of Sainte Aldegonde, the learned, brave and philosophic burgomaster of Antwerp, is drawn with a masterly hand. In the same chapters we have photographs of Henry III., with his satin slippers, his silken flounces, and his jewelled necklaces, *à la femme*; of Henry, Duke of Guise, the champion of the Catholics; of Henry of Navarre, the favorite of the Protestants—he who laughed at the Pope for excommunicating him—wrote a satire on the successor of St. Peter, causing the same to be pinned to the statues of Pasquin and Marfario at Rome—declaring that, “Mr. Sixtus, calling himself Pope, had foully and maliciously lied in calling the King of Navarre a heretic”—he, in fine, of whom the same Pope often spoke afterwards with admiration, protesting that, with the sole exception of Elizabeth of England, he was the only person of his time fit to wear a crown.

Passing from the Continent to England, our author is, if possible, still more interesting, as has been partly seen already, in glancing at the amusing episode relative to the Dutch Envoys. Thus, in one part of the picture gallery we have portraits of the Duke of Parma, Hohenlo, Martin Schenck, and Prince Maurice; in another, of Leicester, Sir Philip Sidney, and Burleigh; and in a third, of Walsingham, Davison, and Barneveld; and the difficulty is to decide which group is most suggestive of Raphael or Reubens. Nor are these the only historical personages to whom the reader is introduced in the volumes before us. No one has described Robert Dudley, the Blue Beard of his time, with a more graphic and lively, if more faithful pencil, than Mr. Motley. The student of English history need hardly be told that we mean the Dudley supposed to have poisoned Lady Lennox, Alice Drayton, Amy Robsart, as well as the Earl of Sussex, Lord Sheffield, Lord Essex, Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, and at least a half dozen of others.

Thus, in fascinating interest, Motley's “United Netherlands” will lose nothing by comparison with Macaulay's History of England; though the latter is much more impartial in its general tone, and more pure and classic in its style, than the former. To Mr. Motley's political and religious prejudices

we have already alluded ; but they are by no means the most serious defects in his History : for, if he exaggerates faults in one place, he does ample justice to the virtues of the same party in another. This is well illustrated in his portraiture of the Duke of Parma. The chief defect of the work is, that its tendency is much more to glorify England than to inspire either respect or admiration for the Dutch, or their capacities for self-government. The latter are, indeed, highly, and doubtless conscientiously, praised by our author. He does ample justice to their many sterling qualities—more, perhaps, than any other foreign writer ; but it is in accounting for the exercise of those qualities, as already observed, that in our opinion, he errs. Upon the other hand, the English have legitimate glory enough to boast of, without claiming from the Dutch, or any other people, what the world knows they are not entitled to. No English historian has taken the view of British interference in the Netherlands, which Mr. Motley has. Elizabeth herself did not seriously pretend that she was actuated solely by religious motives, in joining the Dutch against the power of Spain. Had she done so, her conduct would have sufficiently proved the contrary ; since, as Mr. Motley himself shows, she would not take a single step requiring any outlay of either blood or treasure, until she had made sure of being fully paid for her services. But the Virgin Queen is one of our author's clients. Like the Prince of Orange, whom he almost deifies, as Macauley does his descendent, William III., whatever she does is excusable if not altogether right. Even the nineteen years' captivity of Mary Stuart, and her final execution, elicit but slight condemnation from Mr. Motley. "Yet who doubts," he says, "that it would have required, exactly at that moment, and in the midst of that crisis, more elevation of soul than could fairly be predicated of any individual, for Elizabeth, in 1587, to pardon Mary, or to relax in the severity of her legislation towards English Papists" (vol. ii. p. 190). Assuming it to be true that Philip II. caused the assassination of our author's hero, William of Orange, the crime was hardly more revolting than the execution of the most beautiful and accomplished woman of her time ; who, as the unfortunate victim herself vainly urged, was independent Queen of Scotland and Queen dowager of France, and, as such, could be tried, according to the laws of England, only by a jury of her peers.

Whenever Mr. Motley has occasion to allude to the Belgians as distinguished from the Dutch, he allows himself to be influenced by the same aversions and predilections. He thinks the former less brave, and less fond of liberty than the latter, for no other apparent reason than that they are of a somewhat different faith. For our own part, we prefer the faith of the Dutch to that of the Belgians, but we do not like the latter people the less on this account, or think that it interferes in the least with their patriotism or love of liberty.

And is it not to ignore the facts of history to do otherwise? It is only necessary to compare the Dutch and Belgians of our own time in order to understand this. Be it remembered, that, when the Netherlands were relinquished by the king of Spain, and taken charge of by Austria, it was the Belgians, and not the Dutch, who expelled the Austrians as soon as they saw that the Emperor Joseph II. was making inroads on their liberties. It cannot be said, then, that it was on religious grounds they subsequently preferred a connection with France rather than with Holland. When, after the downfall of Napoleon, Holland and Belgium were united once more, the latter lost no time in resisting the despotic power assumed by the king, in violation of his solemn promises. Seeing that, not satisfied with taxing the people without their consent, he abolished trial by jury, for which they were indebted not to the Dutch, but to the French, but also muzzled the press by fines, dungeons, and banishment, the city of Brussels rose in insurrection on the 25th of August, 1830, and expelled the royal troops. All the other Belgian cities followed the example of the capital. All that remained to the Dutch king was the citadel of Antwerp. The principal powers of Europe, finding that the revolution was complete, acknowledged the independence of Belgium, whose people, although chiefly Catholics, voted the crown to Leopold, of Saxe-Coburg, a Protestant prince; and no intelligent person need be told which of the two kingdoms—Holland or Belgium—has since made the greater progress in prosperity and civilization.

These prejudices on the part of Mr. Motley decidedly mar his narrative. They undoubtedly preclude him from equaling Prescott as a historical authority. Neither the "Dutch Republic" nor the "United Netherlands" will ever be so popular in continental Europe (save, perhaps, in Germany)

as Prescott's "Philip II.," or "Ferdinand and Isabella"; but the reverse may be said in regard to England and the United States, in each of which the work before us will have more readers than any other historical work yet published, with the sole exception of Macaulay's History of England.

The author's account of the career of Leicester alone, and his quarrels, both with Elizabeth and those associated with him in the government of the Netherlands, would secure him thousands of admirers. But no other historian has constructed so intensely interesting an episode from the secret negotiations of Elizabeth with the Duke of Parma; yet, perhaps, the most masterly sketch in either volume, is that which so graphically describes the Spanish Armada, its magnificent objects, and almost ludicrous results.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Political Manual, being a Complete View of the Theory and Practice of the General and State Governments of the United States.* By EDWARD MANSFIELD. New York: A. S. BARNES & BURE. 1861.

2. *Three Months in Power.* By M. DE LAMARTINE. London: BOHN.

3. *Le Rapport de la Commission d'Enquête sur les événements de Mai et de Juillet.*

4. *Memoirs of Citizen Caussidière, Ex-Prefect of Police.* 2 vols. London: BENTLEY.

THOSE who read our journal, whether Southerners or Northerners, need no commentaries, at our hands, on the nature of the difficulties, which, unhappily, still continue to distract the public mind. No subject was ever more fully debated. For three months it has been almost the sole topic of our writers and speakers of every grade. In the halls of legislation, at meetings public and private, in papers of every shade of politics and religion,—nay, even in the pulpit and in the family circle, among women as well as among men—the question has been examined with more or less ability in all its bearings. Were this not sufficient proof of the vast importance of the interests involved, the rest would be found in the lively interest which the same question awakens in every country, free and bond, throughout the civilized world.

In Russia as well as in Switzerland, in Prussia as well as in Italy, in France as well as in England, our troubles have attracted anxious attention. With the various opinions expressed by all, in different languages, our people are familiar from the public press. These opinions alone would show how high we have stood as a nationality among the nations of the earth; although many of the profoundest thinkers and ablest writers of Europe have hitherto taken no part in the discussion, simply because they have sufficient faith in the good sense, patriotism, and stability of character of the American people, not to regard our troubles in any more serious light than that of a family feud, the result of which will be to render the bonds of fellowship and mutual regard stronger than ever; and, consequently, render the *tout ensemble* more and more formidable to the enemies of Republicanism.

It is not our intention to write an essay on the present occasion, on a question upon which so much has been said and written. We think it more useful, as well as more interesting, to look around us and see what other nations have done in similar circumstances, and what have been the general fruits of revolutions. Sometimes, indeed, the latter have been good; they have been so in our own case; but it was a peculiar one. The greatest of England's statesmen, and a large proportion of the English people, admitted the justness of our complaint against taxation without representation. Nay, it was known throughout the world that our ancestors were oppressed by a government three thousand miles distant. But had there been no oppression, they had a right to protest against being mere colonists, as soon as they found that they were capable of governing themselves.

But we owe our present troubles to none of those causes. The Southerner has been as much an American citizen, as perfectly free and independent, as the Northerner. This was, of course, his right; it was no compliment—we merely state the fact for argument's sake. The citizen of Boston, Philadelphia, or New York, had no privileges from the general government more than the citizen of Charleston, New Orleans, or Richmond. If one State had different laws from another, it was only by the will of its own people, who had a right to have the same repealed whenever they found them burdensome, or in any manner inconsistent with "the greatest good of the greatest number." In short, if any one section of the country enjoyed more privileges from the general govern-

ment than another, it was the South; for the very good reason that it was the South that furnished most of our Presidents, and two-thirds of the Secretaries of State, War, the Interior, the Navy, &c., and the Judges of the Supreme Court. Oppression, then, is out of the question; it has not been felt in any form South more than North of Mason and Dixon's line. The sole cause of complaint has consisted in the hostility of a certain portion of the people of the North to the "peculiar institution" of the South. Far be it from us, however, to underrate the importance of this. It was a point on which the South had good reason to feel sensitive. No people could be indifferent to what constitutes the most important part of their property, if not their chief source of wealth. If that property is not such as we should like to possess, that is another question. The South did not originate it; she has merely accepted an inheritance bequeathed to her. And, had it been different—had she introduced slavery herself, she would have done no more than what the most polished nations of the world had done before her—such ancient nations as Greece, Rome, and Carthage, and such modern nations as England, Spain, and France. If all these abolished the system, it took any of them a much longer time to prepare for doing so than the American Republic has been in existence; and there are few at the North, however ultra may be their opinions, who would seriously deny that there is as much generosity in the Southern character as in that of any other people in the world. To do so, would be to accuse ourselves; for are they not our brethren? Not only have they been American citizens, in every sense, in common with ourselves, since the formation of our government, but they are of the same blood; they speak the same language, and believe in the same Bible. The foreigner, travelling from Maine to California, is struck with the similarity, moral and physical, of the people of all the different States towards each other. This similarity is so great that it is often called monotony. It was so designated by Dickens in his "American Notes." In short, the only differences to be detected by the most discriminating observer, are those arising from local institutions, climate, and greater or less facilities of education.

How different are the circumstances in almost any of the great nations of Europe. Take Austria, for example. There the people of one province do not understand the language

of those of another ; they are also of a different religion ; nay, they belong to races entirely dissimilar to each other. The Slavonians scarcely have a single political idea in common with the Tzechs or Bohemians ; the Magvars are still more unlike the Crotians ; not to mention the Wallachians, the Slowachs, and the Poles ; yet all have lived under one government almost from time immemorial. Even in Spain the people of no two provinces are alike. The Catalanians are indocile and impetuous ; the Gallicians are unsocial and melancholy ; the Castilians are proud and grave ; the Murcians are dull and phlegmatic ; the Valencians are gay and volatile ; the Biscayans are haughty and irascible ; the Argonese are patriotic and brave, and warmly attached to their ancient customs. But, different as they are from each other, according as they trace their ancestry to the Celtiberians, the Goths, the Moors, the Romans, or the Carthaginians, whenever the flag of Spain is in danger all are ready to rally round it, knowing, from experience, that to be divided amongst themselves is to expose all to the danger of foreign invasion, with all its concomitant evils.

Occasional discontent occurs in countries the best governed, and among peoples the most patriotic and homogeneous. Both the Greeks and Romans had often much greater troubles among themselves than we have had yet ; and the most serious of them were settled and forgotten. When the English Puritans put their king to death, they thought they were performing an imperative duty ; they felt convinced that the change thereby produced would redound to the glory of God, and be an eternal benefit to England. But the very same class of persons who were chiefly instrumental in producing the revolution, of which the execution of Charles was by no means the most serious result, were afterwards the most anxious to restore the ancient system—that under which the country had enjoyed so much prosperity and happiness. Charles II. had scarcely anything to recommend him but the prestige of his name, which was still associated with the glory of England. This was sufficient ; so that, as Macaulay tells us, he was “ proclaimed with a pomp never before known.”

“ A gallant fleet,” the historian says, “ conveyed him from Holland to the coast of Kent. When he landed, the cliffs of Dover were covered with thousands of gazers, *among whom scarcely one could be found who was not weeping with delight.* The journey to London was a continued triumph.

The whole road to Rochester was bordered by booths and tents, and looked like an interminable fair. Everywhere flags were flying, bells and music sounding, wine and ale flowing in rivers to the health of him whose return was the return of peace, of law, of freedom."

And was the name of Stuart dearer to England in the days of Charles II. than the Union is, or ought to be, to Americans, South and North? Was she more prosperous under the rule of the Stuarts than we have been under the ægis of the stars and stripes? Did she, or any other nation on earth, ancient or modern, make such wonderful progress within an equal period? There can be no second reply to this question. The answer of the whole world would be an emphatic negative. We cannot, therefore, agree with those who think that the seceded States will never return to the old Confederacy. What if they have seized on a few forts and other property of the Federal government? This, though not right, has done no very serious injury. Fortunately, no blood has yet been shed. Even the people of South Carolina, the most indignant and excited of all the Secessionists, cannot be said, after all, to have any great desire to engage in a war against those side by side with whom they have often fought so bravely and so well in defence of the stars and stripes. Were the facts different—had war actually broken out, all hope of future conciliation would not have been lost. Although, during the wars of the Roses, the people of the small island of Great Britain waged an exterminating war against each other for nearly as long a period as the American Republic has existed, they became reconciled in one year; and ever since they have continued the most united and patriotic people in the world. For centuries the English and Scotch were, of all nations, the most uncompromising enemies to each other. It makes one's blood run cold, at this day, to read of their mutual butcheries; yet, what one people are more united now than are these two?

But we need not go to monarchical countries at all in order to illustrate the fact that sister States acknowledging, nay, glorying in a common government, may become dissatisfied with each other, and not only secede, but fight, and yet become reconciled—more attached to each other than ever. The Swiss Republic, which we all admire, affords an interesting example of this, and one which the youngest of us may remember. It is not clearly understood to the present day, what was the real cause of the civil war which broke

out in the cantons in 1847, though what is most generally believed is, that it was occasioned by the expulsion of the Jesuits. Be this as it may, the Jesuits had settled in large numbers in Friburg and Lucerne. In time, a violent religious contest arose among the people, from Valais to Argau. The federal government first advised the disturbers of the public peace, warning them against the consequences of their conduct. This had little effect. Then the Diet called on the general council of Argau to punish the guilty parties; which call was soon followed by attacks on the convents. The people took the law into their own hands, and expelled the leaders of the Jesuits. But the latter were not to be put down so easily. They formed themselves into a free corps on the French frontier, got as many as they could to join them, and returned to Lucerne as invaders. Again the federal government called upon the authorities of the cantons in which the disturbances were taking place, to maintain the public peace, but did so in vain. They replied that they would neither comply nor permit the Federal troops to interfere—adding that if the latter were attempted, it would be regarded as an invasion of independent territory, and treated accordingly. The threat had no effect on the Diet. The local authorities were warned once more that they should decide between maintaining order themselves, or having it done by Federal troops. This led to the immediate formation of the somewhat famous Sonderbund—a confederacy consisting of no less than seven cantons—the avowed object of which was to form a republic of their own. The Diet was not frightened in the least. It first reasoned calmly with the seceders, telling them that their confederacy was a direct violation of the Federal Compact. The Sonderbund replied only by repeating its former threats. The Diet passed a resolution declaring the confederacy illegal. The Sonderbund passed a counter resolution, and, in defiance of the Constitution, declared itself an independent government. The Diet had now either to acknowledge the new state of things, or vindicate its authority by the sword; but it did not hesitate for a day after it became evident that there was no other alternative. A formidable army was raised in a few weeks, which invaded the seceding cantons. The Sonderbund had made great preparations, and threatened to annihilate any Federal army that would attempt to question its independence or violate its territory; but all the latter had to do was to attack Friburg,

Lucerne, and the Tessino, when the new confederacy fell to pieces. The Federal authority was once more fully established, and there is no section of the cantons that has been more ready since, to fight the battles of the Republic, or vindicate its honor, than the very cantons which thus rebelled and were thus reduced to obedience.

The remarks we have already made, render it almost superfluous for us to say that in alluding to this war, if such it may be called, we disclaim all intention of suggesting that a similar course should be pursued by the American government towards the seceding States. On the contrary, we think that such would be very wrong. Our seceders would make a very different resistance from that of the inhabitants of the Swiss cantons referred to. The former would fight bravely to the last, and would be a formidable enemy. Were there no ties of consanguinity between the North and South—were not the Southerners our brethren, as already indicated, it would still be unwise, if only on commercial grounds, to go to war with them. All we mean by referring to the case of Switzerland is, that since States belonging to the same confederacy may make war on each other and actually fight battles, and yet become reconciled, why should we, who have had no battles, save those of words, regard a friendly settlement of our affairs as impossible? But settlement or no settlement, civil war is not to be thought of. No ulterior benefit that could accrue to either side, would compensate for its horrors. A civil war in the United States would be much more unnatural, as well as more disastrous, than a civil war in Switzerland; for it must be remembered that although the Swiss are all under the same government, some of the cantons are as different from each other as if they were separated by many leagues, and by higher mountains than the loftiest of their own. Thus on the French side the inhabitants speak the French language as their vernacular tongue; those belonging to the German cantons speak German, while those belonging to the Italian cantons speak Italian; each section of the Republic being called French, German or Italian, according as they border on one or other of the three countries; and they differ in religion, nay, almost in their whole social system, in a similar manner. Nor do the inhabitants of the dissimilar cantons intermarry with each other—much less do they carry on so important a trade—as we do with our fellow-citizens of the South.

Even in the heroic ages war was detestable to all but those who lived by plunder, like beasts of prey. Thus Homer makes Minerva call Mars a mad, furious and infernal deity. We have it on the authority of Cicero that Cæsar, the greatest general and conqueror of his time, was always in favor of peace (*Pacem esse cupiabas*). Virgil always designates wars either as "*trista*" or "*insania*" *bella*. There is no finer passage in the *Æniad* than that in the eighth book, beginning with, "The Romans rushed on the sword for the sake of liberty,"* and in which he passes in frightful review all the wars, especially the civil wars, which Rome had to mourn up to his time. Nor did Horace or Juvenal hold war in less horror; the latter justly asking how abhorrent war and murder ought to be to the human mind, when we remember that even the wild beasts, including the serpent, wild boar, tiger, lion, and bear, do not prey upon their own species.†

We need not go beyond the last French Revolution, that which expelled Louis Philippe and prepared the way for the empire of Napoleon, to see sufficient in revolutionary proceedings to warn all who value their homes and their firesides, or who have any regard for their wives or sisters, not to mention the depreciation in property, the paralyzation for the time being, of trade and commerce, and the sense of danger that pervades every class of the community that has anything to lose. Those most in favor of revolution shuddered at the consequences of their own acts, and those most in favor of giving the people work at the public expense—work useful for no other purpose than as a recognition of the alleged fact that it was the duty of the government to furnish employment for such as needed it. It was with this view the national workshops (*Ateliers Nationaux*) were established in 1848. But what did they result in? This will be best understood by an extract or two from a letter from M. Louis Blanc, published in the *London Times* of September 8, 1848:

*** "What, Sir! my public asseverations twenty times repeated, never contradicted; the official declarations of M. Emile Thomas, Director of the National *Ateliers*; the recent debates in the French Assembly; the documents published in the second volume of the *Enquête*—all these have not

◦ *Æneade in ferrum pro libertate ruebant.* V. 648.

† Sed jam serpentum major concordia: pareit
Cognatis maculis, similis fera: quando leoni
Fortior eripuit vitam leo? quo nemore unquam
Expiravit aper majoris dentibus apri?
Indica tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam: sevis inter se convenit orsis,
Ast homini ferum lethale incude nefanda
Produxisse parum est.—JUVENAL.

convinced you that I was not the person who organized the National *Ateliers*! that they were brought into existence against my wishes, against my will, in opposition to all my principles, and even with the avowed object of counterbalancing the influence over the people that was attributed to me. No, Sir, no! Absolutely I was nothing in the creation of the National *Ateliers*. It was M. Marie, then Minister of Public Works, who established them; it was M. Emile who was by M. Marie appointed to the direction of them. ** If then there has been imprudence—and I believe there has—in assembling pell-mell in the National *Ateliers*, workmen taken by chance from all professions; if there has been folly in giving them a uniform, unproductive task, and in paying them for this unproductive labor, wages which were but alms in disguise; if this deplorable institution has become for the State *so flagrant a cause of ruin that it has been necessary to crush it*; if the workmen of the National *Ateliers*, when they ceased to receive their habitual wages fell into despair; if, in short, a party among them have produced the insurrection of June, under the influence of the most terrible misery—by what strange reversal of all the laws of justice can be imputed to me *such results*."

It is almost needless to observe that when political complications have paralyzed trade and commerce, so that capitalists have to discharge their laborers, the latter must in time either rise *en masse* against the constituted authorities, or attack and plunder their former employers. Politicians do not think of this; or what is worse, they do not care what happens, as long as they can see a chance of gratifying their own ambition. But even they, reckless and unscrupulous as they are, would shrink from goading on a brave and spirited people to rebellion, could they only realize the true tendency of their conduct; for it is one thing to cause rebellion, and quite another to restrain popular fury once excited by scenes of violence and blood. The mildest revolution in which fighting occurs, sufficiently illustrates this. An eye-witness glances at the last French revolution as follows:

"The insurrection lasted four days, but we have no space and no inclination for a narration of the horrors for which those four days will be memorable. In brief, the state of extensive quarters of Paris was that of a town taken by storm, and defended with fury by its inhabitants. Cannon was brought to bear upon the barricades, and upon houses occupied by the insurgents as advanced posts; and whole streets were laid in ruins. *Frightful atrocities were committed*; but we have to remember in their extenuation that *prisons containing the vilest criminals had been emptied of their inmates*, and were fighting in the ranks of the insurgents, maddened by excitement and drink. It was this circumstance that rendered all attempts at negotiation *perilous and abortive*. Those who placed themselves in the power of the insurgents, *hoping to reason with them*, often found themselves entrapped, so to speak, into dens of wolves, or *raving lunatics*,* upon whom reason was thrown away. Thus, even the person of the Archbishop of Paris was not respected, and he fell, mortally wounded, while appealing to the insurgents in the name of religion and the God of mercy, that the strife should cease!"

* This is no exaggerated picture. Dr. Brierre de Boismont, a physician of Paris, has published a paper "On the Influence of the Revolution of

This, however bad, was but one feature, and by no means the worst, of the evil. The depreciation in property, already alluded to, is thus described by M. Caussidière in his *Memoirs* :

"It is difficult to realize, even to one's imagination — no man can, fully — the disastrous effect upon the national relations of debtor and

February, 1848, and the Insurrection of June, on Developing Insanity in Paris." "Hardly had the last shots been fired," says Dr. B., "last February, when I received several victims of that revolution, which, as M. Goudechaux, Minister of Finances, justly says, has been effected much too fast. These first patients were generally sad, melancholic and despondent. Their fancies were of a heart-rendering description, as they expressed a constant fear of being slaughtered and assassinated. One of these, a man of great learning, and the author of several scientific works, motionless, and with fixed stare, hardly uttered a word; he was under the impression that he was going to be cast into a sewer, and there stifled. Another was ever exclaiming, 'Here they are; they are breaking down the door; they are going to seize me, and shoot me!' Others fancied they heard threatening voices, telling them that they should be guillotined along with their families; or they constantly heard the reports of fire-arms. The patients of this class mostly belonged to the respectable trading part of the community; and many of them had, by industry and perseverance, succeeded in amassing some property, which *people now wished to possess without taking any trouble at all*. In order to escape the misfortunes they dreaded, some of these patients tried to destroy themselves, and the most careful watching was necessary to prevent them from doing so. Several perceiving that they were closely watched, resolved to die with hunger, and persisted in their purpose with a sort of wild energy. Out of six of these, who all thought themselves great criminals, or ruined and betrayed by their neighbors, two died in spite of the employment of the throat-tube. One of these, too, labored under one of the strongest delusions which I ever observed. He had persuaded himself that his œsophagus had been walled in, and that no food could pass. 'How is a man to live (he used to say), when aliments are thrust into his windpipe? you are choking me, and I shall soon be dead.' But some time afterwards we received specimens of another description of patients, whose derangement might be fairly attributed to the working of the new political ideas. These were not dejected and sad; on the contrary, they had proud, gay, and enthusiastic looks, and were very loquacious. They were constantly writing *memorials, constitutions*, etc., proclaimed themselves great men, the deliverers of the country, and took the rank of generals and members of the government. It has long been maintained, that madness often bears the imprint of pride. I declare that I never saw this fact so forcibly borne out as with the patients whom the revolution of February drove mad; particularly those who, imbued with socialist, communist, and regenerating ideas, believed themselves destined to play a conspicuous part in the world. Going through the wards, a few days ago, with one of my professional brethren, we stopped with one of those patients whose disposition was originally of a kind and peaceful description, but *who had grown restless and enthusiastic, by being torn from his usual and regular occupations by the excitement of the times, and flung into the streets, the clubs, and amidst the working classes*. He spoke as follows, after having discussed two points which had been much debated of late: 'I perceive that the people want to make it appear that I am mad; but I am proud of the glory which will be shed on my name when posterity will do justice to me, and ask, with painful astonishment, how the author of such useful and philanthropic views could ever have been thought mad! Why should I grieve at this injustice, however; was not Tasso locked up under the same suspicion?'

"The terrible insurrection of June, has already begun to bear its fruits. I have received more than twenty patients already, and I know that the proportion is equally large in other establishments. Among this number there were several

creditor. of 200,000,000*fr.* of funded property reduced, in a single day, to the exchangeable value of 100,000,000*fr.* by a fall of 3 per cents from 75 francs to 36 francs; and yet *this was but a fraction of the loss which fell, like a thunderbolt, alike upon every description of fixed or floating capital.* The best mode of picturing to oneself the effect of such a financial crisis, is to imagine *the half of France suddenly swallowed up by an earthquake; for the consequences of such a catastrophe, in its immediate bearings upon industry,* would not be more serious for the moment, although, of course, it would be less temporary in its effects than that sudden annihilation of the resources of every debtor which marked the downfall of law and order."

We have thus seen that the French have suffered severely enough from their civil wars. In each case they have fought for liberty, or imagined they did so; and how have they succeeded in attaining their object? Let the existing despotism answer the question for the present. But we have other facts to bear in mind. It is well to remember that the French, although engaged in civil wars, have not fought against each other—only against those of their fellow-citizens who sought to uphold the *regime* of which, with or without sufficient reason, they had grown tired. In any of the wars referred to no one province has been arrayed against another. On the contrary, the people in all the provinces have sympathized with each other, or rather with the Parisians, who in point of fact represent all France, since there is not a single department in the empire which does not contribute more or less

cases of mania; those who were thus maniacal were threatening to kill, shoot, massacre everybody; they were constantly calling out murder, and help, and were, in fact, in a state of indescribable excitement. I have been told that a patient thus affected and lying in the hospital for a wound, said, 'I want to eat the flesh of a national guard, soaked in the blood of a guard mobile!' Although I do not vouch for the truth of this report, I can state that what I heard in my establishment is fully as bad as this savage wish. The excitement caused by the firing of musketry and artillery, even seized upon women. One of them who was brought to this asylum, after having been removed from a barricade, where she was holding forth in a furious manner, told me that she left her husband without knowing what she was about, and that she remembered neither the words nor the acts which were attributed to her. This lady who has a cultivated mind, is full of talent, and writes excellent verses, seems to me to have been under the influence of a febrile over-excitement, brought on by the agency of terrible events upon a naturally sensitive and nervous disposition. But the greater number of these patients belong to the melancholic form of disease. Like the February patients of the same category, they talk of death, the guillotine, ruin, pillage and fire. The terrible scenes which they have had under their eyes, have plunged them into a sort of stupor. A lady inmate of the asylum was telling me yesterday, 'Before this dreadful revolution, I was of a cheerful disposition; but how is it possible not to go mad when one is in constant apprehension for the life of one's children, for one's property, and where the certainty of being stripped of everything stares one in the face? These fearful events have plunged me into this wretched state. I am a prey to constant frights—the least movement, the least noise, makes me shudder. I endeavor to reason myself into a calmer state, but I feel powerless.'

citizens to the gay capital; so that it is not without reason Paris is called France. It is sufficient for our present purpose to know that the North of France has never arrayed itself against the South; nor the South against the North. And need we say that had this been done the evils which have taken place would have been increased a hundred-fold, and would have been more lasting in their effects in an equal ratio. For even if peace were restored, mutual enmity would still exist to a greater or less extent, ready to break forth again like a smouldering fire which only requires the slightest addition of fuel to make it blaze as fiercely as ever; while the government when once overthrown is no longer a source of strife, or an object of hatred; and the new government is acknowledged by all.* Hence it is that much as the French have suffered for their revolutions, the devotion of all to *la belle France*, their reverence for her flag—in a word their *unity* as a people, their patriotism as a nationality, have enabled them not only to repair their enormous losses with such wonderful quickness, but to defy all Europe combined to subdue them. Yet the French are by no means so homogeneous as the American people. The difference between our Southerners and Northerners is but slight indeed compared to that between some of the distant provinces of France.

* The strong and hardy genius of Languedoc (says Michelet) has not been sufficiently distinguished from the quick-witted levity of Guyenne, and the hot-head turbulence of Provence; yet there is the same difference between Languedoc and Guyenne *as between the men of the mountains and the Girondists*; between Fabre and Barnave; between the smoky wine of Lunel and Claret. Belief is strong and intolerant in Languedoc, often indeed to atrocity; *so is disbelief*. Guyenne, on the contrary, the country of Montaigne and Montesquieu, has floated between belief and doubt. Fenelon, the most religious of its celebrated men, was almost a heretic.

¶ In every part of the country, the people exhibit this unity of feeling. Let those who have never travelled among them only read their war-songs, or patriotic effusions, no matter whether they have been composed in the North or in the South, in the East or in the West, and they will find that France, in its integrity, is always their burden; as, for example, in the following lines, which may serve as a pretty fair specimen of the spirit which pervades all:

Et du nord, au midi la trompette guerrière,
A sonne l'heure des combats !
Tremblez, ennemis de la France !
Rois ivres de sang, et d'orgueil !
Le peuple souverain s'avance.
Tyant, descendez au cercueil !
La République vous appelle.
Sachez valuer ! ou sachez mourir !
Un Français de si vicié pour elle,
Pour elle un Français doit périr.

Things grow worse as we advance towards Gascony—the land of poor devils—exceedingly noble and exceedingly beggarly—joyous and reckless, not a man of whom but would have said like their Henry IV., ‘I am going to take the desperate leap;’ such men risk all to succeed, and do succeed. * * * Provence has both resisted and sheltered all nations. All have sung the songs and danced the dances of Avignon and of Beaucaire; all have stopped at the passes over the Rhone and the great crossways of the high roads to the South. The saints of Provence built bridges for them and began to fraternize with the West. The sprightly and lovely girls of Arles and Avignon, in continuation of their good work, have taken by the hand the Greek, the Spaniard and the Italian, and have led off the farandola with them, whether they would or not. Nor have the strangers wished to re-embark. They have built in Provence, Greek, Moresco and Italian towns, and have preferred the feverish countenances of Fréjus to those of Ionia and Tusculum; have wrestled with torrents, turned the shelves of the hills into cultivated terraces, and extorted grapes from the stony ridges which yielded only thyme and lavender.”

In spite of all these diversities, France is one and indivisible—a perpetual union, and consequently the most powerful nation in Europe. By the same means the United States, with fifty times her resources, would soon (if, indeed, they have not already), become the greatest nation in the world. They would do so by acting on the noble precepts contained in the excellent little volume, whose title (“*The Political Manual*”) stands at the head of our article, and which ought to have the place of honor in every family library throughout our land—simply by acting on the advice of George Washington, as given in many of his letters, as well as in his Farewell Address. In writing to the Governors of the several States in June, 1783, the man whose memory is dear to us all, and whose character the whole world admires, says: “There are four things which I humbly conceive are *essential* to the *well-being*, I may even venture to say, to the *existence* of the United States as an *independent power*: 1. An *indissoluble union of the States under one head*. 2. A sacred regard to public justice. 3. The adoption of a proper peace establishment. 4. The prevalence of that *peaceful and friendly disposition among the people of the United States which will induce them to forget their local politics and prejudices*.” Would that North and South alike would heed these warning words. He is still more earnest in his Farewell Address: “The unity of government,” he says, “*which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so, for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, of your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize*. But it is easy to

foresee that, from different causes, and from different quarters, *much pains will be taken and many artifices will be employed to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth*; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate *the immense value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness*," &c., &c. The enthusiasm with which the hero's birthday has been celebrated in all parts of the country, inspires the hope that his advice will yet be taken, although the political horizon is still worse than gloomy.

Just as we close the last line, the cheering news arrives from the Federal capital that the Peace Conference have agreed on a basis of settlement, and that in a short time we may expect a recombination of all the elements which have rendered the great American Confederation, in truth, as well as in name, the Model Republic of the world. We have always thought, as well as hoped, even since the late unhappy difficulties assumed their most threatening aspect, that it would come to this; and that, however much appearances seemed to prove the contrary, Goethe was never more truly prophetic, after all, than when he penned the lines which are at once a noble tribute and a most salutary advice to the United States, and of which the following translation is the best we have at hand, wherewith to close, thus abruptly, our remarks on the Lessons of Revolutions:

"America, thou hast it better
Than our ancient hemisphere;
Thou hast no falling castles,
Nor basalt, as here:
Thy children, they know not
Their youthful prime to mar,
Vain retrospection
Of ineffective war.
Fortune wait on thy glorious spring!
And, when in time thy poets sing,
May some good genius guard them all,
From Baron, Robber, Knight, and Ghost traditional!"

ART. IX.—1. *An Essay on Modern Impostures, with some useful Hints showing how they can easily be avoided.* By a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons. London : 1860.

2. *Quackery and the Quacked*, by H. L. PRENDERGAST, LL.D. Edinburgh : 1852.

THERE is scarcely a country in Europe in which at least one book has not been published, within the last six years, exposing the evils of quackery. In no country in the world is quackery carried on to so enormous an extent as it is in the United States; it is equally true, that in no country of the same population, with the sole exception of Germany, are there so large a number of persons who are disposed to become authors; yet no one seems willing earnestly to grapple with a system that is doing more harm than all other evils and abuses put together, of which we have just reason to complain. This carelessness, timidity, thoughtlessness, or whatever it may be called, is still more to be wondered at, because nowhere else are the professional quacks so ignorant.

We mean no reflection on the enlightenment of our people, by this, except so far as they encourage the evil. The particular kind of ignorance to which we allude is incident to the character of our institutions. It is the result of too much liberty. In almost all other countries (indeed we cannot recall a single exception), the person who undertakes to vend drugs to his fellow-citizens must furnish proof that he has some knowledge of the properties of such drugs. Even in England, the freest country in the world, next to our own—certainly the freest monarchy—the best educated physician, no matter how many degrees he may have, cannot practice as an apothecary—that is, cannot compound and vend medicines, except he has studied pharmacy and obtained his diploma in due course. This we have ourselves seen tried before the courts more than once. It is in vain that the physician, or surgeon, exhibits several degrees from the best medical colleges of the United Kingdom; except he can also show that he has undergone the required examination before the Apothecaries' Hall, he is sure not only to be prohibited from practising as a druggist or apothecary, but is liable to a heavy fine, for vending medicines, which, as the law assumes, are as likely to kill as they are to cure. In France and Ger-

many, the laws are still more strict, and no laws are more zealously executed. Even in Switzerland there is no such liberty as that which allows the ignorant speculator to put the credulous to death with impunity.

This will sufficiently explain why it is that we have such an superabundance of quackery in America; for those who dare not practice, either as physicians or apothecaries, at home, may combine both callings the very first week after they come to this country, if they only meet with persons foolish enough to give any heed to their medical pretensions. Thus it is no uncommon thing to find a person calling himself a Doctor in New York (not to mention our small towns and villages, where the people are more easily imposed upon), whose business in his native country, up to the very day that he had left for "the land of liberty," had been that of a shoemaker, tailor, or liquor dealer.

First, they do not mean, perhaps, to turn quacks; many of them do not. Not unfrequently they try different other kinds of business, but fail in each. They are either too ignorant, or too lazy, for the new calling which their ambition would induce them to prefer to their old avocation. But, to be a quack, neither energy nor knowledge is by any means essential. All that is required is a certain kind of cunning; a kind that differs very little from that of the mock auctioneer, who palms on the thoughtless countryman a three dollar brass watch for a fifty dollar gold one, but which differs still less perhaps from that of the Jeremy Diddler who makes no exchange at all, merely keeping what he gets. At first sight, the comparison may not seem fair. Nor is it, perhaps, altogether so. But let us make a little query or two, and see to what side does the unfairness tend. Are there any of our readers who would not rather receive brass for gold, than a drug which would soon make brass and gold equally worthless to them? Nay, is it not better for one to have his pocket picked of his last shilling than to have his constitution undermined, his health ruined? and in nine cases out of ten this is the inevitable result of persevering in the use of those pills, cordials, "invigorators," "catholicons," &c., which are declared in a thousand forms to be infallible cures for all diseases that flesh is heir to. If the opinion of any educated, skilful physician, possessed of a particle of honesty, is asked on the subject, he will say without hesitation that they either act injuriously on the system, or have no effect at all. Of course,

there are exceptions to this, as to almost every other rule, but they are extremely few. For one "cure all" that does any service, there are at least seventy-five whose tendency is to shorten life, while perhaps there are twenty-five of the hundred whose effects are purely imaginary.

And would it not be something miraculous were it otherwise? We all admit that knowledge is power. Even the cobbler must learn the use of the awl before anybody will employ him the second time. The barber must become dexterous in a similar manner in the use of the razor and the scissors, before he can calculate on any steady run of customers. By all who reason intelligently, the physician is regarded in a similar light; that is, his prescription is valued or acted upon with confidence, according as he is known to be properly educated, and to have experience in his profession. It is only the thoughtless who believe that the ignorant mountebank who has never studied a day, except to deceive, understands the effect of medicines better than the physician, who has learned not only to analyze them, and test their properties, in a hundred forms, but who has also studied the human system through all its ramifications of veins, arteries, muscles, bones, &c. But the misfortune is, that it is the thoughtless who form the overwhelming majority of the people in the most enlightened countries. It is this that enables the same charlatan to pretend successfully that he can as infallibly cure consumption, and at least a score of other diseases, as he can prevent hair from falling, or growing gray, and saves another from being laughed to scorn, who pretends that he can as effectually mend the stomach and secure all the functions of the human body from disease as he can patch a broken stool, or pitcher!

This reminds us of an anecdote, which is nothing the worse for being a few years old. A quack of some distinction was once visited by an old acquaintance from the country. "I'm glad to see you've got on so vinely, Zam," said the rustic, "but how is 't, man, you never had no more brains to hum nor a pumpkin?" He was preparing to make other observations, equally agreeable, when "the doctor" took him to the window and bade him count the passers-by. After the lapse of a few minutes, he inquired how many had passed. Rusticus answered, "Noinety, or mayhap a hundred." "And how many wise men do you suppose were amongst this hundred?" "Why, mayhap *one*." "Well," returned "the

doctor," "*all the rest are MINE.*" At this time it was necessary to have at least the name of a doctor. Now, the quack may be merely Tom, Dick, or Harry; he may live in a garret or in a cellar; he may carry on any other business, however vulgar; it is all the same. Let him only puff his drugs on an enormous scale, and get doctors of divinity, philosophers and philanthropists to write him letters, full of thanks and gratitude for wonderful cures that never took place, and his success is certain.

The facility with which men, who might be expected to aid in protecting, rather than in poisoning, or, at best, in swindling the people, lend themselves to the latter, is the strangest and most discouraging feature of the whole case. But they have, perhaps, some good reason of their own for it. It may be that they are afraid that, since fools are so remarkably prolific—they multiply at such an enormous ratio, when not interfered with—if something were not done to thin their numbers, some such phenomenon might present itself, sooner or later, as that which the world was warned against not long since, by a certain naturalist, who gave it as his deliberate opinion that if one pair of herrings were allowed to breed in peace for twenty years, they would *form a larger mass than our whole globe.*

Be this as it may, nothing is more certain, startling as the fact may seem, than that quackery kills a larger number, annually, of the citizens of these United States than all the diseases which it is pretended to cure, together with all the explosions that take place on our steamboats, all the accidents which occur on our railroads, and all the houses that tumble down on their inmates.* Let those who hesitate to believe this, or say that, at worst, our statement is an exaggeration, try to form some idea of the vast quantity of those medicines used, under various names. If they have no other means to form an approximate estimate of the amount, let them calculate how much the quacks spend in advertising. A glance at the papers any day, will show that no other busi-

* Sir Philip Crampton, one of the most eminent physicians in the British empire, gave it as his deliberate opinion, in his examination before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, in 1856, that "these individuals (the quacks) commit more havoc, destroy more human happiness, and crush out more human life, than if every ship in the navy were committed to the mercy of the waves with only buxaries at the helm, or than if every engine on every railway were driven by the wildest inhabitant of Bedlam." If this be true of the quacks of the British islands, where they are under such restrictions as those we have alluded to in the text of our article, what can be said of the legions of quacks in the United States, who are under no restrictions?

ness occupies so large a space. Thus, one manufacturer of an "infallible" drug pays an almost fabulous sum even to one paper, while he pays, more or less, to at least five hundred other papers, rendering the total weekly expenditure more than would be sufficient to maintain a larger standing army than many a Prince of high pretensions can boast.

One quack, or Company of quacks, makes a specialty of the diseases of women; another, of the diseases of men; a third, combines both; a fourth, is as expert at curing ulcers on the legs, as tubercles in the lungs; to a fifth, it is indifferent whether the diseased part is the great toe, the eye, or the hair; and each has scores of letters always ready to prove the most wonderful cures. Testimony which would not be of the slightest value in regard to any other article of commerce, nay—testimony more like burlesque than serious statement—is put forward by the quack as conclusive, triumphant proof. Thus, Timothy Fiddler writes from some obscure village, to say that the last box of pills he got "worked like a charm"—curing (no matter what) "almost instanter," and ordering half-a-dozen boxes more to be sent, in care of the Rev. Obediah Tompkins. Mrs. Angelina Swiggs writes by the next mail, from some place which it would not be easy to find on the map, enumerating about a dozen of diseases under which she had been laboring for at least as many years, but all of which had been cured by the use of "a few bottles:" adding, as a matter of course, that she wishes a half-dozen more bottles sent to her address at once, as a certain preventive against all future diseases. Lest the genuineness of epistles of this kind might be doubted, a paper, never heard of before beyond the precincts of the small village in which it is published, declares—or rather the quack declares for it—that all "who buy them (the wonderful drugs) *will stick to them.*" This important statement is inserted, with others of kindred character, in five hundred papers; and, vulgar as the new bait is, it may be estimated that about five thousand will swallow it.

The argument which, so to speak, forms the sheet-anchor of the quack, is this, "If our medicines don't do good, why are they sent for and used by the same persons, again and again?" To many this seems conclusive evidence, but in point of fact it is no evidence at all. Every intelligent person is aware of the effect of the imagination on functional diseases of the nervous system, especially those of a chronic character. Instances of such effect are witnessed daily at public hospitals throughout the world. It will be

sufficient for our purpose to note one or two as illustrations. Sir Humphrey Davy tells us that when the laughing gas was first discovered, Dr. Beddoes imagined it might be useful in chronic paralysis. A man afflicted with this disease was accordingly procured, and Davy was requested to cause him to inhale the gas. The great chemist first applied a thermometer to the patient's tongue, in order that he might know the change of temperature, if any, produced by the inhalation. But the poor man had no doubt that the insertion of the instrument was at least a part of the curative process; so that no sooner was it placed under his tongue, than he declared that he felt its benign influence throughout his whole body. The physicians took the hint; the thermometer, *and nothing else, was applied* at a certain hour every succeeding day for a fortnight; at the end of which time the patient was entirely recovered.

An instrument, called a *tractor*, composed of two small pieces of metal joined together, were in great fashion, among a certain class, some seven or eight years since, being regarded as possessing extraordinary virtues. Though invented in America, by a person who conferred on himself the degree of M.D., its fame soon reached Europe. Drs. Haygarth and Falconer, of Bath, England, wishing to test its efficacy, had wooden tractors made of the same shape as the metallic one, and painted so as to look exactly like it. Five patients who had heard of the potent instrument were procured; the wooden imitation was drawn over their skin in the gentlest manner. Nothing more was needed; the effect was instantaneous; four of the patients declared that they no longer felt any pain!

We might easily multiply examples of this kind, but it is not necessary. The plan of acting on the imagination is, however, the most harmless feature in quackery. True, it is not well that people should be induced to pay their money for a worthless article—an article of which the best that can be said is that it does no harm. The individual who picks one's pocket seldom does further harm; and is it not quite enough? But supposing that in addition to this he should contrive to introduce poison into our stomachs, what punishment would be considered too severe for him; yet in nine cases out of ten this is what the quack does, and still he can strut about with all the airs of a gentleman, and laugh at his victim:

Ridet æternumque ridebit.

ART. X.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

EDUCATION.

French in one Volume—The complete French Class-book, embracing Grammar, Conversation, Literature, with Commercial Correspondence, and an adequate Dictionary, by LOUIS PUJOL, A.M., of the University of France, and Rev. D. C. VAN NORMAN, LL.D., Principal of Van Norman Institute, for Young Ladies, New York. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr. 1860.

Our December number had gone to press before the "French Class-book" reached us; and it is too valuable a work to be passed over without notice by a journal which, like ours, assumes to take an especial interest in the great cause of education. That it has been introduced into most of our best schools might seem to render it needless on our part to point out its characteristics more than three months after its publication, since they must be known already to a large number, if not to the majority of those engaged in teaching. But there are a large number who, without having any connection with either schools or teachers, are desirous to have their attention called to such books as would afford them the most intelligent and effective aid in mastering a language admitted on all hands to be the most universally useful, as well as the most polite of all modern tongues. To these our remarks will be as useful now as they would have been four months ago; and we address ourselves to them accordingly.

So far as regards numbers there is no lack of French text-books in America. The French themselves have scarcely a larger variety of "French Grammars" than we have. There are at least fifty bearing the imprint of American publishers; but nine-tenths of these are "blind leaders of the blind." If in any case it is true that a little learning is a dangerous thing, it is so in the hands of those who compile text-books for the study of foreign languages. It is well known that there are a great many foreigners, who, not being able to find employment on coming to this country, in whatever calling they had been brought up to at home, undertake the business of teaching; so that nothing is more common than to find the tailor of Lyons, the boot-maker of Lannes, or the baker of Languedoc metamorphosed in America into a Professor of Languages, each announcing himself as late of Paris. The French do this sort of thing much more frequently than the Germans, the Italians, or the Spaniards, partly because their language is in greater demand, and partly because they can more easily adapt themselves to the circumstances in which they are placed. It is no exaggeration to say that two-thirds of those who thus become teachers know little or nothing of the grammar of their language. Half the remainder, perhaps, understand it more or less imperfectly; and it is these more than the other half, or one-sixth of the whole, that are most likely to have an ambition to become authors; and hence it is that we have so many "French Grammars" that really do more harm than good.*

* We trust we need hardly say that we mean no offence to the polite and gallant people of France by these remarks. We cheerfully admit that there are no better teachers than Frenchmen, when properly qualified. For example, there is no better or more successful educator in America than Prof. Elie Charlier, of the French Protestant Institute of Twenty-fourth street, in this city.

In circumstances of this kind, we ought to be thankful when one who is in every respect qualified for the task undertakes to compile a standard work. The fact that M. Pujol is head Professor of French in the Van Norman Institute, the best seminary for young ladies in this city, or perhaps in America, might be regarded by itself as at least presumptive evidence that he is capable of compiling a good text-book for the study of his native tongue—altogether independently of the additional prestige derived from his having belonged to the University of France and to the Educational Institute of Scotland. But we have a stronger guarantee than all this, that the work is one of true merit, in the additional name on the title-page—that of the Rev. Dr. Van Norman, who has been engaged in teaching for, we believe, a quarter of a century, if not more, and the practical value of whose labors is attested by some of the most accomplished ladies on this continent, who have been educated under his superintendence. This serves as a *fiat* to the rest—that is, it serves as an assurance that the membership of the University of France and of the Educational Institute of Scotland was not a pretended, but a real membership. Such is the confidence with which we have proceeded to examine the work. When the contents of a book are found what they ought to be, it is no longer of the slightest consequence what college the author belonged to, or whether he had ever belonged to any college. If one is well educated, and possesses the faculty of communicating what he knows to others, his qualifications for a work of this kind are indisputable. The tree is known by its fruit; and in every department of the "Class-Book" there is evidence of scientific skill in teaching, as well as of learning and intelligence.

The first feature of the book that strikes us is the novelty of its form. Its plan is entirely different from that of any of the numerous books designed for the same purpose which we have had an opportunity to examine. This is an attraction in itself. Most students as well as teachers like to examine what is new. But the distinguishing characteristic of the Complete French Class-Book is its variety. It embraces not only the grammar of the French language, fully illustrated in all its ramifications, both by paradigms and exercises for conversation, but also presents specimens of the language from the best authors of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, each set of extracts—which are all selected with taste and judgment—being preceded by a brief biographical sketch of the author, indicating his principal works and their character. Thus, in Part I., we have an elaborate, clear, and lucid treatise on pronunciation, an excellent system of grammar, embracing theory and practice, with illustrative exercises in both French and English. All necessary rules are given in connection with each exercise, so that the attention of the student may not be diverted for a moment by having to refer to a distinct part of the book. In Part II., the syntax of the language is exemplified in a manner that enables any person of ordinary capacity to understand it fully, with little labor, the tedium of study being relieved by lively conversations, calculated to interest the dullest student. But we need not enlarge on the method by which the principles of the language are inculcated. Suffice it to say that it is natural and easy—of a character to give both student and teacher the least possible trouble, and at the same time to secure an amount of proficiency which the most exacting parent or guardian might well be satisfied with.

The parts we have thus glanced at embrace all that is necessary in a French Grammar. Indeed, none but a grammar of the first class contains so much that is useful without anything that is irrelevant or superfluous.

The "Third Series" closes what may be called the grammatical department. Then follows "Introduction to the course of Literature, or Exercises in Translating, for beginners," which embraces the easiest fables in the language, lively and instructive anecdotes, together with brief remarks on the history, ethnology, and general characteristics of the French nation. In each of the short paragraphs entitled "Notions sur la France," there is quite an amount of information. We transcribe a part of one as a specimen :

"Elle (France) portait autrefois le nom de Gaule. Les Gaulois (ou Celtes) étaient renommés par leur hospitalité et redoutables par leur force et leur valeur. Jules César employa dix années d'efforts gigantesques à subjuguier la Gaule, qui ne fut entièrement soumise qu'environ 50 ans avant J. C.," &c.

In another paragraph the character of the French people is described thus :

"Ils sont très-sociables, gais, spirituels, actifs, braves, téméraires même ; on leur reproche souvent d'être fougueux, inconstans, vaniteux."

Thus, it will be seen that M. Pujol describes his countrymen without being in the least blind to their faults ; while he does full justice to their many noble qualities. His estimate of the French language is equally just. We fear that if some of our Professors were called upon to describe the English language, in a book to be published in France, they would write in a very different style.

"La langue française," says M. Pujol, "dont les principaux élémens sont le latin, le tudesque, et le celtique, qui est le plus ancien, mais le moins important, est remarquable par sa clarté et par le marche naturelle de toutes ses constructions. Elle est devenue en Europe la langue de la bonne compagnie et des relations politiques. Mais elle ne régné pas encore sans rivale sur le sol natal," &c.

Nothing could be more correct ; and we might say the same of almost every statement given in the book, as a fact, with the sole exception of what is embraced in the last paragraph of the "Abstract of the History of France." Here we are told that "the best French historians are Philip de Comines, Davila, De Thou or Thuannus, and Mezerai." In the same paragraph the massacre of the Protestants on St. Bartholomew's day, the conquest of France by Henry V. of England, and the first Revolution, are included among the "four *grand eras*" of French history. Some may regard the era of the Revolution as "grand," notwithstanding its revolting horrors ; but the very parties who caused the massacre of St. Bartholomew's regretted it as anything but grand. These are but slight errors, however, and we admit that it is only by much searching that we have found any of their kind.

Indeed, we have found none of any kind of a serious nature—fewer, certainly, than in any text-book of equal size we have ever examined half so closely as this. There are occasional inaccuracies in the "English idioms translated into French," which are more amusing than injurious to the book. The joke is, that it is the French idioms which the Professor has sought to translate into English, though no doubt he meant the reverse, since he tells us so. We will give a few examples, from which the reader acquainted with both languages can judge for himself whether we are right or wrong. Thus, it is very common for a Frenchman to say, "*Il prend un air de joie*," but few Englishmen or Americans express the same idea by saying, "*He brisks up*." It is very correct French to say, "*Il soutient ses amis*," but "*He buoys up his friends*" is not the approved English

mode for expressing the same idea. The French form is much better, that is, "He sustains his friends," which is perfectly good English and *not* idiomatic. The French say, very properly, "*Vous révoquez une loi*;" but we say inelegantly, if at all, "*You call in a law*." Those who make laws may be called in or called home, but the laws once made must be revoked, repealed, or rescinded; but it will not do to *call* them either in or out. But no one will derive anything the less benefit from the French Class-Book on account of these little discrepancies. The object of the student in taking it up is to learn French, not to learn English. For this, as we have already seen, every facility is afforded; and, once the language is learned, translation into the vernacular becomes easy.

"The Cours de Littérature," given at the end, embraces, as already intimated, extracts from the best French writers, from Bossuet to Victor Hugo—such as Fénelon, la Bruyère, Massillon, Madame de Sévigné and Pascal, of the seventeenth century; Le Sage, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Buffon, of the eighteenth century; Volney, Cuvier, Chateaubriand, Guizot, Thiers, &c. &c., of the nineteenth century. These extracts are of great value by themselves—since they include, for example, Madame de Stael's description of Venice, Volney's reflections on the ruins of Palmyra, Lamartine's portrait of Marie Antoinette, Voltaire's description, in his Life of Charles XII., of the battle of Narva, and fragments from the adventures of Gil Blas. Nor are the poets forgotten. We have whole scenes from Molière's *Misanthrope*, Racine's *Athalie*, extracts from the poems of Boileau, Chénier, Beranger, Lamartine, &c. &c. But we find we have passed the bounds we had prescribed for our examination of the "Complete French Class-Book," and must therefore conclude abruptly. Much was to have been expected from a veteran educator like Doctor Van Norman, with so able an assistant as Prof. Pujol; the imprint, too, is one which we have never seen on an indifferent school-book—that of the "National School Series;" and yet we can truly say that the work, which we have thus imperfectly examined, has agreeably surprised us, from the judicious, scientific, happy manner in which it combines so many excellent features which are to be found but singly in other works whose ostensible object is the same.

A Comprehensive Grammar of the English Language, for the use of Schools,
by SIMON KERL, A.M. New York: Phinney, Blakeman & Mason.
1861.

We know nothing of Mr. Kerl, but we feel satisfied, from a careful examination of his book, that compiling English Grammars is not his forte. It is pretty evident, however, that he does not think so himself; for he says in his preface, "I venture to claim for the book a superiority above all others of its kind." One reason for this superiority is, that much of the matter "is fresh from the original sources of the science." He probably means from Heaven. "It is well known," says Mr. Kerl, "that science and literature languished until Bacon and Shakspeare emancipated them from the thralldom of ancient opinions." Those "ancient opinions" were, to be sure, great tyrants, especially in relation to grammar—such opinions, for example, as those of Homer and Aristotle! Towards the close, our author waxes eloquent, telling us that, "of course, no perfectly sane teacher (it seems there are some teachers who are insane) or learner, will imagine that the grammar of a mighty language—of a language that *reaches into every fibre of human knowledge*, can be learned without labor or in 'six lessons!'" What "*reaches into every fibre of human knowledge*," must, undoubtedly, be a difficult affair to manage.

One who writes in this style may be expected to be very lucid in his definitions. But let us see. "A sentence," says Mr. Kerl, "is a *thought* expressed by words." Who, that knows anything of language, is ignorant of the fact that it often takes many sentences—nay, a whole book, to express a thought. "A verb," our author tells us, "is a word used to affirm something of a subject." This may be very intelligible to children "out west," but our New York little ones require something more definite before they can identify the verb. A transitive verb is defined by simply telling us that it "has an object." The cases of nouns are defined after a similar fashion, thus: "The nominative *case is the case of a noun or pronoun to which a predicate directly refers.*" But it is scarcely worth while to pursue the subject. Nine-tenths of the contents of the whole volume consist of extracts taken, apparently at random, from "Readers," "Speakers," &c. The rest is not worth the paper on which it is printed. Grammar must be taught in plain language—not in riddles—if at all, especially to children.

Introductory Course of Natural Philosophy, for the use of schools and academies. Edited from *Ganot's Popular Physics*, by WILLIAM G. PECK, Professor of Mathematics in Columbia College. New York: Barnes & Burr. 1860.

Within the last few years the rapid spread of scientific knowledge, its increased application to the useful arts, and its more general cultivation in our schools and colleges, have caused a great demand for new and improved text-books on the various branches of natural philosophy. Of the elementary works which have appeared, those of M. Ganot are pre-eminent not only as popular treatises, but as scientific expositions of the principles of physics. His "*Traite de Physique*" has met with unprecedented success in France, a country which stands first in the world in scientific learning. In addition to his larger work intended for colleges, M. Ganot has published a more elementary work, adapted to the use of schools and academies, in which he has preserved the principal features and the accuracy of the "*Traite de Physique*." The work of Mr. Peck is not an exact translation of this book, but contains its substance, with such changes as were deemed necessary to harmonize it with the system of instruction pursued in American schools. We cannot help thinking that it would have been much better, more creditable to both the French and American authors, if a strict translation had been made, and the American editor's elucidations or improvements embodied in the form of notes. We always prefer to let an author speak for himself, as nearly as possible in his own words. The work, however, as now presented to the American student is very valuable. The numerous and beautifully executed illustrations of the original treatise have been transferred by an arrangement with the French author, and these engravings are well calculated to convey to the mind of the student clear and vivid conceptions of the principles sought to be enunciated. Stronger impressions are made through the senses than by abstract reasoning, and through the eye rather than the ear. There is much truth in the homely old proverb, "seeing is believing."

As geology is the science of the earth's formation, so natural philosophy is the science of the earth's unorganized matter, and of those organized bodies which it sustains, together with the atmosphere by which it is surrounded, and the whole material universe with which we are connected by the medium of the senses. It is easy, therefore, to see how vast and

varied is the field, and how interesting to the human mind its study must be when brought before the view by such books as the present. The mechanics of solids, the mechanics of liquids, the mechanics of gases and vapors, sound, heat, optics, magnetism, electricity, galvanism, and electro-magnetism, are all expounded with brevity and suitable engravings. The danger from such books is, that like interlinear translations of the classics, they are apt to make superficial scholars, and prevent that laborious research which results in thorough and deep knowledge, fixed permanently in the mind. What is easily got easily goes. But this is a fast age in every respect. We have labor-saving machines without number, and, in order to save time, *science made easy* in popular treatises.

Such books as Mr. Peck's answer the purpose. But the intelligent, well-informed teacher ought never to allow the pupil to lose sight of the fact, that elementary books are in their nature only preliminary to a thorough knowledge of the subjects on which they treat, as the alphabet is to spelling, and spelling to reading, and reading to literature. How rarely are the lessons of the school followed up in after life! This line of discussion, however, would lead us too far into the general subject of the education of youth, and therefore we must cut it short. We shall only further say that according to the system of education which prevails at the present day, Mr. Peck's "Introductory Course of Natural Philosophy" is highly valuable and convenient, both for teacher and pupil.

BELLES-LETTRES.

The Wits and Beaux of Society. By GRACE and PHILIP WHARTON, authors of the "Queens of Society," with illustrations from drawings by H. K. Browne and James Godwin. 12mo., pp. 481. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1861.

Although this reaches us but just as we are going to press, it contains so many good things that we are willing to incur inconvenience—nay, perform extra labor, at the same time delaying the printer—in order that such of our readers as have not an opportunity of seeing the book may, nevertheless, relish some of its spice. As for criticism, there is little room, and, indeed, little need for it. The book does not pretend to be original. Nor is it anything the worse for this; that is, taking the term in its modern sense, for, with very few exceptions, those called "original" are by far the most stupid we receive. A *mélange* like that before us,—composed of short, brilliant sketches, lively anecdotes, scraps of scandal which neither hurt anybody nor offend against good taste—is always acceptable. A good joke, especially if it points a moral, is nothing the worse for being presented as if nobody had ever applied his pen to it before. It is but fair to admit, however, that if Grace and Philip Wharton sometimes give as their own what had been given by others before they were born, they generally improve on those who have gone before them: they curtail what is superfluous, lighten what is heavy, explain what is ambiguous, put light, airy bridges over chasms, &c., rendering the *tout ensemble* a sort of mosaic which none but the veriest grumbler will quarrel with, but which, on the contrary, will afford genuine gratification to ninety-nine out of every hundred of that numerous and respectable class of whom the "general reader" is the representative. With these few discursive remarks as a sort of preface, we proceed to transcribe such scraps, here and there, as a hurried glance will enable us to choose, as at once the

most interesting to our readers and the most suitable for our limited space. The following sketch speaks for itself:

"The Chevalier de Grammont was rich, and Mazarin worshiped the rich. He was witty; and his wit soon procured him admission into the clique whom the wily Mazarin collected around him in Paris. Whatever were De Grammont's faults, he soon perceived those of Mazarin; he detected, and he detested the wily, grasping, serpent-like attributes of the Italian; he attacked him on every occasion on which a "wit combat" was possible; he gracefully showed Mazarin off in his true colors. With ease he annihilated him, metaphorically, at his own table. Yet De Grammont had something to atone for: he had been the adherent and companion-in-arms of Condé; he had followed that hero to Sens, to Nordlingen, to Fribourg, and had returned to his allegiance to the young king, Louis XIV., only because he wished to visit the court at Paris. Mazarin's policy, however, was that of pardon and peace—of duplicity and treachery—and the chevalier seemed to be forgiven on his return to Paris, even by Anne of Austria. Nevertheless, De Grammont never lost his independence; and he could boast in after life that he owed the two great cardinals, who had governed France, nothing that they could have refused. It was true that Richelieu had left him his abbacy; but he could not refuse it to one of De Grammont's rank. From Mazarin he gained nothing except what he had won at play.

"After Mazarin's death the chevalier intended to secure the favor of the king, Louis XIV., to whom, as he rejoiced to find, court alone was now to be paid. He had now somewhat rectified his distinctions between right and wrong, and was resolved to have no regard for favor unless supported by merit; he determined to make himself beloved by the courtiers of Louis, and feared by the ministers; to dare to undertake anything to do good, and to engage in nothing at the expense of innocence. He still continued to be eminently successful in play, of which he did not perceive the evil, nor allow the wickedness; but he was unfortunate in love, in which he was equally unscrupulous and more rash than at the gaming-table."—pp. 56-7.

There is nothing more common than to regard French women as of easy virtue, although no other country in the world affords more brilliant examples of fidelity and devotion, on the part of the gentler sex, than France. Among the galaxy of women of this truly noble and exemplary character, the name of Anne Lucie de la Mothe, though little known in this country, stands first in the first rank:

"Among the maids of honor of Anne of Austria was a young lady named Anne Lucie de la Mothe Houdancourt. Louis, though not long married, showed some symptoms of admiration for this *débutante* in the wicked ways of the court.

"Gay, radiant in the bloom of youth and innocence, the story of this young girl presents an instance of the unhappiness which, without guilt, the sins of others bring upon even the virtuous. The queen-dowager, Anne of Austria, was living at St. Germain when Mademoiselle de la Mothe Houdancourt was received into her household. The Duchess de Noailles, at that time *Grande Maîtresse*, exercised a vigilant and kindly rule over the maids of honor; nevertheless, she could not prevent their being liable to the attentions of Louis: she forbade him however to loiter, or indeed even to be seen in the room appropriated to the young damsels under her charge; and when attracted by the beauty of Anne Lucie de la Mothe, Louis was obliged to speak to her through a hole behind a clock which stood in a corridor.

"Anne Lucie, notwithstanding this apparent encouragement of the king's addresses, was perfectly indifferent to his admiration. She was secretly attached to the Marquis de Richelieu, who had, or pretended to have, honorable intentions toward her. Every thing was tried, but tried in vain, to induce the poor girl to give up all her predilections for the sake of a guilty distinction—that of being the king's mistress: even her mother reproached her with her coldness. A family council was held, in hopes of convincing her of her willfulness, and Anne

Lucie was bitterly reproached by her female relatives; but her heart still clung to the faithless Marquis de Richelieu, who, however, when he saw that a royal lover was his rival, meanly withdrew."—p. 57.

We have a good deal about the famous clubs of London in the present volume. We extract a passage or two:

"This club was no less celebrated for its portraits than for the ladies it honored. They, the portraits, were all painted by Kneller, and all of one size, which thence got the name of Kit-kat; they were hung around the club-room. Jacob Tonson, the publisher, was secretary to the club.

"Defoe tells us the Kit-kat held the first rank among the clubs of the early part of the last century, and certainly the names of its members comprise as many wits as we could expect to find collected in one society.

"Addison must have been past fifty when he became a member of the Kit-kat. His 'Cato' had won him the general applause of the Whig party, who could not allow so fine a writer to slip from among them. He had long, too, played the courtier, and was 'quite a gentleman.' A place among the exclusives of the Kit-kat was only the just reward of such attainments, and he had it. I shall not be asked to give a notice of a man so universally known, and one who ranks rather with the humorists than the wits. It will suffice to say, that it was not till after the publication of the 'Spectator,' and some time after, that he joined our society.

"Congreve I have chosen out of this set for a separate life, for this man happens to present a very average sample of all their peculiarities. Congreve was a literary man, a poet, a wit, a beau, and—what unhappily is quite as much to the purpose—a profligate. The only point he, therefore, wanted in common with most of the members, was a title; but few of the titled members combined as many good and bad qualities of the Kit-kat kind as did William Congreve."—p. 101.

We have seen no better account of Pope's quarrel with Hervey and Lady Mary, in any work of equal size, than is given in "The Wits and Beaux." We can, however, only make room for a small portion:

"Pope, who was the most irritable of men, never forgot or forgave even the most trifling offense. Lady Bolingbroke truly said of him, that he played the politician about cabbages and salads, and every body agrees that he could hardly tolerate the wit that was more successful than his own. It was about the year 1725 that he began to hate Lord Hervey with such a hatred as only he could feel; it was unmitigated by a single touch of generosity or of compassion. Pope afterward owned that his acquaintance with Lady Mary and with Hervey was discontinued, merely because they had too much wit for him. Toward the latter end of 1732, 'The Imitation of the Second Satire of the First Book of Horace' appeared, and in it Pope attacked Lady Mary with the grossest and most indecent couplet ever printed: she was called Sappho, and Hervey, Lord Fanny; and all the world knew the characters at once.

"In retaliation for this satire, appeared 'Verses to the Imitator of Horace,' said to have been the joint production of Lord Hervey and Lady Mary. This was followed by a piece entitled "Letter from a Nobleman at Hampton Court to a Doctor of Divinity." To this composition Lord Hervey, its sole author, added these lines, by way, as it seems, of extenuation.

"Pope's first reply was in a prose letter, on which Dr. Johnson has passed a condemnation. 'It exhibits,' he says, 'nothing but tedious malignity.' But he was partial to the Herveys, Thomas and Henry Hervey, Lord Hervey's brothers having been kind to him—"If you call a dog *Hervey*," he said to Boswell, 'I shall love him.'

"Next came the epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, in which every infirmity and peculiarity of Hervey are handed down, in calm, cruel irony and polished verses, to posterity. The verses are almost too disgusting to be revived in an age which

disclaims scurrility. After the most personal rancorous invective, he thus writes of Lord Hervey's conversation :

" His wit all see-saw between this and that—
Now high, now low—now master up, now miss—
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter, thus the rabbins have expressed—
A cherub's face—a reptile all the rest.
Beauty that shocks you, facts that none can trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that bites the dust."

" It is impossible," Mr. Croker thinks, " not to admire, however we may condemn, the art by which acknowledged wit, beauty, and gentle manners, the queen's favor, and even a valetudinary diet, are travestied into the most odious offenses."

Pope, in two lines, pointed to the intimacy between Lady Mary and Lord Hervey :

" Once, and but once, this heedless youth was hit,
And liked that dangerous thing, a female wit."

Nevertheless, he *afterward* pretended that the name *Sappho* was not applied to Lady Mary, but to women in general ; and acted with a degree of mean prevarication which greatly added to the amount of his offence."—pp. 190-91.

The anecdotes of some of the "Beaux" are excellent. We give one of Beau Nash, which will serve as a pretty fair sample :

" That he was a bear there are anecdotes enough to show, and, whether true or not, they sufficiently prove what the reputation of the man must have been. Thus, when a lady, afflicted with a curvature of the spine, told him that " She had come *straight* from London that day," Nash replied with utter heartlessness, " Then, ma'am, you've been damnably warped on the road." The lady had her revenge, however, for meeting the beau one day in the Grove, as she toddled along with her dog, and being impudently asked by him, if she knew the name of Tobit's dog, she answered quickly, " Yes, sir, his name was Nash, and a most impudent dog he was, too."—p. 139.

The eccentricities of Sheridan and Congreve contribute not a little to the attractiveness and zest of " Wits and Beaux." But we can only make room for one extract more, and we choose that which relates to the orator :

" But his finest tricks were undoubtedly those by which he turned, harlequin-like, a creditor into a lender. This was done by sheer force of persuasion, by assuming a lofty indignation, or by putting forth his claims to mercy with the most touching eloquence, over which he would laugh heartily when his point was gained. He was often compelled to do this during his theatrical management, when a troublesome creditor might have interfered with the success of the establishment. He talked over an upholsterer who came with a writ for £350, till the latter handed him, instead, a check for £200. He once, when the actors struck for arrears of wages to the amount of £3,000, and his bankers refused flatly to Kelly to advance another penny, screwed the whole sum out of them in less than a quarter of an hour by sheer talk. He got a gold watch from Harris, the manager, with whom he had broken several appointments, by complaining that as he had no watch he could never tell the time fixed for their meetings ; and, as for putting off pressing creditors, and turning furious foes into affectionate friends, he was such an adept at it, that his reputation as a dun-destroyer is quite on a par with his fame as comedian and orator.

" Hoaxing, a style of amusement fortunately out of fashion now, was almost a passion with him, and his practical jokes were as merciless as his satire. He and Tickell, who had married the sister of his wife, used to play them off on one another like a couple of schoolboys. One evening, for instance, Sheridan got

together all the crockery in the house and arranged it in a dark passage, leaving a small channel for escape for himself, and then, having teased Tickell till he rushed after him, bounded out and picked his way gingerly along the passage. His friend followed him unwittingly, and at the first step stumbled over a wash-hand-basin, and fell forward with a crash on piles of plates and dishes, which cut his face and hands in a most cruel manner, Sheridan all the while laughing immoderately at the end of the passage, secure from vengeance."—pp. 359-60.

We had marked several passages in the chapters on the Earl of Chesterfield, George Selwyn, the Duke of Wharton, Beau Brummel, the Duke of Rochefaucault, &c., &c.; but those who want to read them will have to procure the book. It is easier for them to do so, than it is for us to give any more extracts; and, at all events, we think it will be admitted that we have been liberal enough in that way.

The Shadow in the House. A Novel. By JOHN SAUNDERS. New York: M. Doolady. 1861.

This is the reprint of a novel published in England, where the scene is laid. It is a story of powerful and deeply tragic interest—too tragic, almost, to be read with pleasure. Grace Addersley and her mother—one the daughter and the other the widow of an American planter, whose fortunes had failed—found a home with their relative, Mr. Dell, in England. Grace was his cousin, and conceived for him a fatal passion, which she concealed in her own breast. She was naturally a girl of noble impulses, but of strong passions and of unbending will. She had a superior intellect, and was highly accomplished. Yet her cousin Dell was not smitten. His heart was in another direction. He married a beautiful creature, whose moral character was as lovely as her person. Perhaps in the whole range of novel literature there is not a more beautiful conception of a womanly character than that of Mrs. Dell. Grace hated her in proportion as she was good, but concealed her feelings as best she could. Still, a mysterious melancholy hung over her which none could explain, and she was the dark shadow in an otherwise happy family. Upon one occasion, when Mrs. Dell's horse ran away with her, Grace risked her life in saving her, when she might have allowed her to be killed, and thus accomplished the object for which she lived, and for which she stained her hands with the darkest guilt in the catalogue of human crimes. At that very time she had devoted her to destruction. Yet the original noble impulses of her character prevailed for the moment, for which she afterwards repented. Such was her infatuation about her cousin that she refused the offer of the hand of a man of fortune. She came, at last, to the desperate determination of administering slow poison to Mrs. Dell, which the doctor was unable to detect; he attributed the symptoms of her illness to other causes; but when Grace's victim became extremely ill, the unfortunate girl relented, and prayed night and day that she might be restored to health. The agony in which she writhed during this period of suspense is described with great power. Finding that Mrs. Dell was really dying, the wretched penitent, in the depths of her despair, administered poison to herself, and then confessed her crime. Mrs. Dell insisted on her being brought to her bedside in spite of the fierce wrath of her husband, and assured her of her forgiveness. Both died together. The dying scene is drawn with a masterly hand. To many it will appear improbable that a girl of such talents and education, and with so many fine qualities, should deliberately murder an innocent, beautiful woman, who not only had never injured her, but had always been kinder to her than a sister. But that such cases are sometimes found in real life, criminal records but too well attest.

The minor characters are portrayed with boldness, freedom, and much

humor, particularly those of Meggy and Jean, the latter being a noble example of homely, humble virtue. Throughout this novel there is one prevailing fault—the soliloquies are too frequent and too long; but on the whole, it is a book of genuine merit—one that will amply repay the perusal of the most utilitarian novel-reader.

Blind Lilies. A tale for the Young. By a LADY. New York: Rev. F. D. Harriman. 1861.

This is a very pretty story, calculated to interest and instruct those for whom it is intended. The scene is in England. The style is simple and easy, and the incidents natural. The heroine is one of a family group, whose characters are all admirably delineated. Lilies was not born blind. She was smitten by a flash of lightning, which resulted in the deprivation of her sight, when she was still a child. The author's life-like portraiture of this impulsive and wayward, yet warm-hearted and affectionate girl, shows an intimate knowledge of human nature. The development of her strong passions and marked characteristics naturally awakened great anxiety about her future in the mind of her father. With an intellect of superior power and great intelligence, she is headstrong and irrepressible; but the chastening hand of affliction subdues and moulds her into a noble, elevated Christian character. We extract the following fine description of a winter scene at Coombhurst:

"It was a brilliant morning. The sun shone bright and clear, and the objects which lit it up were most lovely. Some hours of drizzling rain and fog, falling through a very still atmosphere, had been succeeded by a sharp and sudden frost, which had prevailed for twenty-four hours with unbroken force. The result of this was that every stem and branch, and even the most minute things on every tree and shrub, were coated with ice and tipped with glittering icicles, and that the grass and herbage were completely crusted over with a covering of pure white hoar-frost, the particles of frozen water ramifying in every direction, and each glittering with diamond-like lustre as it caught the sunlight on its polished surface. The brook was ice-bound, but at a lower level than that at which it had flowed the day before the frost had interrupted its progress, and in consequence the roots of trees and shrubs which grew on the banks were uncovered, and stood out now all one mass of frost-work on both sides the brook,

"With forms so various that no powers of art,
The pencil or the pen can trace the scene!
Here glittering turrets rise upheaving high
(Fantastic misarrangement); on the roof
Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees
And shrubs of fairy-land. The crystal drops
That trickle down the branches fast congeal'd,
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
And prop the pile they but adorned before.

"There, too, rose groups of the beautiful male fern, like icy crowns; and tufts of the lovely heart's tongue—the brilliant green of its ponds but half congealed by the white frosting which partially coated them—being heavy with their newly acquired clothing, quite to the face of the spell-bound streams, looking like a crystal fairy forest; so white and glittering and delicate.

"All these fair visions were unseen by poor Lily, but she could hear the sweet voices which filled the air, the crisp sounds of the ice as it crackled beneath their feet; and the songs of the robin, as

"Content
With slender notes, and more than half suppress'd,
Pleased with his solitude and flitting light
From spray to spray, wherever he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendant drops of ice
That trickle in the withered leaves below.

"All this Lilius could hear and enjoy, and also the merry voices of boys and girls, who, released from school by the Christmas holidays, were hastening to share the fun and pleasure which the frozen pond was sure to afford them. It was a gay and pretty scene that awaited our party when they arrived there."

There is no boy, or girl who will not be the better for reading "Blind Lilius." Such books were never more wanting than they are at present, when the taste of both young and old is in such danger of being vitiated by the worst species of "light literature" that ever was sought to be foisted by charlatans (without education or talent) on an intelligent and enlightened people.

Souvenirs et Portraits. Etudes Sur Les Beaux-Arts, par F. HALÉVY, Membre de l'Institut, Secrétaire perpétuel de l'Académie des Beaux-Arts. Paris: Michael Levy Tretes. 1861. New York: Frederick Christern.

The lovers of the fine arts will find the "Souvenirs" replete with interest. It is but a small 16mo. volume, but it embraces more than is worth remembering than many an octavo devoted to the same subject. After presenting us a graphic sketch of the origin of the opera in France—glancing at the *ballet comique*—the author proceeds to give his impressions of Gregorio Allegri, Pierre Fontaine, David d'Angers, Paul Delaroche, &c. "La vie entière," he says, "de Paul Delaroche, est un exemple frappant de la puissance de l'étude, d'une volonté loyale, toujours dirigée, vers le bien. Delaroche a grandi par la mort il a déjà reçu la consécration que donne la postérité." There is no better authority in France, on the subject of art, than M. Halévy, and his "Portraits" are drawn with a master's hand.

The Lost Hunter: A Tale of Early Times. By JOHN T. ADAMS. New York: M. Doolady. 1860.

This is another reprint of an English novel, the scene of which is laid in New England of more than half a century ago. The hero lives on a lonely island off Connecticut. The story is mingled with Indian life. The descriptive power of the writer is very great; but the descriptions are sometimes inconveniently long, delaying the progress of the plot, and rendering the reader impatient to have his curiosity gratified. But, considering that this is the author's first attempt, there can be no doubt that he will improve by practice. Indeed there is much promise in "The Lost Hunter" of future excellence. New England manners are painted to the life. We make the following extract in illustration of the superstitious awe and reverence with which the American Indian regards the rattlesnake—an enemy which never attacks but when injured, but whose vengeance is sure if he can reach his foe. On his trail he disdains concealment, and with his rattles warns all of his approach. He is held by the red man to be a type of a brave warrior. Holden, the hero of the tale, was sitting at night in his hut before the fire, with a large book open on a table before him, which he had been reading by the light of a single candle; but as he was now gazing into the wood fire before him, an Indian, who had cautiously paddled himself in his canoe to the island, crept stealthily to the window of the white man's dwelling:

"The Indian slid his hand down to the lock of the gun, and drew back the hammer. Cautiously as it was done, he could not prevent a slight clicking

sound, which, perhaps, struck the ear of the Solitary, for he turned his head and moved in the chair. The Indian slunk to the edge of the window, so as to conceal his person from any one within the room, and remained motionless. Presently he advanced his head, and took another view. The Solitary had resumed his former position, and was buried in profound thought. The Indian stepped back a couple of steps, so as to allow the necessary distance between himself and the window, and raised the rifle to his shoulder.

"At that instant, and just as he was about to discharge the deadly weapon, a large rattlesnake, attracted by the warmth, or for some other reason, glided from the opposite side of the hut towards the outstretched limbs of Holden, over which it crawled, and, resting its body upon them, with upraised head seemed to fasten its eyes, glittering in the firelight, full upon the face of the startled Indian. The effect was instantaneous. The rifle nearly dropped from his uplifted hand, a cold sweat burst from every pore, his knees shook, and his eyes, fixed on the snake by a fascination that controlled his will, felt bursting from their sockets. After preserving its attitude for a short time, the snake, as if taking Holden under its protection, coiled itself around his feet, and lay with its head resting on his shoe, looking into the fire. As the snake turned away its bright eyes, the spell that bound the Indian was dissolved. An expression of the deepest awe overspread his countenance, his lips moved but emitted no sound, and cautiously as he had advanced he returned to his canoe, and was soon swallowed up in the darkness.

"The abstraction of Holden must have been deep and long, for upon recovering from his reverie, the reptile was gone. Without his consciousness it had come, and without his consciousness departed; and when he laid the bible, in which he had been reading, on the table, he knew not either the danger he had escaped or the means by which it had been averted."

Not a few of the incidents in "The Lost Hunter" are of startling interest. The scenes are in general highly romantic, and they are described with picturesque vividness. Portraiture of character is not the author's forte, yet more than one of his characters will be recognized as true types. Upon the whole, the lovers of lively fiction into whose hands the book may fall—all who take pleasure in stirring incidents and "hair-breadth 'scapes"—will thank the American publisher for having selected a work so suitable to banish care these gloomy times, if only for an hour.

The Brother's Watchword. New York: Rev. F. D. Harriman. 1861.

Though blended with religion, this is a tale of more than ordinary interest. Such stories are generally dull. The present is an agreeable exception to the rule. The heroine is Georgina Archdale, who is very religious, and has a cousin named Lloyd, rather the reverse. He was an amateur artist; designed and painted well; but that was a secret of which nobody knew. One day he asked Georgina (to whom he had hardly ever spoken) if she would like to see some pictures. She replied she would, when he asked her to come to his room. She expected to see an untidy bed-room, but was delighted and surprised to find a beautifully furnished apartment, filled with pictures. The artist called it his "sanctum." Her attention was drawn to a landscape painting of old elm trees in a park, just tinged with autumnal colors, and the sunlight shining through the branches on the figure of a young girl asleep on the green turf beneath. The light dress and golden hair of the child were in pleasing contrast to the shadows on the old trunks and the dark green sward, and there was a peaceful, happy expression on the sleeping countenance that it gave one pleasure to look upon.

"That girl is like you," Lloyd remarked.

"Like me?" said Georgina, and blushing as she spoke, 'Oh, no! she is beautiful.'

"It is not paying the artist much of a compliment, seeing that the face was actually taken from your own."

"A deeper blush was her only reply."

She visited his sanctum afterwards, and watched him by the hour, as he worked on a fine historical picture, a scene of olden time in the far Norse land. Shortly after, in a conversation about her brother Leonard, Lloyd slighted him, because of his religious turn of mind, when the loyal little creature fired up, and told him Leonard was not "a swearer like him." Like all artists, being of the *irritable genus*, his feelings were wounded, and he was provoked to slap her face, for which he was afterwards deeply sorry, as was she for the provocation; but neither knew of the other's feelings, till, one day, Lloyd's fine picture, which his sister had just been showing to some person, was left carelessly in the open window, with the colors wet upon it. Georgina was standing near, and seeing the sash fall, thrust in her hand to save the picture, and had it so badly mutilated that she was compelled to keep her bed. In four years after, both having been separated by a train of events, they were reunited, when Lloyd put on her injured finger, at the same time kissing it, the ring which was to make them both one. He had now become a minister of the Gospel, and Georgina was thrice happy.

"*Democratische Studien*," herausgegeben. VON L. WALESRODE. Hamburg: Otto Meissner. 1860. New York: Frederick Christern.

It is seldom that a more curious book than this issues even from the prolific press of Germany. Those who read it will hardly think that opinion is much shackled in Hamburg. The contents consist of a series of essays by different authors, some of whom are well known throughout Germany, and have a respectable number of readers, even in this country. This is particularly true of Adolf Stahr, Carl, and Moritz Hartmann, each of whom contributes an essay to the volume before us, but all seem to deal chiefly in exaggeration. For example, Frederick Kapp describes scenes and incidents purporting to have taken place in the Southern States about the time of the execution of John Brown, which cast the famous duel story completely into the shade. He tells his readers, for example, that a gentleman travelling on the North Carolina railroad, happening to be caught in the act of reading an abolition newspaper, was immediately seized upon by his fellow-travellers and thrown out of a window while the cars were going at full speed, so that his neck was broken. The whole affair, he says, was looked upon as quite a matter of course, just as if the victim was a mad dog who had bitten all he could. Another of the essayists could find no better means of showing his cleverness, and proving that he is a true Democrat, than to make an attack on Schiller for having adopted the aristocratic prefix Von. But it is these very exaggerations which constitute the chief attractions of the book.

1. *La Familia de Alvarada. Novela de Costumbres.* Por FERNAN CABALLERO.
2. *La Gariota. Novela de Costumbres.* Por FERNAN CABALLERO. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1860. New York: Frederick Christern.

These two volumes are recent instalments of a beautiful edition of the best modern writers of Spain, now being published at Leipsic, under the title of "*Coleccion de Autores Españoles*." As the titles imply, they are designed to portray the habits and customs of the modern Spaniards.

Thus, in his preface to *La Familia*, the author tells us that the argument, "destinada esclusivamente á pintar al pueblo es un hecho real, &c. (a real event). Some of the scenes described in each volume will recall "Don Quixotte" and "Gil Blas," especially the former, but without pretending to equal either. The author is quite popular in his own country; but it is not likely that he will attract much attention abroad; though he gives very accurate views of the present condition, political, religious, and social, of his countrymen. His stories are chiefly valuable to foreigners, for the well selected scraps of history, biography, poetry, &c., with which he intertwines his narrative. This feature gives students an agreeable impression of Spanish literature, and acts as an incentive to their learning the language. Either story can hardly be said to have any plot; and the dialogue, of which there is much more than narrative, is full of spirit and animation throughout, and often sparkling with wit.

BIOGRAPHY.

Personal History of Lord Bacon, from Unpublished Papers. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON, of the Inner Temple. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

Had we this volume some four months since, we could have added not a little to the interest of the article on Bacon in our December number, for it contains extracts from many curious documents, besides letters and anecdotes never before published in book form. But any addition to what is known of the life and character of a man like Bacon is in season at any time, especially when it is such as to extenuate the great philosopher's faults, if not altogether to exculpate him from the most serious of them. That this is the design of the work before us may be seen from the following note, by the author, to the American publishers, inserted at the beginning of the book: "I feel happy and proud that an arrangement with Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, to reprint 'The Personal History of Lord Bacon,' gives me the opportunity of pleading before the American public for the good fame of one who, dear as he is to the Old World, has an especial claim on the sympathies of the New." However difficult, if not impossible, it is to vindicate the great English Chancellor from the charge of bribery and corruption, it is incumbent on all who have read any of the philosopher's writings, especially the *Novum Organum*, to examine carefully, and with a feeling of predilection in his favor, rather than a prejudice against him, whatever is put forward in his defence. But the "Personal History" claims consideration on other grounds, for it possesses no little interest both in a historical and literary point of view, altogether independently of what relates to its illustrious subject. We need add nothing on the present occasion to these remarks, but proceed to transcribe such extracts as we think will be most acceptable to our readers. Let us begin with a well-drawn sketch of the philosopher's personal appearance at twenty-four:

"How he appears in outward grace and aspect among these courtly and martial contemporaries, the miniature by Hilyard helps us to conceive. Slight in build, rosy and round in flesh, dight in a sumptuous suit; the head well set, erect, and framed in a thick starched fence of frill; a bloom of study and of travel on the fat, girlish face, which looks far younger than his years; the hat and feather tossed aside from the broad, white brow, over which crisps and curls a mane of dark, soft hair; an English nose, firm, open, straight; mouth

delicate and small—a lady's or a jester's mouth—a thousand pranks and humors, quibbles, whims, and laughers lurking in its twinkling, tremulous lines : such is Francis Bacon at the age of twenty-four."—p. 25.

The different biographers who have undertaken to describe Bacon's character are thus glanced at :

" Since then he has been the prey of painters and pasquins ; his offences deepening, darkening, as men have moved yet farther and farther from the springs of truth. Hume is comparatively fair to him. Hallam is less fair ; though he will not, even for the sake of Pope, call Bacon the meanest of mankind. Lingard paints him with a more unctious hate. Macaulay, in turn, is fierce and gay : his sketch of Rembrandt power : his lights too high, he smears too black : noon on the brow, dusk at the heart. Nature never yet made such a man as Macaulay paints.

" But of all the sins against Francis Bacon, that of Lord Campbell is the last and worst. I wish to speak with respect of so bold and great a man as our present Lord Chancellor. He is one who has swept up the slope of fame by native power of heart and brain ; in the proud course of his life, from the Temple to the Peerage, from the Reporters' Gallery to the Wolsack, I admire the track of a man of genius—brave, circumspect, tenacious, strong ; one not to be put down, not to be set aside ; an example to men of letters and men of law. But the more highly I rank Lord Campbell's genius, the more I feel drawn to regret his haste. In such a case as the trial of Bacon's fame he was bound to take pains ; to sift every lie to its root ; to stay his condemning pen till he had satisfied his mind that in passing sentence of infamy he was right, beyond risk of appeal. A statesman and a law-reformer himself, he ought to have felt more sympathy for the just fame of a statesman and a law-reformer than he has shown."—pp. 5, 6.

The justice of the remarks just quoted no one will deny. The following are in the same spirit, and they are as well expressed as they are forcible :

" What Hallam left dark and Campbell foul should be cleansed as soon as may be from dust and stain. It is our due. One man only set aside, our interest in Bacon's fame is greater than in that of any Englishman who ever lived. We cannot hide his light, we cannot cast him out. For good, if it be good, for evil, if it must be evil, his brain has passed into our brain, his soul into our souls. We are part of him : he is part of us ; inseparable as the salt and sea. The life he lived has become our law. If it be true that the Father of Modern Science was a rogue and cheat, it is also most true that we have taken a rogue and cheat to be our god."—pp. 6, 7.

That Mr. Dixon is as much the defender of Elizabeth as he is of Bacon, will be seen from the manner in which he accounts for the death of the Queen of Scots :

" What to do with Mary had been a dismal question for honest men since the day when she had first sought refuge in Carlisle from her licentious barons and her faithless son. In her room at Chartley, guarded by the old moat, shut in with her women and her priests, she had scared the Protestant imagination more than either the Kaiser in Vienna or the Pope in Rome. Her position was, indeed, most strange : to-day a prisoner, to-morrow she might become a queen. She had no need to make a party, to risk her head in order to win her game. She had only to live : certain, as fall will follow spring, of rising one day from her bed of durance to find the necks of her enemies beneath her feet. An accident, a crime, might give her, any hour, the crown. A stumbling jennet, an unwholesome meal, a prick of Babington's knife, a snap of Salisbury's dag, might take away the life which alone stood between her and the English crown.

" Put on trial, her complicity proved, her cousin would still have spared her

life. But the Burghleys, Davisons, and Pauletts were in no position to treat this profligate woman with the leonine clemency of the Queen. To Elizabeth she was, indeed, a danger and a snare; but to the Protestant gentleman who loved his religion and his country, her removal or succession was a question of life or death. She could neither break Elizabeth on the wheel nor roast her at the stake; for unless a Spanish force should succeed in seating her on the throne, her day of evil could not come until the Queen was safe from the revenge of King and Pope. But what prelate on the bench, what councillor at the board, what magistrate in his shire, would feel his head safe on his spine should the trumpets bray the accession of Mary to the English throne? They had seen another Mary. Old men recalled the day when Latimer perished. Half the citizens of London could tell how Rogers had gone to heaven in the Smithfield fires. All England shook with the news of the more recent massacres of Paris—massacres solemnly approved and commemorated in Rome as services to God. Men firm in their own faith, loyal to their own Queen, pretended no pity for a woman who to Helen's loveliness of person added more than Helen's dissoluteness of mind. They saw in Mary a wife who had married three husbands and was eager to marry more. They saw in her the murderess of Darnley, the destroyer of the Kirk. They saw in her a pretender to the English crown, in whose name Sixtus had resumed the kingdom, and Philip was preparing to lay it waste. Was such a woman to live and become the Queen?

"Had Mary refrained from plots, content to bide her time, the peril of such a future would have been hard to meet; but when her complicity in Babington's treason was proved in court, then Davison urged, and the House of Commons demanded by petition, that for the security of life, liberty, and true religion in time to come, the prisoner of Fotheringhay should suffer the just sentence of the law."—pp. 27, 28, 29.

This is rather severe on the unfortunate Mary Stuart. There are not many in our day who will agree with Mr. Dixon that the beautiful victim of nineteen years' captivity, and finally of the executioner's hatchet, was the horrible Borgia she is here described. But Elizabeth was as virtuous, good, and generous, according to Mr. Dixon, as Mary Stuart was licentious, treacherous and blood-thirsty. It was as an affectionate mother, or rather as a grandmother, that she loved Essex and another "cousin" or two, for whom, historians tell us, she had a certain tenderness at certain times. "He" (Essex), says Mr. Dixon, "had been *born into her lap and into her heart*."

"She loved him, too, for his father's sake; Walter, Earl of Essex, having been a real friend to her in those young days when friends were few and cold. As she seared into age, it pleased her eye to see the sons of her first staunch peers around her throne. She had made Hunsdon chamberlain; she meant to make Cecil Secretary of State. She had loved Sydney for his father's virtues; she endured Essex in remembrance of his father's fate. She had indeed much to bear with and forgive. More profuse than generous, more rash than brave, he tried her affection by his petulance and brawls; but she clung to the orphan boy with a clannish pride which she had always felt for her mother's kin. She loaded him with favors. His jerks and whims, so galling to the council and the court, amused the Queen as *signs of the Boleyn blood. Her mother had them; his mother has them. That she ever loved him more than a lady of sixty years may love her cousin's grandchild is a monstrous lie. No woman can believe it; no man but a monk could have dreamt it.*"—p. 49.

Peacham, the old clergyman whom Bacon is said to have put to the torture, in order to force him to give evidence against himself, is thus described by Mr. Dixon:

"Not much has been left to us by the writers about Edmond Peacham; yet evidence remains in the books at Wells, and in the records of Her Majesty's

State Paper Office, to prove that he was one of the most despicable wretches who ever brought shame and trouble on the Church. It is there seen that he was a libeller. It is there seen that he was a liar. It is there seen that he was a marvel of turbulence and ingratitude; not alone a seditious subject, but a scandalous minister and a perfidious friend. It is in evidence that he outraged his bishop by a scandalous personal libel; and that he did his worst to get the patron to whom he owed his living hung."—pp. 225, 226.

The account of Bacon's trial for bribery and corruption, and its results, is in a similar spirit:

"In answer to a statement sent to him from the Lords, he confesses, as the King has begged him to confess, to the receipt of several fees and gifts, and to a trust in the servants of his court, often most unwise. Most of the cases fall under his third division; two or three under his second; none under his first. Beyond this point his confession and submission do not run. If he takes to himself some share of blame, he takes to himself no share of guilt. He pleads guilty of carelessness, not to crime. But he points out, too, that all the irregularities found in his court occurred when he was new in office, strange to his clerks and registrars, overwhelmed with arrears of work. The very last of them is two years old. For the latter half of his reign as Chancellor, the vindictive inquisition of his enemies, *aided by the treachery of his servants, has not been able to detect in his administration of justice a fault, much less a crime.*"—p. 342.

Then we are told what the great Chancellor himself thought of "this memorable persecution:"

"Bacon makes no complaint. He feels that he is made a sacrifice, an innocent sacrifice, for what he hopes may turn out to be the public good. The court is corrupt, though the judge is pure. In a few brave words he states the case: "I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years, but it was the justest censure that was in Parliament these two hundred years."—p. 344.

Although the student of English History will hardly be induced by the "Personal History" to set aside the views of Campbell, Hallam, Macaulay, and other authorities like them, it is not the less true, as already remarked, that the work claims the attention and will repay the perusal of all capable of appreciating the benefits conferred by the inductive system on civilization and human happiness.

The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus, to which are added those of his Companions. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Author's Revised Edition. 3 vols., 12mo. New York: George P. Putnam. 1861.

We have no notion of troubling our readers with any criticism of Irving's works, in this department of our journal. When we attempt anything of the kind, it will be in a long paper in the body of the work, which will leave us room to give our impressions of the author in full. Suffice it to the present occasion to add our humble tribute to the well-deserved, almost enthusiastic, praise bestowed by the press of every grade throughout this continent on the "National Edition" of his writings, now passing through the press of Mr. Putnam, and of which the volumes, whose title is at the head of these remarks, are the latest monthly installments. Neither from the Riverside Press, nor any other on this continent, have finer specimens of book-making issued. The elegant typography, delicately tinted paper, fine engravings and binding at once tasteful and substantial, are all in character, worthy of the American Goldsmith, the biographer of Washington, the discoverer of America, and of the publisher whose name is

indissolubly associated, abroad, as well as at home, with the highest order of American literature.

The Life of Columbus ought to be read more at the present crisis than at any other time: let us hope that it will be, for there is much in its graphic, lively, and interesting pages which is well calculated to revive that strong feeling of patriotism for which, until lately, our people had been distinguished throughout the world, but which, at the present moment, unhappily seems to slumber. Thus, in glancing at the first volume our eyes light on a fine portrait of Americus Vesputius, the face beaming with an intelligence such as may well be called prophetic; the hand, though hidden from the view, holding a map of the New World, with a star glittering at its corner. On the title-page of the same we read, in the language of ancient Rome, the prophetic lines of Seneca—we look through the table of contents, then at the index, and how many great names do we see!

In the appendix alone to the third volume there is an amount of curious historical and biographical information in reference to the mighty dead, which is more valuable than many a volume by itself—such, for example, as that which relates to the transportation of the remains of Columbus from St. Domingo to the Havana, to the expedition of John of Anjon, the voyages of the Scandinavians, the circumnavigation of Africa by the Ancients, the Atlantis of Plato, the Island of the Seven Cities, the situation of the Terrestrial Paradise, &c., &c.—all in the happiest style of the author of *Tales of a Traveller*. In the same appendix is the will of Columbus, which is certainly a most curious document, so curious, in our estimation, that, lest there may be any of our readers who may not have seen it, we will quote an extract or two, which will give an idea of its character. One can hardly repress a smile on finding the great discoverer bequeath nearly a third part of the globe to his son and heirs, and then calling on both the Pope and the king to see that his wishes are fully complied with. His greatest uneasiness, next to the fear that his posterity might be cheated, was, that a woman might inherit the "estate." We quote a passage:

"This entailed estate shall in no wise be inherited by a woman, except in case that no male is to be found, either in this or any other quarter of the world, of my real lineage, whose name, as well as that of his ancestors, shall have always been Columbus. In such an event (*which may God forefend*), then the female, of legitimate birth, most nearly related to the preceding possessor of the estate, shall succeed to it; and this is to be under the conditions herein stipulated at foot, which must be understood to extend as well to Don Diego, my son, as to the aforesaid and their heirs, every one of them to be fulfilled by them; and failing to do so they are to be deprived of the succession, for not having complied with what shall herein be expressed; and the estate to pass to the person most nearly related to the one who held the right; and the person thus succeeding shall in like manner forfeit the estate, should he also fail to comply with said conditions; and another person, the nearest of my lineage, shall succeed, provided he abide by them, so that they may be observed for ever in the form prescribed. This forfeiture is not to be incurred for trifling matters, originating in law-suits, but in important cases, *when the glory of God, or my own, or that of my family, may be concerned, which supposes a perfect fulfilment of all the things hereby ordained; all which I recommend to the courts of justice. And I supplicate his Holiness, who now is, and those that may succeed in the holy church, that if it should happen that this my will and testament has need of his holy order and command for its fulfilment, that such order be issued in virtue of obedience, and under penalty of excommunication, and that it shall not be in any wise disfigured. And I also pray the king and queen, our sovereigns, and their eldest-born Prince, Don Juan, our lord and their successors, for the sake of the services I have done them, and because it is just, that it may please them not to permit this my will and constitution of my entailed estate to be*

any way altered, but to leave it in the form and manner which I have ordained, for ever, for the greater glory of the Almighty, and that it may be the root and basis of my lineage, and a memento of the services I have rendered their highnesses; that, being born in Genoa, I came over to serve them in Castile, and discovered, to the west of Terra Firma, the Indies and islands before-mentioned."—pp. 445-6.

The particular character of the bequest is thus indicated, and, this being only a part of it, it will be seen that the whole is a pretty extensive estate:

"The said Don Diego, or any other inheritor of this estate, shall possess the offices of *admiral of the ocean*, which is to the west of an imaginary line, which his highness ordered to be drawn, running from pole to pole, a hundred leagues beyond the Azores, and as many more beyond the Cape de Verd islands, over all which I was made, by their order, their admiral of the sea, with all the pre-eminences held by Don Henrique, in the admiralty of Castile, and they made me their governor and viceroy perpetually and for ever, over all the islands and main-land discovered, or to be discovered, for myself and heirs, as is more fully shown by my treaty and privilege as above mentioned."—pp. 446-7.

Did our space permit, we would give the whole will. It shows that human nature, even in its most exalted state, has its weaknesses, its prejudices, its superstitions.

Old New York; or, Reminiscences of the past Sixty Years. By JOHN W. FRANCIS, M.D., LL.D. 12mo. New York: Charles Roe.

The recent death of the venerable Dr. Francis imparts to his last work a renewed interest. We should, therefore, have found a melancholy pleasure in making it, or rather its lamented author, the subject of an elaborate paper in the body of our journal, had not all that department passed through the printer's hands before the sad event took place. We can now do no more than take a hasty glance at the more prominent events in the life, and the salient points in the character, as partly illustrated by "*Old New York*," of the eminent physician, scholar, author, and philanthropist, whose friendly acquaintance it had been our privilege and pleasure to have enjoyed for several years. Had we even abundant space and time left, it would be needless to enter into details; since both the daily and weekly papers, to their credit be it spoken, have vied with each other in placing upon record every circumstance relative to his last illness, as well as to his whole career from youth to age, in which his fellow-citizens, who loved and respected him so well, might be supposed to take an interest.

In regard to the immediate cause of his death, it will be sufficient, therefore for us to express our sincere regret, in passing, that one who was always so ready and able to alleviate the sufferings of others, without pausing to inquire whether he was like'y ever to be remunerated for his labor and skill, should have lain on a bed of sickness for nine weeks, most of the time racked with pain. This remark recalls to our mind at once the kindness of heart, delicacy of feeling, and wonderful strength of memory which we saw Dr. Francis evince more than once beside the bed of sickness, without the least effort or affectation, in making use of the Latin language to ask questions and make observations which it would not be desirable the patient should understand; and we may add that he is the only New York physician we have ever heard attempt to veil his ideas in the same drapery. In most countries of Europe every properly-qualified physician is supposed to be capable of using the language of Rome in this way; but he is expected to do so only in the presence of female

patients, partly because the latter are more liable to nervous excitement than males, and partly because they are supposed not to understand Latin. At all events the incidents referred to would sufficiently account for the grateful affection which Doctor Francis has cherished throughout his long life for Columbia College, which, through evil report and good report, he was proud to call his *Alma Mater*. Even the sycamores which once adorned the grounds of that institution were dear to the kind-hearted Doctor, as may be seen from the following passage :

"Columbia College, that venerable and venerated seat of classical learning, was justly proud of her healthy and beautiful locality, laved almost up to the borders of her foundation by the flowing streams of the Hudson, and ornamented by those majestic sycamores planted by the Crugers, the Murrays, and the Jays, fifty years before our incorporation, but which city progress has recently so agonizingly rooted out. Well might Cowen, in his *Tractate on Education*, have extolled this once delectable spot as an appropriate seat for intellectual culture in the New World.

"As a graduate for nearly half a century, an overweening diffidence must not withhold from me the trespass of a moment concerning my *Alma Mater*. The faculty, when I entered within its walls, was the same as occupied them when our Historical Society was organized, and on a former occasion, at one of your anniversaries, I bore testimony to the cordial support which that body gave to our institution at its inception. The benignant Bishop Moore was its president ; Dr. Kemp, a strong mathematician, ably filled several departments of science ; impulsive and domineering in his nature, there were moments with him when a latent benevolence towards the student quickened itself, and he may be pronounced to have been an effective teacher. It has been promulgated that he gave early hints of the practicability of the formation of the Erie Canal. I have never seen satisfactory proofs of such forethought in any of his disquisitions. He died shortly after that great measure was agitated : he might have conversed on the subject with Clinton, Morris, Eldy, Colles, and Fulton. Yet I think I might, with perhaps equal propriety, because I had an interview with old William Herschel, fancy myself a discoverer of the nature of the milky way. Kemp was clever in his assigned duties, but had little ambition to travel beyond it. He was devoid of genius, and lacked enterprise."—pp. 33-4.

True, he was as generous in his praise of men, as of institutions ; and especially of the dead, from whom he had no favors to expect. No one, for example, has paid a finer tribute to Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat. We quote an extract :

"Mr. Fulton was emphatically a man of the people, ambitious indeed, but void of all sordid designs ; he pursued ideas more than money. Science was more captivating to him than pecuniary gains, and the promotion of the arts, useful and refined, more absorbing than the accumulation of the miser's treasures.

"I shall never forget that night of February 24th, 1815, a frosty night indeed, on which he died. Dr. Hosack, with whom I was associated in business, and who saw him in consultation with Dr. Bruce, in the last hours of his illness, returning home at midnight from his visit, remarked, 'Fulton is dying ; his severe cold amidst the ice, in crossing the river, has brought on an alarming inflammation and *glossitis*. He extended to me,' continued the Doctor, 'his generous hand, grasping mine closely, but he could no longer speak.' I had been with Mr. Fulton at his residence but a short time before, to arrange some papers relative to Chancellor Livingston and the floating dock erected at Brooklyn. Business dispatched, he entered upon the character of West, the painter, the Columbiad of Barlow, and the great pictures of Lear and Ophelia, which he had deposited in the American Academy. This interview of an hour with the illustrious man has often furnished grateful reflections.

"I enter not into a consideration of the special claims which Fulton pos-

sesses as the inventor of steam navigation ; it is sufficient for me on this occasion to know, that at the time when the *Clermont* steamed her way on the Hudson from New York to Albany on the 7th September, 1807, not another steamboat was in successful operation, save his own, throughout the globe. Well might the eloquent *Gouverneur Morris* exclaim, in his inaugural discourse before your Historical Society, 'A bird hatched on the Hudson will soon people the floods of the Wolga : and cygnets descended from an American swan, glide along the surface of the Caspian sea.'"—pp. 79, 80.

Few even of the world's master-spirits have sufficient magnanimity to bestow praise on those who may be regarded as their own rivals. But Dr. Francis had a mind superior to jealousy or envy. Hence the good grace with which he does justice to the learning, skill, and worth of Dr. Valentine Mott, while giving a retrospective sketch of the Academy of Medicine, as may be seen from a sentence or two which we transcribe :

"The office of President is filled by annual elections. The present head of the Academy is Valentine Mott, whose zeal and assiduity in behalf of the great interests of medical and surgical science, half a century's labors testify. The lustre of his great name seems to have still further swelled the number of friends to the Academy, and excited additional activity among them to promote the expressed designs of its incorporation."

Nor is it alone to his own countrymen the author of "*Old New York*" is thus generous. We have never known even an American who had a more enthusiastic love for his country or who had a stronger personal feeling—though no hatred—against those whom he knew to be opposed to her institutions. Thus Mr. Macready, the distinguished English tragedian, has gratefully acknowledged, at a public dinner in London, that no praise had ever been conferred upon him in Europe or America which he more highly valued than the tribute from which we copy here a brief extract :

"Mr. Macready has ever been scrupulously careful about assuming a part in plays which tended to the exaltation of the baser passions, and the increase of licentiousness. The regularity of his own life added to the self-gratification he enjoyed from so scrupulous a line of conduct in his professional duty. Believing that a great ethical principle for the improvement of morals and the diffusion of knowledge resided in the stage, he, above all things, wished Shakspeare to be exhibited as he is, unencumbered with the trappings of other minds, and I have little doubt that in his happy retirement he finds solace in the conduct he adopted. Elegant letters occupy a portion of the leisure hours which Mr. Macready has at command since his withdrawal from theatrical toil, and the journals have recently noted with commendation the efforts he is engaged in to enlarge the empire of thought and morals by promoting the establishment of public schools. He virtually, if recent reports be true, is at this present period a voluntary teacher of morals and science. His philanthropy has created a school for the rising generation, and even for maturer years, at his beautiful retreat at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire. Whatever may have been the vicissitudes and trials which have oppressed, at times, the course of his honorable life, he will assuredly find an adequate recompense in the benevolent and grateful pursuits which now absorb so largely his experienced intellect. His late lecture on poetry, and its influence on popular education, delivered before the British Athenæum, has been read by thousands with the strongest approval."—pp. 246-7.

But our space is rapidly diminishing. The small amount now left had best, perhaps, be devoted to a brief sketch of the Doctor's professional and literary labors, with incidental reference to the various offices and honors conferred upon him by those of his fellow-citizens best competent to judge both of his qualifications and merits. As an extract which we see quoted from the *New American Cyclopædia* seems to emanate from one fully acquainted with both the facts and dates, we append it here :

"He was graduated A.B. in 1809, and M.D. by the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1811, being the first person upon whom a degree was conferred by the latter institution. A few months afterward Dr. Hosack offered his young pupil a partnership, and the connection thus formed, extending not merely to professional, but also to literary and other pursuits, lasted until 1820. In 1810, while yet a student, he issued, in connection with Dr. Hosack, the prospectus of the 'American Medical and Philosophical Register,' which was published quarterly and continued for four years. In 1813 Dr. Francis was appointed Lecturer on the Institutes of Medicine and Materia Medica at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and soon afterward, the Medical Faculty of Columbia College having been consolidated with that institution, he received the chair of materia medica in the united body. He would accept no fees for his first course of lectures, fearing lest the increased expenses of the new establishment might exclude some who wished to attend the full course. He contributed to Rees' *Cyclopedia* while abroad. On his return to New York, the chair of materia medica having been added to that of chemistry, he became Professor of the Institutes of Medicine, and in 1817 succeeded Dr. Stringham as Professor of Medical Jurisprudence. In 1819 he was made Professor of Obstetrics, in addition to his other duties, and retained this appointment until 1826, when the whole faculty resigned, and a majority of them founded the Rutgers Medical School, which, after a successful career of only four terms, was closed by the Legislature. In this institution Dr. Francis filled the chairs of obstetrics and forensic medicine. Since his retirement from this post, he has devoted himself to the practice of his profession and the pursuit of literature, neither of which indeed he had allowed his academical duties to interrupt. In conjunction with Drs. Beck and Dyckman he edited, in 1832, 1833, and 1834, the *New York Medical and Physical Journal*. He actively promoted the objects of the New York Historical Society, the Woman's Hospital, the State Inebriate Asylum, and the cause of natural history, the typographical guild, and the fine arts, in behalf of which he has frequently written and spoken. In addition to biographical sketches of many of the distinguished men of the last half century, with whom he had been in intimate relationship (among others, of Robert R. Livingston, Philip Freneau, Daniel Webster, J. Fenimore Cooper, Cadwallader Colden, Samuel L. Mitchill, Edward Miller, John Pintard, and the actors, Cooke and Keane), and articles in different medical periodicals on obstetrics, vitriolic emetics in croup, *sanguinaria canadensis*, iodine, the goitre of Western New York and Canada, on medical jurisprudence, yellow-fever, death by lightning, caries of the jaws of children, elaterium, ovarian disease, &c., he has published an essay on the 'Use of Mercury' (8vo, New York, 1811); 'Cases of Morbid Anatomy' (4to, 1814); 'Febrile Contagion' (8vo, 1816); 'Notice of Thomas Eddy the Philanthropist' (12mo, 1823); 'Denman's Practice of Midwifery, with notes' (8vo, 1825); 'Address before the New York Horticultural Society' (1830); 'Address before the Philolexian Society' (1831); 'Letter on Cholera Asphyxia of 1832' (8vo, 1832); 'Observations on the Mineral Waters of Avon' (1834); the 'Anatomy of Drunkenness'; 'Discourse before the New York Lyceum of Natural History' (1841); Discourses before the New York Academy of Medicine (1847, 1848 and 1849); Addresses before the Typographical Society of New York, 'On Dr. Franklin' (1850 and 1859), and 'On the Publishers, Printers, and Editors of New York'; 'Old New-York; or Reminiscences of the past Sixty Years' (8vo, 1858; second edition, enlarged, 12mo, 1858). A memoir of Christopher Colles, read by him before the Historical Society in 1854, was published in the *Knickerbocker Gallery* in 1855. His discourse at the Bellevue Hospital, 1858, embraces a minute view of the progress of anatomical investigation in New York, from its early state under the Dutch dynasty down to the present time. He was elected the first President of the New York Academy of Medicine after its organization in 1847. He was a foreign associate of the Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society of London, and other institutions abroad, and in fellowship with many scientific bodies in his native land. In 1850, he received the degree of LL.D. from Trinity College, Hartford, Conn."

Perhaps there has not lived another physician in modern times having

so extensive a practice as Dr. Francis, who could have performed all these literary labors. Yet he seldom seemed wearied; but always ready to alleviate pain—to go to the farthest end of the city; to the bedside of the poorest as well as the richest—

“Doing good by stealth, and blushing to find it fame.”

The death of such a man, however late in life it may occur, is a public loss. Let us hope it is true (for we do not know of our own knowledge) that, as it is said, young Dr. Francis inherits the talents as well as the virtues of his venerable and distinguished parent.

Memoires du Prince de Ligne, suivies de Pensées et précédées d'une Introduction. Par ALBERT LACROIX. Paris: A. Bohné. New York: Frederick Christern.

There are none of the great men of the eighteenth century, or of the earlier part of the nineteenth, of whom sketches, more or less interesting, are not given in this volume. The subject was one of the most distinguished soldiers of his time. He was just of age at the time of the first French Revolution, having been born at Brussels in the year 1740, and had before him the example of his father to inspire him with military ardor, since it was the latter who defended his native city with such bravery in 1746. The young Prince entered the Austrian army at an early age; and he distinguished himself so gallantly that he was twice nominated to the command of the army of Italy, when that country was invaded by the French, while Napoleon was first consul.

But it is not in a military point of view that the work before us is most interesting, but as a series of lively sketches and reminiscences of such personages as the Prince of Condi, the Emperor Joseph II., Napoleon I., Maurepas, Maria Du Barry, and many others of less note. Independently of his position as a general officer in the wars caused by the French Revolution, the Prince de Ligne had peculiar opportunities for obtaining an insight into the true character and objects of the greatest events in his time, since he was connected either by blood or marriage with most of the reigning houses in Europe. Of these advantages he fully avails himself in his Memoirs; but he has said so little of himself, that it has become necessary for M. Lacroix, editor of the work, to give a sketch of his character. The historical student, engaged in learning the French language, will find the “Memoires du Prince de Ligne” well calculated to accelerate his proficiency in both studies.

Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk; containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his Times. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

There are no books more attractive, or, indeed, more interesting than those which relate, in a lively, good-natured way, the reminiscences of one who has had a long and familiar intercourse with the great and gifted of his time. The one now before us is of this character. Though called an autobiography, it contains very little about the author except as a looker on. Many historians give much more prominence to themselves in their grave works than Dr. Carlyle does here; at the same time there is no trait of his character which is not fully developed in the book. Those who read the work may well wonder that it had lain aside in manuscript for many years after the author's death before it found its way to the printer's. Whether this was the fault of the publishers, or whether we are to attribute it to the scrupulous caution

of friends, is only a matter of conjecture. At any rate, it lost none of its freshness or piquancy for the public at large; it is as valuable now as it was fifty years ago; the first part of it having been commenced in 1800. None of the celebrities, male or female, or of the great wits of the eighteenth century, are passed over in the "Autobiography." All are sketched, more or less fully, with a pen at once graphic and candid; nothing seems exaggerated, and nothing that ought to be made public seems to be withheld. In a brief paragraph we have not unfrequently two portraits from life. Blair and Robertson, for example, are hit off thus:

"Dr. Blair was a different kind of a man from Robertson, and his character is very justly delineated by Dr. Finlayson, so far as he goes. Robertson was most sagacious, Blair most naïf. Neither of them could be said to have either wit or humor. Of the latter, Robertson had a small tincture—Blair had hardly a relish for it. Robertson had a bold and ambitious mind, and a strong desire to make himself considerable; Blair was timid and unambitious, and withheld himself from public business of every kind, and seemed to have no wish but to be admired as a preacher, particularly by the ladies. His conversation was so infantine that many people thought it impossible, at first sight, that he could be a man of sense or genius. He was as eager about a new paper to his wife's drawing-room, or his own new wig, as about a new tragedy or a new epic poem."

Nothing is more good-natured than the author's treatment of the great philosopher and historian, David Hume, whom it has been the fashion with little minds to decry on account of his infidelity. It is for a Christian minister to be charitable even to those who are hostile to Christianity, and Dr. Carlyle acts accordingly, as may be seen from the following anecdote:

"On Monday, when we were assembling to breakfast (at Gilmerton, the residence of Sir David Kinloch), David retired to the end of the dining-room when Sir David entered. 'What are you doing there, Davy? Come to your breakfast.' 'Take away the enemy first,' says David. The baronet, thinking it was the warm fire that kept David in the lower end of the room, rung the bell for a servant to take some of it off. It was not the fire that scared Davy, but a large Bible that was left on a stand at the upper end of the room, a chapter of which had been read at the family prayers the night before—that good custom not being then out of use when clergymen were in the house. Add to this John Hone saying to him at the Poker Club, when everybody wondered what could have made a clerk of Sir William Forbes run away with £900, 'I know that very well, for when he was taken there was found in his pocket your 'Philosophical Works,' and 'Boston's Fourfold State of Man.'"

But it is needless to multiply extracts from a work which has been almost universally read; still more needless to enter into any analysis of the work as considered in a literary point of view. Suffice it to say, that if there are any interested in English literature, who have not yet read the book, a special intellectual treat awaits them.

POETRY.

Faithful for Ever. By COVENTRY PATMORE, author of "The Angel in the House." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

A curious book truly—one that will be read more for its peculiarities than for its intrinsic merits; although it must be admitted that the latter are of no mean order. It is a versified novel, whose story is told in a number of familiar poetic epistles, in imitation of the style of Pope. The

scene is laid in England. The hero is Frederick Graham, who belongs to the aristocratic class; but is a puling, romancing sentimentalist, whose love-sickness as described by himself to his mother, is calculated to give the uninitiated no very agreeable idea of the "tender passion." The principal letters are from Frederick to his mother, Mrs. Graham, and from Mrs. Graham to her son Frederick; the rest of the correspondence is between Frederick's wife, her mother and mother-in-law, and Frederick's cousin Honoria and her father, and Honoria's father and Frederick, together with an epistle from Honoria's sister Lady Clitheroe to another sister Mary. The correspondence presents a strange mixture of the pathetic, the mock-heroic, the comic, and the whimsical.

Frederick was twice deeply in love without marrying the object of his affections, and the woman he married he never loved, though her love for him is something more than womanly. His first love was Charlotte Hayes, and of his love-sickness in her case he draws a glowing picture. To show how blind love is, Charlotte was so like her twin-sister Anne, that they could be only distinguished by their own family by wearing ribbons of a different color. He says:

"That Charlotte, whom I scarcely knew
From Anne but by her ribbons blue
Was loved, sure less than look'd at, shows
That liking still by favor goes!
This love is a divinity,
And holds his high election free
Of human merit; or, let's say,
A child by ladies called to play,
But careless of their beck and wiles,
Till, seeing one who sits and smiles
Like any else, yet only charms,
He cries to come into her arms."

Frederick's mother not admiring his cousin Honoria Churchhill, and perceiving that he was about falling in love with her, if he was not already captivated, writes to him to warn him of his danger. He replies that she need have no fear for

"None ever loved because he ought;"

as much as to say, because Honoria was perfection, all divine, he was sure not to love her. He had had the love fever before, and it was "never badly taken twice." He felt confident he was proof against a second attack; while in his glowing eulogy of Honoria, he lets out the secret of which he is still unconscious himself, that he is caught like the lured bird and cannot escape. The mother replies:

"My dearest child, Honoria sways
A double power, through Charlotte Hayes!
In minds to first love's memory pledged
The second Cupid's born full fledged.
The Churchhills came, last spring, to Spa,
And stay'd with me a week. I saw,
And own I trembled for the day
When you should see that beauty, gay
And pure as apple-blossoms, that show
Outside a blush, and inside snow;
That high and touching elegance
Which even your raptures scarce enhance.
Ah, haste from her enchanting side!
No friend for you, far less a bride."

Frederick answers:

"None finds me ninety miles removed
From her who must not be beloved;
And as the whole sea soon shall part,
Heaving for aye without a heart!
But why, dear mother, warn me so?
I love Miss Churchill? Ah, no, no!
I view, enchanted, from afar,
And love her as I love a star."

Frederick, an officer in the Navy, went to sea, but distance only lent a new enchantment to that star which he worshipped; and on his return he hastened to her feet. He found his love was not reciprocated, but on the contrary that a rival's wealth had won her. He says in another letter to his mother :

"Fashion'd by Heaven or by Art
So is she, that she makes the heart
Ache, and o'erflow with tears, that grace
So wonderful should have for place
The unworthy earth !
* * * * *
Mother, your foresight did not err :
I've lost the world, and not won her.
* * * * *
Would I might
But be your little child to-night,
And feel your arms about me fold,
Against this loneliness and cold."

Frederick's mother consoles him by the reflection that Honoria's choice proved she was not worthy of him. He writes to his mother in deep despair, after Honoria's marriage with Mr. Vaughan, M.P., and informing her that he was about to wed Jane, the daughter of the chaplain of the ship, "a dear, good girl," who had pitied his sorrows. Mother Graham writes in great haste to caution Frederick against throwing himself away in despair upon the first girl he met. But her letter was too late. The deed was done. He found her, though not beautiful nor graceful, a pure, innocent, and loving wife, and praises her virtues; but his heart still pines for his cousin, Mrs. Vaughan, to whom he expected to be married in heaven, for heaven without her would be no heaven to him, and with her he needed no other heaven.

Frederick and his wife are invited to the Churchhill's, where he gazes in admiration upon his married cousin, and his sympathizing wife, unlike the generality of her sex, approves his passion. Frederick gives an account of the visit to his mother, who thus replies:

"A man's taskmasters are enough !
Add not yourself to the host thereof.
This did you ever, from the first,
As now, in venturing to the Hurst
You won, my child, from weak surprise,
A vigor to be doubly wise
In wedlock : with success, then cease,
Nor risk the triumph and the peace.
'Tis not pure faith that hazards even
The adulterous hope of change in heaven."

A strong contrast is presented between the characters of the wife Frederick has, and the woman he desired to have, as exhibited in their own letters. Mrs. Vaughan, in a letter to her father, shows she is jealous of her husband in reference to Frederick's wife; complains of him for attempting to curtail her boundless extravagance; and runs him down generally. Jane, on the contrary, in a letter to her mother-in-law, wonders why it is men make such a fuss about women, as they are not worth it. And in another epistle, to her own mother, begs her to request Frederick to scold her now and then, for sake of variety; for he never found fault with any thing she did. She depreciates herself, and dwells rapturously on his merits. Aware that he was ever dreaming of some absent love, she excuses him on the ground that she is herself "plain, small, stupid, ignorant, awkward, and mean," and expresses a kind of devotion to him of which, we think, there are few examples to be found among her sex—

"I see the beauty which he sees,
When oft he looks strange awhile,
And recollects me with a smile."

*I wish he had that fancied Wife,
 With me for Maid, now ! all my life
 To dress her out for him, and make
 Her beauty lovelier for his sake.
 To have her rate me till I cried ;
 Then see her seated by his side,
 And driven off proudly to the ball ;
 Then stay up for her, whilst all
 The servants were asleep ; and hear,
 At dawn, the carriage rolling near,
 And let them in ; and hear her laugh,
 And boast he said that none was half
 So beautiful, and that the Queen,
 Who danced with him the first, had seen
 And noticed her, and asked who was
 That lady in the golden gauze !
 And then go to bed, and lie
 In a sort of heavenly jealousy."*

Some will say that this is not of the earth, earthly; nor of woman's nature, and that the best way to test it, is to let any husband, who has the courage, ask his wife to play the part so much desired by Jane. Most women would, perhaps, pronounce her foolish. Indeed, she seems to have a faint suspicion of this herself, for in the "Postscript" to her letter to Mrs. Graham, with which the book concludes, and in which she gives an account of her son, she says :

"I've one thing more to tell ;
 Fred's teaching Johnny algebra !
 The rogue already treats mamma
 As if he thought her, in his mind,
Rather silly, but very kind.
 Is not that nice ? It's so like Fred !
 Good-bye ! for I'm to go to bed,
 Because I'm tired, or ought to be.
 That's Frederick's way, of late, you see ;
 He really loves me, after all,
 He's growing quite tyrannical !"

It is, however, but justice to the poet to remember that there are strange beings in real life as well as in books, and that the greatest geniuses have drawn men and women that cannot be referred to any *known* type (*raræ aves*) whose very singularity is a charm. At any rate, "Faithful for Ever" has a certain fascination about it which is none of the characteristics of an ordinary production.

The Skeleton Monk ; and other Poems. By FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.
 Philadelphia : James Challen & Son. 1861.

We have here a sweet little volume containing upwards of forty poems, all very short, except the "Skeleton Monk" and "The Voyage of Life," neither of which is very long. The versification is smooth, and the rhythm is evidently attuned by an ear which appreciates numbers. The poems are of that class which are characterized more by beauty, delicacy, and taste, than by grandeur or strength. They at once suggest Tennyson and Longfellow to the reader. The "Skeleton Monk," a legend, is a poem of considerable merit. It opens with the following stanzas :

"In a Capucin convent, old and gray,
 On the brow of a cliff, some leagues away
 From the walls of Rome, lived Friar Frevaye.
 Giuseppe Frevaye !
 He was ruddy and gay ;
 And yet, in his cowl,
 He looked grave as an owl,
 And he carefully counted his beads every day !

"He doated on beads, and on medals as well—
 On his brown woolen cloak and his little square cell;
 And he worshipp'd St. Francis, whose ghostly old head
 Looked down from a frame at the top of his bed:
 He had worm-eaten books
 Stowed in curious nooks,—
 A jar full of relics,—some saintly old crooks;
 With a table and chair,
 And a missal, for prayer,
 And a crucifix carved out of wood very rare.

"Nature made him a monk,—and he never appeared
 With his shining bald head, and his flowing brown beard,
 With his twinkling grey eye, and his dimpled red cheek,
 And his fat little figure, so jolly and sleek,—
 But each stranger declared that he'd ne'er before seen
 A monk with so perfectly monkish a mien!
 Nature made him a monk,—but no hermit, not he!
 He had forty fat brothers, each jovial and free,
 Who could doff like a cassock his sanctified air,
 And vary with wassail his penance and prayer!
 And no part of that cherish'd old convent, I ween,
 Had more loving attent than its ample cuisine!

"One could always find there
 An abundance of fare,—
 The most delicate viands, delicious and rare;
 And, in certain deep vaults, stained with cobwebs and mould,
 Sparkled wine, red as rubies, and yellow as gold,
 With numberless names, and exceedingly old!"

The sly, comic humor which lurks in the foregoing, recalls Curran's "Monks of the Screw." The metre, it may be seen, is greatly diversified, and is still more varied as the poem proceeds. The tale goes on to describe the gorgeous splendor of the chapel, and then contrasts with it the horrors of the charnel-house beneath, "the convent's huge tomb," where all the fraternity were buried for three hundred years. Here Friar Guiseppe was in the habit of praying, and putting a light in the hand of some grim skeleton as it stood in a niche of the wall. One day, he took off a skull from one of the skeletons, and carried it away with him for use. The festival of Saint Francis came, and it was celebrated by the monks with sumptuous profusion. Flowers were strewed everywhere; and the monastery was brilliantly illuminated,—it was the three hundredth anniversary. Nor were the skeletons in the vaults forgotten. Their skulls were decked with garlands, which withered instantly in the foul air, and lights were put in their bony hands, which burned dimly and dull. The monks feasted that night on all that could be found in forest or field, in ocean or air; and they drank to St. Peter and to Pope Leo, "who reigned in his stead," and to Saint Francis, and all the saints and martyrs; and as the old stately halls with the revelry rang, Guiseppe went to his cell for the skull, and filling it with wine quaffed it off, and passed it round. Lo! a procession of skeletons stalk into the room, each with a wax candle in his hand, and his chaplet of flowers on his head, save one who appeared without a head, and who, snatching the skull from the hand of Guiseppe, dashed out the wine, and besides took off "poor Guiseppe's bald pate." He was headless and dead. The monks have all passed away—the convent is abandoned, and is become a mouldering ruin; but that is not the end of the story:

"And yet, at the feast of Saint Francis, each year,
 Precisely at midnight, two spectres appear—
 Two skeleton monks, as their garb would denote,
 For each folds about him a woolen capote,—
 And they traverse that ruin, nor slacken their pace,
 As the one hurries on, and the other gives chase!"

And the first a wax candle bears, flickering and dull,
 And grasps, in his long bony fingers, a skull;
 And the second, who goes with a wavering tread,
 And his skeleton hands in the darkness outspread,
 And his cowl floating free, is bereft of the head!
 And still, as he follows,—in mischievous mood,
 The other peers back from the shade of his hood,
 And entices him on :—but, alas! nevermore
 Shall Giuseppe recover the skull he once wore!"

In the other pieces the measure is more simple, and such as may be met with every day.

"The Voyage of Life," which is longer than the "Skeleton Monk," is a very graphic picture of life, in its different stages from childhood to old age; the moral being that we seek in vain to "remount the river of our years." A thoughtless, merry-hearted child is represented as sallying forth

"One sweet spring morn, when skies were bright,
 And the earth was green and gay,—
 When fields were bathed in golden light,
 And feathery mist wreaths, thin and white,
 Were hung on cliff and mountain height,
 Like chaplets twined by the hand of night
 To bind the brow of day"—

The child, allured by bird and flower, descends playfully along a narrow stream, which opens, at length, into a broad silvery lake, where, seeing a light skiff, he entered, and was wafted over the expanse to the other side, from which issued a river, on whose bosom the youth is borne onwards, delighted with the enchanting scenery. He floats along, while the river spreads wider and deeper, and the current becomes more rapid, when, suddenly, clouds, tempest, lightning and thunder burst upon him. His boat is shattered; he loses his oars, but he clings to the wreck and gains the shore. His craft repaired, he launches it again amid sunshine and a bright rainbow overhead. But the current soon ran faster and deeper than before, till, at last, he hears the roar of a rushing cataract, and, in great excitement, beholds its flashing breakers; he is carried over into the depths below. He still survives with his old bark; but he is no longer on the lovely lake, nor the beautiful river, but a gloomy gulf with a desolate shore. In vain he struggled to ascend the foaming flood, and, as night came on, he wept, and thus the poem concludes—

"Long years have sullenly worn away :—
 But ever, as on that sweet spring day,
 You may see that frail skiff floating o'er
 The billows which break on the desolate shore :—
 But a gray old man with a furrowed brow
 And a trembling hand guides the vessel now;
 And toilsomely still he strives to regain
 The river above, but he strives in vain;
 And his straining eyes are dimmed with tears
 As he pines for the bliss of his early years,—
 When, over the river of childhood's day,
 His light skiff gallantly glided away.
 And, weary, he weeps in his shattered bark,
 As the night comes on and the gulf grows dark!"

This exquisite poem, in which nature is painted so charmingly, is full of deep pathos. In our judgment, there is nothing in Longfellow superior to it. We extract another specimen on the same subject, but under a different though kindred image, and give the poem entire as it is short:

LIFE.

"Life is a vortex foaming high,
We're tending to the centre,
And all of us begin to die
The moment that we enter.

"In youth our vessels smoothly glide
While morn is smiling o'er us ;
We run around the circles wide,
And life looks long before us !

"But age comes on, and morning light
By evening shade is followed :
Shorter our round, swifter our flight,
'Till in the gulf we're swallowed !

"One common fate awaits us all,
To the same point we're hurried,
Into the same abyss we fall,
By the same torrent buried !"

The thought in these lines is equally beautiful and just. A lofty moral sentiment pervades most of the author's effusions. Sometimes he limps, and is weak, as the critical reader will easily find out. But we are so glad to meet with so much good poetry in his pages that we have little inclination to find fault, or point out blemishes.

"*The Hidden Gem :*" a Drama in Two Acts—composed for the College Jubilee of St. Cuthbert's Ushan, 1858. By H. E. CARDINAL WISEMAN. Baltimore: Kelly, Hedican & Piet. 1860.

The name of Cardinal Wiseman is familiar throughout Christendom. Whatever emanates from his pen necessarily commands attention, even if it be a play. It may at first sight, perhaps, seem strange that a Cardinal, ranking next in dignity to the Pope, should permit his name to go forth to the world in connection with a dramatic composition—not a mere closet play, though Cardinal Richelieu, the illustrious founder of the French Academy, not only wrote for the stage, but was willing to be considered the rival of the great Corneille—considering his "Europe" quite equal, if not superior, to the "Cid" of the latter. But, when it is considered that it is done for the good of Christianity, and that, in its nature, the play is religious, distrust is changed into admiration of a zeal in the cause of religion, which induces a man of genius to employ his leisure hours in writing a drama to allure youth to enlist under the banner of the Cross. Not that we hold it to be inconsistent with the calling of a minister of religion to write useful or amusing books on other subjects, but that the theatre and the church have, in the minds of most people, a natural repulsion to each other. But if the reader regard this composition merely as a pious effusion, he will commit a great error. It is redolent of wit and the comedy of life, and paints men and manners with a master's hand.

The plot is as follows : In the reign of the Emperor Honorius, and the Pontificate of Innocent I., there lived on the Aventine a Roman patrician of great wealth, named Euphemiarus. He had an only son, Alexius, whom he educated piously. When he was grown up, a Divine command ordered the son to quit his father's house, and lead the life of a poor pilgrim. He accordingly proceeded to Odessa, where he lived several years, while he was sought for all over the world. At length he was ordered home by Divine command, as before, and he entered his father's house a stranger. He remained there as many years as he had lived abroad, amidst the scorn and ill-treatment of his own domestics, until his death,

when first a voice, heard through all the churches in the city, proclaimed him a saint, and then a paper, written by himself, revealed his history. The moral of the drama, and the propriety of the title, are described in the two last lines:

"None in the Church's golden diadem
Can shine, that is not long a hidden gem."

The beautiful Church of St. Alexius yet stands on the Aventine Hill as a monument of his piety.

Such is the story. As to its literary merits, though it is deficient in plot, it is alive with action, and does not delay the impatient reader with long-winded speeches, as do most plays written by inexperienced dramatists, though able men, who do not study stage effect. It is astonishing what a taste the truly classic Cardinal has for dramatic compositions. Sometimes humor shines out, and sometimes careless of poetic imagery, as for instance:

"Once more I stand where haughty Aventine
Crushes, with craggy head, the serpent neck
Of writhing Tiber; while between the peaks
Of Sabine hills the sun shoots forked beams,
Hanging the gems of morning on each leaf."

Again we have another gem—

"While in sound sleep, methought there stood beside me
A being fair, but radiant as the morn,
His purple wings were tremulous with gold,
Like cedars in the breeze at set of sun."

We will now make an extract from the dialogue in a different vein. The *dramatis personæ* are slaves, whose notions about the rights of property are of the true levelling stamp:

"Eusebius—Let me ask, is not the wine the master's property?

Several—Of course it is.

Euseb.—He has a right to keep it in an amphora^o in his cellar.

Bibulus—Aye, till we can get at it.

Euseb.—Hold your tongue till I have done. And if it be poured as usual into a sheepskin, may he not still lock it up in his inner cellar?

Several—Certainly. What then?

Euseb.—Or if into an ass's skin, does that make any difference?

Several—Of course not.

Euseb.—Pray, what is the difference between its getting into Bibulus's skin and into any other donkey's skin?^o Had not the master an equal right to lock it up in his cellar? And that's just what he did.

All—Bravo, bravo! Bibulus is an ass.

Bib. (*furiosus*)—I'll pay you out for this one day, Eusebius. Listen, my friends. All this comes of bad logic, as one may say: of putting the premises before the consequence. I'll teach you right logic. Pray, what was wine made for?

Ursulus—To be drunk, of course.

Bib.—Well, then, let that wiseacre tell you, how wine is to be drunk, without being drunk.

Verna—Very good.

Bib.—Then, you see, in being drunk, I only did what wine was made for: ergo, I did quite right.

Dorus—And therefore quite wrong.

Bib.—But the fact is, the wine is Euphemiarus's. Who gave him the soil? Who gave him the vines? Nature made them both, and nature gives them as much to me as to him. Before nature we are all equal.

All.—To be sure we are!

* The ancients kept their wine in skins as we do in casks, demijohns, or bottles. Hence the observation in the Evangelists: "No man puts new wine into old bottles (skins) lest the bottles (skins) burst," &c. Of course, if the bottles had been made of glass they could not burst from age.

Bib.—Then why is not the wine mine as much as Euphemiarus's?

Euseb.—Because you did not make it.

Bib.—Neither did he.

All—True, quite true!

Bib.—One man has no right to the produce of many others' labor! If we are all equal, it is clear that all things should be in common! Down with artificial distinctions, say I. Why should one man wear broad-cloth and another long-cloth? One drink Falernian, and another Sapphire? Tell me that?

Euseb.—Come, Bibulus, you are getting venomous. Let us be equal. Why should you stand on a chair and me on the ground? You have all the talk, and we only listen!

Sec.—Go on! go on!

Verna (*shaking a rake*)—I like this abdesah way of levelling; it beats rake husbandry hollow. But how could we make a right division? Lay all out in flower-beds, as one may say?

Bib.—Oh, very easily. You should have the garden; Eusebius might take the library and welcome.

Euseb.—Thank you, and how live?

Bib.—Why, haven't I heard you say that you *devour* new publications, *relish* a good poem, and would like to *digest* a code of laws? Haven't you often declared that in a certain book there was want of *taste*, that another was a *hotch-potch*, that one writer was *peppery*, and another *spicy*, a third *insipid*, or that, poor wretch! he had been terribly *cut up*, or made *mince-meat* of, and completely *dished* by those cannibals called critics?

Dorus—Bravo, Bibulus, you have settled his hash at any rate."

The foregoing will serve as pretty fair specimens of the Cardinal's style. The songs of the chorus of slaves are lyrics of a high order of merit, and are set to excellent music at the end of the volume.

There is nothing sectarian in "The Hidden Gem," nothing to offend those whose religious scruples are strongest; and were it otherwise, the humor, the classic lore, and, above all, the *bon-homme* and philanthropic spirit with which it is everywhere imbued, would acquit the distinguished author of all narrow-mindedness and bigotry; especially in view of the fine portrait of him which fronts the title page.

SCIENCE.

Annual of Scientific Discovery, or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1861. Exhibiting the most Important Discoveries and Improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Philosophy, Chemistry, Geology, Zoology, &c., &c. Edited by DAVID A. WELLS, A.M. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1861.

No other work of the same size, published either in Europe or America, is so well calculated as this to give the general reader a correct view of the progress of science and the arts throughout the world. Each volume embraces all the new facts of any importance that have been brought to light, either by learned societies or private individuals, during the past year, in such a concise, lucid form that, with the aid of the copious, well-arranged index which it always includes, "he who runs may read." It would seem incredible, without examination, that a duodecimo volume of 424 pages, could contain so large an amount of multifarious information on subjects in which all who read and think feel more or less interested. It would be superfluous to enter into particulars as to the characteristics of a work so well known as the "Annual of Scientific Discovery." We think it much better to make a few extracts from the "Notes of the Editor," for the benefit of such of our readers as may not find it convenient to

secure a copy of the book. After quoting a very interesting extract from the last address of the President of the British Association, on the "Progress of Science," the editor observes :

"In the department of geographical research, the past two or three years have been periods of great activity ; and especially in the exploration of Central Africa the zeal of the explorers seems to have been greatly increased. 'The earlier discoveries of Livingstone,' says Sir R. I. Murchison, in his address before the Section of Geography and Ethnology, at the last meeting of the British Association, 'have been followed by other researches of his companions and himself, which, as far as they go, have completely realized his anticipation of detecting large elevated tracts, truly *Sanatoria* as compared with those swampy, low regions near the coast, which have impressed too generally upon the minds of our countrymen the impossibility of sustaining a life of exertion in any intertropical region of Africa. The opening out of the Shire river, that grand affluent of the Zambesi, with the description of its banks and contiguous lofty terraces and mountains, and the development of the healthfulness of the tract, is most refreshing knowledge, the more so as it is accompanied by the pleasing notice that in this tract the slave trade is unknown, except by the rare passage of a gang from other parts ; whilst the country so teems with rich vegetable products, including cotton and herds of elephants, so as to lead us to hope that a spirit of profitable barter, which powerfully animates the natives, may lead to their civilization, and thus prove the best means of eradicating the commerce in human beings.'"—p. 9.

It is pleasant to the philanthropist to observe that even Russia, much as it is the habit to regard her as in a state little better than semi-barbarous, scarcely yields even to studious and thoughtful Germany, in her zeal for the progress of science.

"M. de Kanikoff (says Mr. Wells), has published a map of levellings, made by him in 1859, in Khorassan, Afghanistan, Seistan, and Central Persia, over an extent of two hundred thousand square miles. They are located by a triangulation connected with the triangulation of Trans-Caucasia. This vast country is subdivided into four terraces of unequal extent, and with a mean height of fifteen hundred to three thousand feet, each having a central depression and forming a basin. The first and largest contains the great desert between Koum and Nichapoor ; the second and southwestern, which is the driest of all, is the desert of Loot, between Khorassan and Irak ; the third, the desert of Seistan, has, at its lowest point, Lake Hamoon ; and the fourth occupies the country between Toon, Khaf, and Selzar. The mountains which furrow these terraces are composed mainly of crystalline rocks, and are remarkable for their uniformity, and for the extreme dryness of their slopes. The vegetation of the first and last named terraces is identical with that of the plains of Transoxiana ; the others present some plants of tropical forms, similar to those of Southern Arabia. Wherever the country is sheltered against the cold northern winds, the date-tree is cultivated with success.

General Schubert has communicated to the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg a determination of the figure of the earth, based on the principal measurements of degrees ; he believes that it is an ellipsoid with three axes, or, in other words, that not only the meridians are ellipses, but that the equator is also an ellipse, though differing very slightly from a circle.

"The King of Bavaria is having executed, at his own expense, a magnetic chart of Europe, to which several years of labor have already been devoted. M. Lamont, director of these works, has addressed to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, through the intervention of M. Elie de Beaumont, curious and important details upon the determination of the constant inclinations of the magnetic needle in the South of France and of Spain. Mariners will profit by the table of the declinations of the needle in the principal ports of France, Spain, and

Portugal, traced by this savant. The declination is at Toulon, $16^{\circ} 45'$ west; at Marseilles, $17^{\circ} 7'$; at Oporto, $22^{\circ} 10'$; at Brest, $22^{\circ} 33'$; at Cherbourg, $21^{\circ} 38'$; at Dunkerque, $20^{\circ} 10'$, etc. This declination has, within a century, been diminishing at an average rate of seven minutes per annum."

The head of the French Government receives full credit for his exertions for the improvement of agriculture throughout France.

"The Emperor Louis Napoleon, during the last ten years, has done more for the improvement of agriculture and rural economy, than has been done by all the other sovereigns of Europe put together. The Emperor's farms are situated in various parts of France, from the Landes, south of Bordeaux, to the neighborhood of Paris. They are model farms,—draining, subsoiling, breeding of cattle, and other forms of agricultural improvement being carried on in the most approved manner. The French government has, since the first revolution, always bestowed special attention on agriculture, horticulture, and arboriculture. Lectures on agriculture and horticulture are delivered by first-rate men in the capital and in the provinces, and, though these are partly the results of private enterprise, they everywhere meet with countenance and encouragement from the government. Gardening is taught by precept and example in many of the elementary schools, and the young proficient are rewarded by prizes distributed by the local authorities."—p. 16.

The concluding paragraph of the "Notes" embodies ethnological facts at once remarkable and instructive:

"The aboriginal inhabitants of the Pacific islands are vanishing before the peaceful aggressions of colonization, in a manner unexampled even in the history of our decaying Indian tribes. The swift decline of the Sandwich islanders is well known, but even their fearful rate of decay is exceeded by that of the more southern insular people. The Maoris of New Zealand, were estimated by Sir George Grey in 1851 at 120,000; the census of 1858 makes their number only 50,000. 'Neither census,' remarks one peculiarly fitted by a long residence among them, to pronounce an opinion, 'may be very accurate, but both indicate, what every one in New Zealand knows, that the native races are becoming extinct with a rapidity unprecedented in the annals of nations.' In Tasmania the earliest European colonists found in 1803 more than 5,000 natives; they now number less than a score. In Australia the same fatal process is going on. The census of 1855 made the native population of South Australia to be 3,540, and that of 1860 shows them to have decreased to 1,700. In Victoria there were in 1848 nearly 5,000 Australian aboriginals; in 1860 there are only 1,768."—p. 18.

The present volume of the "Annual" is embellished with a fine portrait of Dr. A. A. Gould, well known both as an eminent physician and a scientific investigator. As usual, the typography is a model of elegance.

The Physical and Moral Aspects of Geology, containing the leading facts and principles of the Science, and a discussion of the great moral questions growing out of modern geological discoveries. By WM. J. BARRETT, S.M., M.D., Principal of M. F. Institute, Senatobia, Mississippi. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son. 1861.

One of the most interesting sciences which can engage the mind of man is that of geology—that which treats of mother earth, its structure, the arrangement of its strata, minerals, and fossil remains, and of the causes which have produced the changes that have taken place since the creation. It is only in recent years that geology has attained to the rank of a science; and upon none of the great subjects of human investigation has light been so rapidly shed. Seventy years ago there was scarcely a book on the subject. Half a century ago the name had not been imported here

from England. Now the name of books on geology is legion, and we have professorships in every college, and nearly every State has her official geologist, whose surveys develop the mineral wealth of the State, and point out the best methods of cultivating the soil. We do not mean to say that the investigations of philosophers into the hidden secrets of the earth are of recent date, but that it is only in modern times they have become knowledge. The master-spirits of the five most distinguished schools of Grecian philosophy labored to devise theories which would account for the formation of the earth. They failed because they began at the wrong end. They started with an hypothesis instead of a fact, and they endeavored to make what they saw conform to their theories, instead of building their theories upon the solid foundation of well-ascertained facts. The history of geology exhibits three eras—the ancient, the mediæval, and the modern. The first is the period of hypothesis, the second the period of philosophical speculation, and the third the period of induction. Our author, in an introductory chapter, sketches these three periods, and notes the difference between the fancies of Aristotle and the facts of Humboldt—the conjectures of Pythagoras and the observations of Agassiz—the ideal of Plato and the real of Lyell. He then treats on the subject in detail in three parts: first, an account of the elements of the globe, and an exposition of geological dynamics; second, a classification of rocks and a description of the different formations; third, the moral bearings of geology.

Mr. Barbee does not profess to offer a profound work to the public, nor even an original book, but he claims the merit of presenting the subject in a popular form, which was certainly a *desideratum* in geological literature. Hugh Miller's *Testimony of the Rocks*, for example, is an admirable book, but how few who read it understand more than half? To bring the subject within the mental grasp of the ordinary reader, is the main design of the book before us, and on the whole we think the author has been successful. Another object he has in view, not less important, is to remove the prejudice of many Christians against the science of geology, on account of its supposed conflict with the Bible. In this the way was cleared for him by other men, for at the present time hardly an intelligent Christian teacher will attempt to defend that interpretation of Genesis which assigns to our globe an antiquity of only 6,000 years. That day has gone by, and some of the eminent divines of every sect have borne their testimony to the truths of geology as determined by observation and experiment. In common with our author, they reconcile the indisputable facts with the Scriptures by repudiating the mistranslations and false interpretations of the latter. Among such authorities may be classed Holmes, Buckland, Pye Smith, and Dr. Harris, who are all quoted by the author as agreeing with Lyell on the age of Niagara, and with one another upon the far remote antiquity of the earth. When Lyell's work first appeared there was an almost universal outcry of the clergy against him as an infidel, and no doubt if they only had the power, some of them would deal with his arguments as those of Galileo on the Science of Astronomy were disposed of in other days. But a change has gradually come over their views. After Galileo was compelled to recant his opinions about the revolution of the earth, the truth repressed burst from his lips—"Still it moves." So in modern times, however heterodox they may appear, the facts of geology are before the eyes of all men. They cannot be gainsayed, and no weight of *odium theologicum* can suppress them. From the movements of antiquity, some of which date back 4,200 years affording negative evidence that the earth is older than 6,000 years, from

the deltas of rivers and their alluvial plains, such as the valley of the Mississippi, from the absence of human remains in any strata of compact rock under the superficial, from the absence of remains of inferior animals coterminous with man in all the deposits under the superficial, from the river gorges, from volcanic action, from mountain upheavals, from buried forests, from a view of fossil remains, and from the stratification of rocks formed by aqueous deposit from the washings of the crystalline formations—the strata lying in successive layers to the height of five miles, the irresistible truth is made evident to the reason and the senses. The united depth of the Mississippi delta and plain, for example, is 900 feet, which would require 100,000 years to grow by the deposit of sediment. The deposit, therefore, of five miles of sediment, to say nothing of the time required for its hardening and upheaving into mountains, would require a period of three millions of years, but even this is only one of the ages of the earth.

The great drawback to the popular study of geology hitherto has been that it has been treated exclusively in an abstruse and technical form in ponderous tomes. Our author has produced a very readable and easily understood elementary book, clear in style and logical in argument. It cannot fail to render the science more attractive, and to diffuse a knowledge of it among the rising generation and those of adult years who have neither leisure, means, nor capacity for deeper study. Instead of leading to infidelity and irreligion, the tendency of geology is to a loftier reverence of the Deity from the contemplation of His wonderful works which the science reveals.

THEOLOGY.

Miscellaneous Sermons, Essays, and Addresses. By REV. CORTLANDT VAN RENSSELAER, D.D., late Corresponding Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Education. Edited by his son, C. VAN RENSSELAER. 8vo. pp. 569. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1861.

The sermons in this volume are not of the ordinary kind; they are such as thousands who never go to church would read with pleasure, and derive not a little profit from doing so, if only brought to their attention under another title. So much is there in a name—so much dulness is presented under the character of "Sermons," that the general reader can rarely be induced to make an effort at distinguishing the genuine from the spurious metal. The work before us opens with an interesting memoir of the author. It contains a eulogy on Daniel Webster, which would have repaid perusal at any time, but which possesses a peculiar interest at the present crisis. We transcribe a brief extract, which will give an idea of the patriotic spirit with which the whole is imbued:

"Mr. Webster's patriotism was displayed in a long public life, by his *unquenchable attachment to the Union*. Thoroughly and minutely acquainted with American history, deeply realizing the radical defects of the articles of the old confederation, convinced of the necessity of the permanent Union of the States, and glorying in the wisdom of the Constitution as it is, he put forth his whole powers in perpetuating American liberty on its ancient covenanted foundation. He ever maintained that our present Constitution was formed not only by the separate States, but by the people of the whole United States. This was the groundwork of his argument against Nullification. His soul was with the people, as the framers of the Constitution."—p. 90.

Another paper which is likely to have a good effect at the present time, is one on the centennial celebration of the Battle of Lake George.

In this there are some strikingly eloquent passages, which, had we sufficient space, we should like to quote. The essay on the advantages of Colleges is, however, more in accordance with our own views and feelings. Believing that it will be regarded in the same light by our readers, we extract from it the following:

"Education, in the first place, strengthens the mind. It fits it for use, and enables it to employ its faculties for the public welfare. Education is not theoretical: it is verily utilitarian. It has practical value. The power of mind is increased by training. If the prosperity of a country be promoted by bringing into cultivation new acres of land, and by the production of additional manufactures by the industry of the people, so is it advanced by the cultivation of more intellect, and by the additional mental strength acquired in institutions of learning. All college graduates do not, indeed, become legislators, or executive officers, or lawyers and judges; but the State has, at least, a wider range from which to obtain its supplies, and more strength of mind in its employment, when that supply is obtained from educated men. And even though these individuals should never be called into public life, the State has still the benefit of cultivated talent and influence in the spheres in which they move.

"Secondly, a collegiate education enlightens the mind. It imparts knowledge, and knowledge is power. A public man ought not to be ignorant. You will all maintain that a person who cannot read or write is unfit to hold office in Wisconsin; and, further, that the higher the office, the better informed ought the incumbent ordinarily to be, in order to fill it well. Now, a college possesses materials in its studies to qualify men for the higher engagements of professional life. History, political economy, the classics, literature, mathematics, general learning, give an enlargement of view which belong to the true qualifications of a statesman.

"A collegiate education disciplines the character. Learning inculcates lessons of self-reliance, patience, subordination, a proper appreciation of ourselves and others. The associations of college life, outside of the class-room, assist the other appliances of education in opening the eyes of the ignorant, and in upholding the true relations of individuals to each other, and to society at large. The daily intercourse of students, their alliances of friendship, their contact with each other as debaters in the literary societies, all unite with the natural tendency of literary habits and acquisitions, to improve and discipline the character. Furthermore, a collegiate education *fosters the true spirit of liberty*, which is another element in the qualifications of all public men. A liberal education brings the mind into communion with the master-spirits of antiquity, who generally plead for popular rights. The study of history excites sympathy with liberty. The acquisition of knowledge in general, opens to the soul the great truths of the universe, which make a man feel his independence and the dignity of his nature."—pp. 181-183.

The historical discourse on the Capture of Ticonderoga, with which the volume closes, is replete with interest. It is undoubtedly the ablest essay it has been our privilege to read on the same subject from any pen, either English or American, lay or clerical.

Discourses: Doctrinal and Practical. By EDWARD N. KIRK. Boston: American Tract Society. New York: L. W. Brinckerhoff. 1861.

This volume contains thirteen well-written, thoughtful papers, which, whether we call them sermons or discourses, are both readable and instructive. The following extract, from that entitled "The Great Missionary," will serve as a specimen of the author's style, and may, at the same time, make an impression to which no true Christian can be indifferent:

"Our Saviour presents the standard of human excellence, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, mind, and strength, and thy neighbor

as thyself.' And did He think that idolaters, the profane, the neglecter of God's service, those who love pleasure more than God, the proud, the covetous, the sensual—did He believe that they were good, when compared with that standard, 'Thou shalt love God supremely and perfectly?' or the envious, ambitious, fraudulent, cruel, tyrannical, impure, slanderous? Do they love others as themselves? Do they in India, Africa, Europe, America? Did they in any part or age of the world? Ask history. It is, indeed, too generally the record of the powerful. But it shows what all would do, if their circumstances permitted. And have the powerful been good? Have their lives been examples of piety? Have their energies been consecrated to the public welfare? There has been a Cyrus, an Aristides, a Joshua, a St. Louis, an Alfred. But they are the exceptions. The history of kingdoms is a record of wars and their horrors, of frauds and oppressions. What says the social state of mankind? Let the condition of woman speak in all the lands where human nature has acted out its unobstructed tendencies. What is a Turkish wife, an Indian mother, a Hindoo widow? Come home, then, to the criminal courts and criminal establishments, of Christian America. Leave the poetry of the parlor; lay down that enchanting book which enraptures you with its visions of human dignity and loveliness; leave that circle of refinement, where a favored few have separated themselves from the vulgar, to enjoy a higher intellectual and social life, and come with me out among the mass of this moving population. Let us go into the lanes and alleys, the alms-houses, the hospitals, the prisons. Shrink not, admirer of human nature; this is man, godlike man. Do you know that thousands of the very children of this city are liars, thieves, impure, profane? And what a pagan world?"

1. *Lyra Domestica*: Translated from the "Psaltery and Harp," of C. J. P. SPITTA. By RICHARD MASSIE. With additional Selections by Rev. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1861.
2. *Selections from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments for Families and Schools*. By the Rev. DAVID GREENE HASKINS. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1861.

Each of these volumes is a valuable addition to the family library. The "Lyra" contains many a veritable gem. That entitled "Patience" is of the first water, and it is as truly pious, full of resignation, as it is poetical and tender. "The City of God" is another fine specimen of genuine sacred poetry, especially the two middle stanzas; and we might easily point out several more, did we not believe that most of our Church readers are already acquainted with the character of the tiny work.

The "Selections from the Scriptures" needs no comment. Suffice it to say that the extracts are well arranged, and that the book will be found useful in religious families.

The Great Preparation; or, Redemption Draweth Nigh. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1861.

It is a sad commentary on the common sense, not to speak of the intelligence, of our boasted nineteenth century, that such absurd twaddle as forms the staple of this book can find readers. As if one such dose were not enough, we have a "first series" and a "second series." "The Great Tribulation," by the same author, seemed to have reached the "lowest depth" of dulness and monomania; but even that was a brilliant, sensible performance compared to this. Verily, with Balzac as our moralist and Cumming as our theologian, we are in a fair way of being done for, thanks to the very enterprising gentlemen whose efforts at making extremes meet in this way remind us somewhat of the Brobdingnagian philosopher, who busied himself in extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, though the latter imposed on nobody but himself.

1. *A Description of the Medals of Washington, of National and Miscellaneous Medals, and of other objects of interest in the Museum of the Mint.* Illustrated by seventy-nine *fac-simile* engravings. To which are added biographical notices of the Directors of the Mint, from 1792 to the year 1851. By JAMES ROSS SNOWDEN, Director of the Mint. 4to, pp. 203. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1861.
2. *A Description of Ancient and Modern Coins, in the Cabinet Collection at the Mint of the United States.* Prepared and arranged under the direction of JAMES ROSS SNOWDEN, Director of the Mint. 8vo, pp. 412. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1861.

The titles of these two works fully indicate their character. It would be almost superfluous to add that they are superbly illustrated—indeed, got up, in every respect, in a manner worthy of the kindred subjects treated. This is particularly true of the “Washington and National Medals,” in the preparation of which it is evident that neither pains nor expense have been spared. It is appropriately dedicated to General Scott, of whose letter to the editor accepting the dedication a *fac-simile* is given at the beginning of the book. The contents are arranged under three different heads: 1. The Washington Medals; 2. National Medals; 3. Miscellaneous Medals. There is a large variety of each, and all are engraved in the best style of American art. The descriptions and historical sketches given in the text possess no ordinary value by themselves, exhibiting, as they do, a considerable amount of careful research.

The “Manual” is altogether a different work. This, as its title implies, embraces the coins of all nations, ancient and modern, as far as known. The large majority are pictorially illustrated, together with being briefly described in the text, as are all the rest, including numerous Oriental coins, such as those of the Ottoman Empire, Egypt, Persia, Bokarah, Hindostan, China, Cochin-China, Japan, &c., &c. Works of this kind are as valuable to the historical student and the antiquary as they are curious and interesting to the general reader. There is a full and well arranged index to each volume, which greatly enhances its value as a work of reference. We take it for granted that few Americans who can afford the luxury will fail to secure a copy, at least of the “Washington and National Medals,” for, apart from its national character, a finer volume could hardly adorn the centre-table or family library.

The Sabbath School Bell. A new collection of choice Hymns and Tunes. By HORACE WATERS. New York. 1861.

This volume contains an immense number of airs for sacred music, arranged as solos, duets, trios, semi-choruses and choruses, for organ, melodeon, or piano. One peculiarity of it is, that many of the most profane airs are “stolen from the devil” for the service of God, and are found to be much better than the old dull, stupid music, which formerly rather repelled than attracted the warm young mind.

RECENT FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

- Nouvelle Biographie générale depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'à nos jours, avec les renseignements bibliographiques et l'indication des sources à consulter, publiée par MM. *Firmin Didot frères*, sous la direction de *M. Hofer*. Tome XXX. [Lavoisier—Lettsom]. *Paris*. 8o. 516 pp.
- Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, J.. Le Bouddha et sa religion.—Les Origines du bouddhisme (543 avant J. C.). — Le Bouddhisme dans l'Inde au septième siècle de notre ère. — Bouddhisme actuel de Ceylan. *Paris*. 8o. XXVIII, 441 pp.
- Bericht über den Volksgesundheitszustand und die Wirksamkeit der Civilhospitäler im russischen Kaiserreiche für das Jahr 1857. Auf Befehl des Hrn. Ministers des Innern zusammengestellt vom Medicinaldepartement, nach den bei demselben eingegangenen officiellen Berichten. *St.-Petersburg*. 8o. XXX., 288 pp.
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- Sutter, D. Nouvelle théorie simplifiée de la perspective, contenant une introduction historique, les principes de géométrie appliquée au dessin, le tracé des tableaux d'histoire, d'intérieur, de paysage, de marine, la théorie des ombres, la décoration des plafonds et des notions sur la perspective des théâtres, approuvée par l'Académie des beaux-arts. *Paris*. 4o. VIII, 52 pp. *Mit 60 Taf.*
- Atlas des nördlichen gestirnten Himmels für den Anfang des Jahres 1855 entworfen auf der Königl. Sternwarte zu Bonn. [Von *F. Argelander*.] 5. Lfg. *Bonn, Marcus*. Fol. 4 lith. Taf.
- Enumeratio corporum animalium musei imp. academiæ scientiarum Petropolitanae. Classis insectorum ordo Lepidopterorum. Pars II.: Lepidoptera heterocera (autore *E. Ménétries*). Accedunt tab. VIII. *Petropoli*. [*Leipzig, Voss*.] 8o. VIII, 96 pp.
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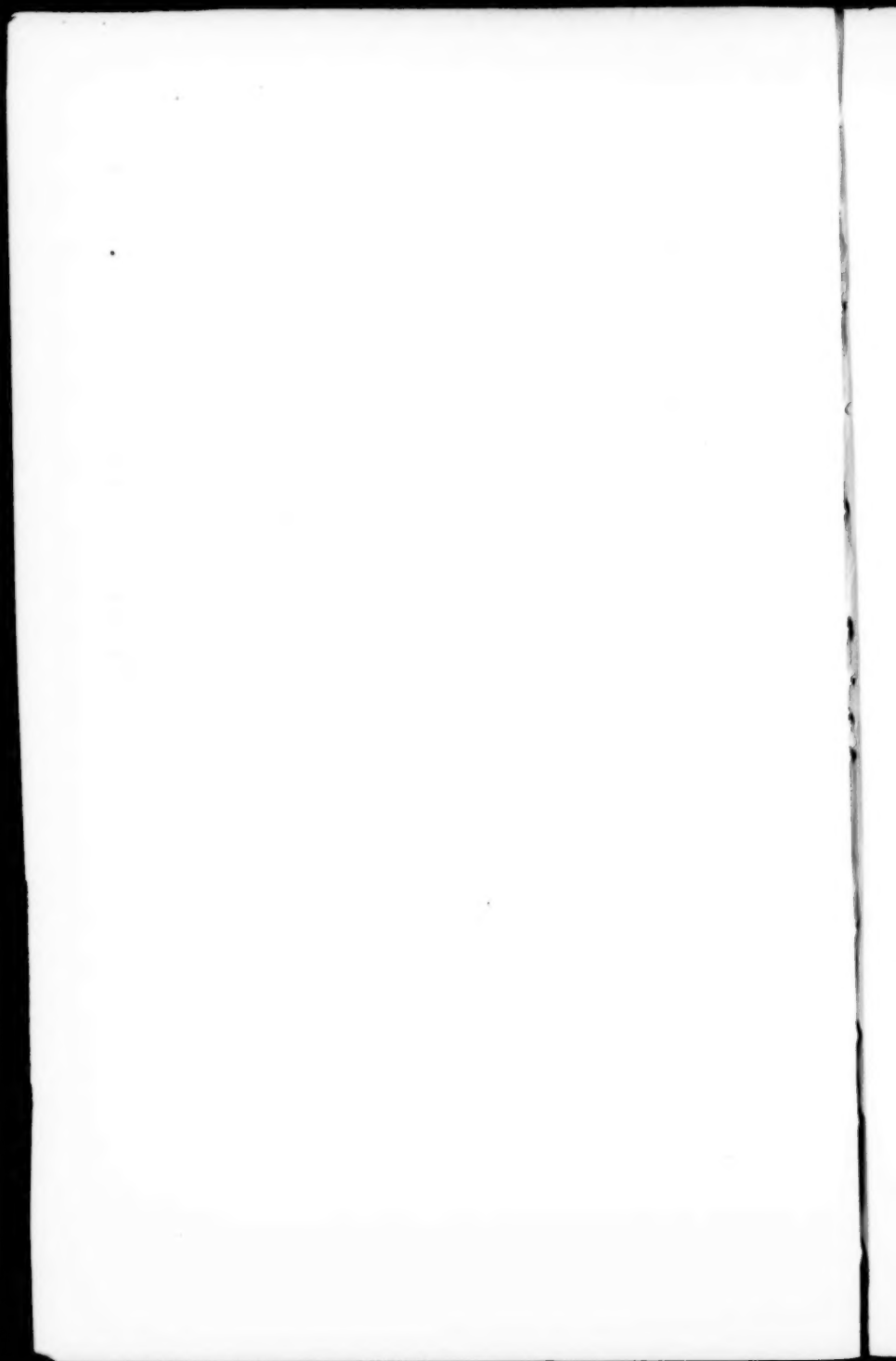
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